

MCCALL'S

APRIL

10¢



TYPES OF AMERICAN BEAUTY
DRAWN BY NEYSA McMEIN.
(THE ENGLISH-AMERICAN GIRL)



McMEIN

MERSON HOUGH ~ JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER ~ BLASCO IBANEZ
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Bon Ami

*in Cake
and Powder*

Principal uses of Bon Ami—

for cleaning and polishing

Bathtubs
White Woodwork
Aluminum Ware
Brass, Copper and
Nickel Ware
Glass Baking Dishes
Windows
Mirrors
Tiling
White Shoes
The Hands
Linoleum and Congoleum
Fine Kitchen Utensils

Partners in Cleanliness

IT'S such comfort that Bon Ami comes in two forms. Each one is so useful. There's Bon Ami cake for instance—the handiest thing for cleaning windows, mirrors, glass, nickel, and white woodwork I ever saw.

But when it comes to floor-coverings like linoleum and Congoleum, bathtubs, tiling, etc., many women prefer the easy-to-sprinkle Bon Ami powder.

Yet no matter which form of Bon Ami you use, there's none of the scouring required by cleansers which scrape off the dirt. Bon Ami *loosens* dirt and smudges—then blots them up. And never a scratch or scrape does it leave on the most delicate surface.

Bon Ami Cake and Bon Ami Powder are real “partners in cleanliness.”

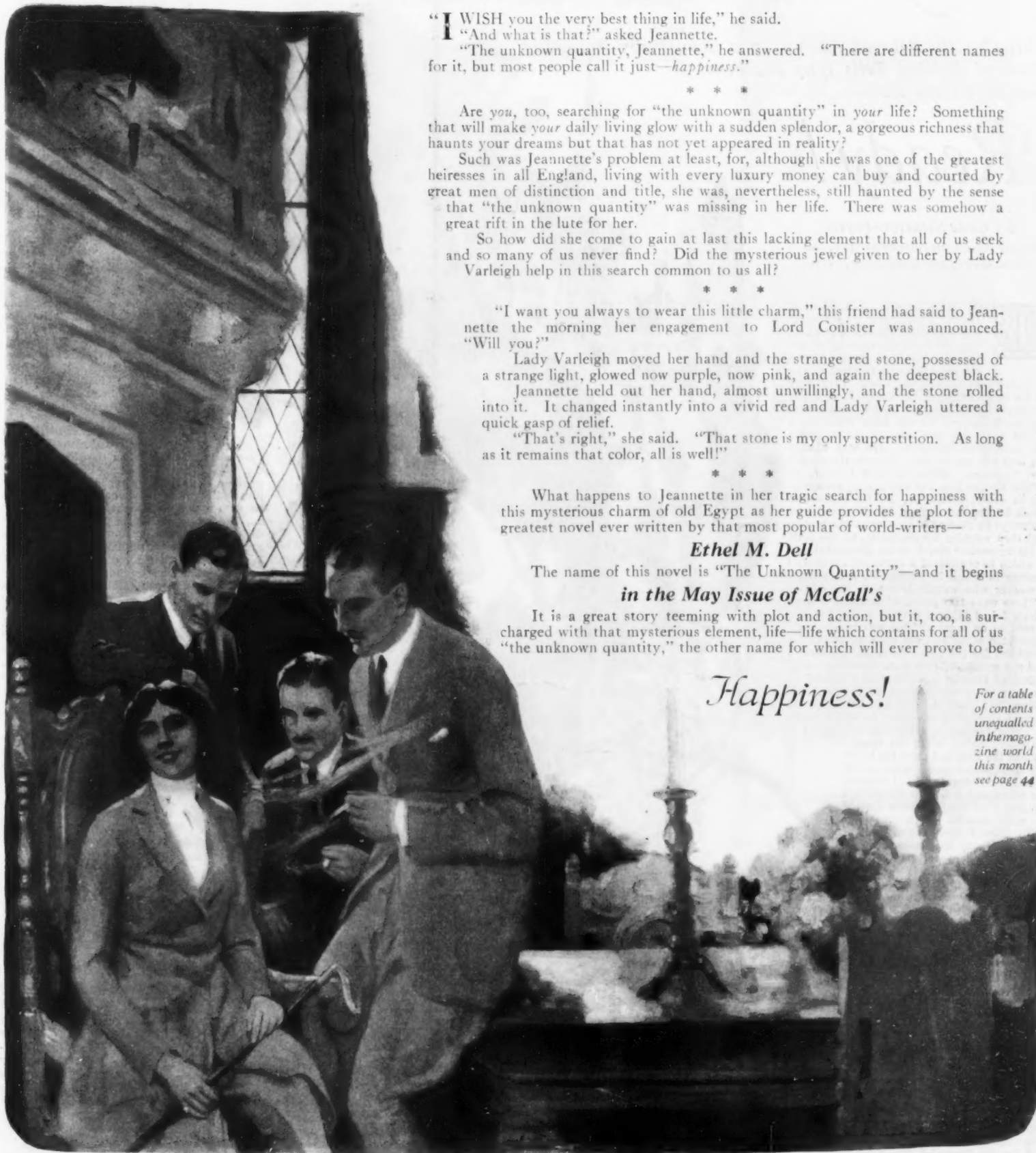
THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK

**Cake or Powder
whichever you prefer**

*“Hasn't
Scratched
Yet”*



What is The Unknown Quantity in Life?



"I WISH you the very best thing in life," he said.

"And what is that?" asked Jeannette.

"The unknown quantity, Jeannette," he answered. "There are different names for it, but most people call it just—*happiness*."

* * *

Are you, too, searching for "the unknown quantity" in your life? Something that will make your daily living glow with a sudden splendor, a gorgeous richness that haunts your dreams but that has not yet appeared in reality?

Such was Jeannette's problem at least, for, although she was one of the greatest heiresses in all England, living with every luxury money can buy and courted by great men of distinction and title, she was, nevertheless, still haunted by the sense that "the unknown quantity" was missing in her life. There was somehow a great rift in the lute for her.

So how did she come to gain at last this lacking element that all of us seek and so many of us never find? Did the mysterious jewel given to her by Lady Varleigh help in this search common to us all?

* * *

"I want you always to wear this little charm," this friend had said to Jeannette the morning her engagement to Lord Conister was announced. "Will you?"

Lady Varleigh moved her hand and the strange red stone, possessed of a strange light, glowed now purple, now pink, and again the deepest black.

Jeannette held out her hand, almost unwillingly, and the stone rolled into it. It changed instantly into a vivid red and Lady Varleigh uttered a quick gasp of relief.

"That's right," she said. "That stone is my only superstition. As long as it remains that color, all is well!"

* * *

What happens to Jeannette in her tragic search for happiness with this mysterious charm of old Egypt as her guide provides the plot for the greatest novel ever written by that most popular of world-writers—

Ethel M. Dell

The name of this novel is "The Unknown Quantity"—and it begins
in the May Issue of McCall's

It is a great story teeming with plot and action, but it, too, is surcharged with that mysterious element, life—life which contains for all of us "the unknown quantity," the other name for which will ever prove to be

Happiness!

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Copyright, 1924, by The McCall Company, in the United States and Great Britain. Entered as Second-class matter August 5, 1897, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Additional entry as Second-class matter at Columbus, Ohio, at San Francisco, Cal., at Seattle, Wash., at Des Moines, Ia., at St. Paul, Minn., at Council Bluffs, Ia., at Chicago, Ill., at Harrisburg, Penn., at Boston, Mass., at Rochester, N. Y., at Louisville, Ky., at Richmond, Va., and at St. Louis, Mo. All rights reserved.

Published monthly by The McCall Co., McCall Building 232-250 W. 37th St., New York, U. S. A.

McCALL'S MAGAZINE

April, 1924

Volume LI, Number 7

\$1.00 PER YEAR

Canadian postage, none; foreign postage, 50 cents

Main Office: 232-250 West 37th Street, New York, N. Y.

BRANCH OFFICES: 208-212 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.; 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal.; 80 Bejoston St., Boston, Mass.; 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga.; 78 Bond St., Toronto, Can.

WILLIAM E. WARNER O. S. CAPEN ROBERT CADE WILSON H. P. BERTON
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Gene Stratton-Porter's Page

This Greatly Beloved Author in a Beautifully Revealing Piece of Writing Tells Why the Final Call Will Find Her—

Ready!

By Gene Stratton-Porter
Famous American Author of "Freckles,"
"The Girl of the Limberlost," etc.

THE BUILDING of Limberlost Cabin, North, was a personally superintended affair. I lived on the job from the drawing of the line for the back steps between the twin oaks to the last stroke of polish that finished the floors. Very early in the construction of the big cabin that was my home for so many years, I noticed among the stone masons on the high foundations of the front one man who caught and held my particular attention. He was always the first one on the job. He was always the last to leave. When he laid a stone he looked around him for another of harmonizing or contrasting color. By the manner in which he handled a piece, by the exercise of judgment in placing big stones at the bottom and then working up gradually, by his taste in fitting smaller pieces, by the thoughtful way in which he considered a stone and the careful manner in which he dressed it, I recognized a worker who was in love with his job.

There were two pieces of interesting work which I had taken from the contractor and agreed to do myself. This was the furnishing of the stone and the building of the big fireplaces for the living room and library. I had not watched Bates work three days until I decided that he was the man I wanted to do this extremely particular inside work. Privately I spoke to him and asked him to begin laying aside especially beautiful pieces of stone for the construction of these two mantels. Later, when the frame work was up and the time had come for building them, Bates and I went on our first job of stone work. I selected the stone and indicated the place I wanted it to occupy. Bates dressed it and built with masterly skill. Then I filled and evened the cracks. Among the stones gathered for the outside work I found a number of exquisitely beautiful pieces of that glacial formation commonly referred to in the middle East as "pudden" stone. It consists of a snowy matrix worked powder-fine in the far north on clean, water-washed locations, and this same snowy matrix seems to have a propensity for picking up granite pebbles, snow white, bright blue, and blood red. Sometimes there are tinted pebbles. Sometimes the matrix is a shade of pink. Sometimes there is a red and gray formation ground so fine that Bates calls it "Hamburg steak," but mostly the matrix is white, the pebbles deep blue and red.

Immediately I saw this stone I conceived the idea of building my library mantel from it exclusively, so I consulted with Bates, who thought it could be done. We began motoring over Noble County where we found dozens of front yards decorated with extremely beautiful specimens of this stone, some of them no bigger than ones head and some of them huge formations weighing tons.

When this mantel was completed to our satisfaction, enough stone remained to tempt us to build something else. So we began collecting again and by and by we decorated the road entrance to the Cabin grounds with a pair of stone gate posts each three feet square and nine feet high, topped with three feet tall great horned owls chiselled in stone from sketches I sent to the Bedford Stone Company. We worked together for days on the making and the topping of these posts. Frequently I was so tired I could scarcely reach the Cabin at night. Many days I dressed the seams after Bates had laid the stone until the lime in the mortar cut my fingers to bleeding, but we were in the open air, mostly in the

sunshine, thoroughly absorbed in our work.

while, as before, the finishing of the posts left enough stone to encourage us to start another hunt in order that we might line the spring and make a runway for it. It took a two years' search to collect this stone and we made a joyful job of dressing up the spring just a little more beautifully than I ever have seen any other spring.

When the war, the bitter cold of the winters of 1914-15, the lack of men understanding mechanics sufficiently to run the electric lights, the plant for manufactured gas, and the gasoline engine that pumped the water supply, and the cheap, poor coal that threatened us with a fire each night, coupled with the flu, had worn me to the breaking point, I decided that hereafter I would have all the sunshine and the warmth I could find in life. When I found that I could have more of it in California than any other place I ever had known, I began thinking of building a home there. I could not conceive of a home without a fireplace, and I could not conceive of a fireplace without Bates and "pudden" stone. I had become accustomed to Bates' quick, precise movement, to his trend of thought, to his manner of speech, to his decency in his every dealing, to his reasonableness about his charges for his work,

and to the care he exercised in trying to secure exactly the effect that I desired. So I could not enjoy a fireplace in [Turn to page 54]

Bates pounded away without a quiver and Bill never lifted his eyes to see whether the hammer might be safe or dangerous





Davis & Sanford

PADEREWSKI
Victor Artist

Nothing short of perfection satisfies the artistic sense of this great artist. The eighteen selections by Paderewski already listed in the Victor catalog have all had his personal approval. Among these numbers are:

	Double-faced	
Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2—Part I	}	6235 \$2.00
Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2—Part II		
Valse in A Flat	}	6230 2.00
Cracovienne Fantastique		



Victrola No. 260
\$150
Mahogany or walnut



Mishkin

MELBA
Victor Artist

The first records Melba ever made were to send to her father in Australia. So perfectly did they reproduce her voice that she continued to make Victor Records. Her repertoire of twenty-six numbers includes:

	Double-faced	
Lo, Here the Gentle Lark	}	6214 \$2.00
Pensieroso—Sweet Bird		
Rigoletto—Caro nome	}	6213 2.00
Traviata—Ah, fors' è lui		
Don César de Basan—Sevillana	}	6216 2.00
Louise—Depuis le jour		



Victrola No. 210
\$110
Mahogany, oak or walnut



Trapote

KREISLER
Victor Artist

Kreisler's mastery of the violin is as evident on the Victrola as on the concert stage. Kreisler knows this and his seventy-two Victor Records confirm his judgment. A few of these records are:

	Double-faced	
Chanson Indoue	}	706 \$1.50
Chanson Arabe		
Caprice Viennois	}	6181 2.00
Humoresque		
Souvenir	}	716 1.50
Chanson sans paroles		



Victrola No. 405
\$250
Electric, \$290
Walnut

The Victor Company originated the modern talking machine and was the first to offer the public high-class music by great artists. Victor Supremacy began then. It has been maintained by the continuing patronage of the world's greatest musicians and by the merit of Victor Products.

In buying a talking machine, consider that you must choose the Victrola or something

you hope will do as well, and remember that the Victrola—the standard by which all are judged—costs no more. The Victrola instrument line includes twenty-one models of the three general types shown at from \$25 up. Ask your dealer or write to us for illustrated catalog.

To be sure of Victor Products, see the following trade-marks—under the lid of every instrument and on the label of every record.



Victrola

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Look under the lid and on the labels for these Victor trade-marks
Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N. J.



The beach at Miami at the height of the season

FROM Indian village to fashion's paradise in 30 years—that is the amazing history of Miami, Florida. During the winter the stately palms and striped awnings of Miami's fashionable beach shelter vacationists from every section of the country. During the summer Miami settles back to the busy commercial and industrial life of a thriving city of 100,000.

Florida — Missouri — all America — have built this soap's supremacy

MONEY will buy nice clothes, handsome table-linens, crisp white sheets. But only care and intelligence can keep them *looking* nice. And nothing is so vital to their preservation as proper laundering.

The women of fashionable Miami and busy Hannibal know what "proper laundering" means: those who use P and G The White Naphtha Soap far outnumber the users of any other laundry soap.

And no wonder!

Because P and G has such amazing ability to keep nice things looking nice, it has become the largest selling laundry soap in Miami, in Hannibal, in all of America.

What a waste, what a humiliation to the clothes themselves, to subject them to soaps that leave them dingy, and faded, when P and G—so safe, so easy on colors and fabrics, so economical of time and energy—can be had at any grocery store!

When you try P and G, see how quickly and richly its beautiful white suds develops in water of any temperature; how swiftly and thoroughly it dissolves the dirt; how completely it rinses out, leaving no soapy odors; and finally, how gleaming white and fresh-looking your clothes come out.

If you employ a laundress, similar results will show from her lessened efforts—she will be a *better laundress*, if you will take the little added trouble to specify P and G.

PROCTER & GAMBLE



HANNIBAL, Mo., is famous the world over as the home of Mark Twain and his two immortal boy heroes, Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer. It is situated on the high banks of the Mississippi, in the center of a thriving agricultural district. The accompanying sketch is taken from a photograph of the old swimming hole where Tom and Huck despoiled themselves many years ago.





Illustrated by
Daniel Content

The Saving Sin

By Mary Synon

"I'd have come back at any time you sent for me," she said. "I'd have thrown everything over to marry you, Peter"

BECAUSE of Bonnie Tanner, all arrow-slim, shingled-haired, slant-eyed girls in forty-eight states and Alaska believe that they, given her chance, would be other Bernhards of the films. To them, watching the flame of her art upon the screen, trilling them to triumph, liltling them to laughter, melting them to tears, she is the symbol of youth winging to the stars. Her surface story, told to a miracle-loving world, is one of the reasons why girls come to Hollywood. They do not know, as she knew in those days when she tramped on worn shoes from studio to studio, that she already bore the wealth

of the Indies in her dauntless spirit. They do not dare, as she dared, to learn all, suffer all, use all that came to her distaff. Even of those who have been her friends since she took the highroad of ambition few have guessed the heat of the crucible which refined the gold of her artistry. No one of them but Williams—who loved her since the day he saw her standing in the line of job-

seekers outside the Lester lot—has really known the depth of the stream which brought her to the valley of fulfillment. Only Williams ever knew how well Bonnie Tanner loved Peter Marvin; for it was Williams who met her at the station on the day when she came back to the West Coast after Marvin's marriage.

Not knowing how much she knew of that catastrophe—If, indeed, she had heard anything at all—Williams had paced the platform restlessly, jacking his courage toward the telling as he dodged porters and messenger boys, chauffeurs and picture stars, mothers and managers, reporters and relatives, all the impedimenta of welcome

Is there a human side of Hollywood? Everywhere in the United States people are wondering; here they will discover of just what kind of flesh and blood are film stars made, for Mrs. Synon, in this remarkable story of Bonnie Tanner and her loves, pictures the life of this strange community with revealing fidelity



Even in this, the gayest of Hollywood's cabarets, she felt upon her the cold hand of sorrow

the line glibly, her diamond-set eyes glowing with excitement, her cheeks pink as peach blossoms; but when the room had thinned of the crowd she cast off her bright garment of manner and turned to Williams sharply. "Where's Peter?" she demanded.

"He's in Hollywood yet."

"Where's she?"

"You mean—"

"Is she really his wife?"

"Yes. What made you think that—"

"This is all I really know, Tom." She sunk her elbows on the table, and cupped her defiant little chin in her hands. "Two weeks ago, in answer to a letter I wrote him—the sort of letter I've written him whenever I've been away in these three years—he sent me a wild appeal. 'A terrible thing has happened,' he told me, 'but, if you'll only hold faith in me, I'll work it out. I know that it all looks hopeless, but I must have your trust.' He begged me to stand by him—and he never even told me what he had done."

"Then how—"

"How did I know it was another woman? Oh, I'd have known that, even if she hadn't written me."

"She wrote you?"

"Yes." Her lips twisted into mockery. "She accused me of theft."

"Of Peter? Oh, my Lord, after the way he's dwelt on your doorstep! Why, he—"

NOT of Peter's heart, my dear. She didn't seem especially concerned over that, perhaps because she has it now. It was my use of Peter's brains that troubled her.

"Peter's brains? She's crazy."

"Peter has brains. Even a woman scorned by him will have to admit that."

"But you—"

"Well, I always thought I'd gone on my own, but she tells me that Peter worked out for me the rôle of *Jasmine*, and she wants to know how much money I agreed to pay him for it. Funny, isn't it?"

"It's damnable! How dare she—"

"She's Peter's wife. He probably told her that his connection with me was purely professional. She infers that I'm an ancient lady masquerading as a hoyden." Her smile broke though. "Your murderous intent is flattering—and soothing. But—the clouds drifted back—the fact remains that I loved Peter, and I thought he loved me, but he married her, and he didn't marry me. Why do you suppose he did it, Tom?"

"I don't know," he said savagely. "If—well, some men throw away gold for dross, I suppose, and others buy oil stock, and that's all there's to it. Did you answer her letter?"

"I sent it to Peter."

"You—"

IT WAS low, wasn't it?" Gaminish malice flared into her face for an instant. "But she'd put it on a business basis, and I had to use commercial methods. He'd know how utterly absurd her claim is. Peter gave me many things—her eyes softened to sorrow—but he didn't give me the essential thing I put into my work. Whatever I have of that God gave me. But, anyhow—what's she like?"

"I don't know."

"Doesn't any one?"

"None of the people we know do."

"Who was she? How did he come to know her?"

"She did some typing for him."

"At the Sunset?"

"He's out of there."

"What happened?"

"He had a *Mary Stuart* play he was holding, and—"

"I know. He was doing it for me."

"And when we announced Barry's play for you, Marvin offered his to Carmichael at the Sunset. Carmichael took it provisionally, and tied it up indefinitely. Peter tried to get it released, and they had a row. Carmichael's a bully, and he threw him out."

"But the play?"

"Carmichael says it's junk. Have you ever seen it?"

"No," she said. "He didn't want me to look at any of it until it was done."

"Well, it knocked him out, anyhow. He'd put all his eggs into that one basket. Perhaps—he scowled in his effort to do justice—"that was why he married her. He was in the depths, Bonnie, and [Turn to page 34]

for the incoming train. Bonnie, whirling upon him like a recently released cyclone, surrounded him with a gay blitheness which made him realize anew the cruelty of the blow he must deal her. She was, he thought, more than ever in aspect like the street archin type she affected in public off the screen. Something of the eternal child gamboled in her as she raced down the platform. All the way out to the big hotel where he took her to luncheon she chattered with the bubbling mirth which marked her happiest mood. Through the narrows of the vast dining-room, crowded with men and women who knew her and her association with Marvin and who gave to her now the tense watchfulness of professional rivals, she went full sail, head high, eyes bright, steering insouciantly toward the harbor of table Williams had had reserved for them. For an hour she bowed, and talked, and laughed in radiant joyousness to those who came to speak with her. "Yes, I'm to do *Mary Stuart*—liberated from the sweet and simple—had a wonderful time, saw everything and everybody—Letty's baby is lovely—no, India isn't getting a divorce this year—they're wearing them lower in the back, and ermine's out—glad to be home, of course—loved your new picture." She ran through



The young man gave her a shy, thoughtful glance and weighed the bundle of feathers on his hand

DOWN the Red Sea moved in no hurry an Italian ship, her wake the only blemish on still water, her engines beating the only pulse of life in the air, and her smoke, which dropped away low and black to leeward, the one stain upon wide glory. From below the eastern line, out of Asia, the sun was rising.

On board all remained peaceful at this hour. White-sheeted bodies, ghosts in dirty cotton, cluttered the deck and the hatches forward. Among them strolled two or three upright but pensive figures in khaki, soldiers, casuals for Aden. Aft through the open door of the smoking-room glimmered candles which a black-robed Goanese priest, young, thin, and sallow, was just lighting before the raised lid of a portable altar much like a white croquet box, yet strangely solemn in the mingling of gloom and golden flicker. A second priest, some elderly timid passenger from Jerusalem, carrying a wine bottle with a silver lock, hurried, as quiet as his own shadow, along a sunlit bulkhead, climbed the threshold and became mysterious within. A pair of Italian sailors near by watched him go, then with good-humored energy fell to their mopping of woodwork.

A young woman who enjoyed these early morning sights passed on and mounted a ladder to the upper deck, where

beneath a double awning, passengers of the first class had their own promenade. The deck gave just room enough for a brisk walk alone before breakfast. This morning however, the young woman found herself not alone there.

A MAN of slender, active body was balancing on the rail, holding by one hand—by no more than the fingertips—the edge of the lower awning, his head bent overboard. The sight chilled her. She would not call or speak, but catch him before he jumped. From the ladder-head to the rail was not far, though in her terror it seemed a journey without end. The man swayed there, but did not leap. She came close below him.

"Ah, poor thing," he was saying calmly. "Thought that would be the way of it." At the same instant she learned that he did not need rescuing. His head bent indeed over the side, but only so that he might peer back between the two awnings, where he now thrust his other hand before turning to look down at her. His eyes, bright and dark, steadied her by their look of gentle preoccupation. It was plain that a man with such eyes never dreamed of jumping overboard from anything.

"Isn't that rather a dangerous place to stand on?" She spoke quickly, with great desire to laugh. He must not dream that she had the light of catching a strange young

The Man-Eater

By
Henry Milner Rideout

Author of "The Winter Cell,"
"The White Tiger,"
"Admiral's Light," etc.

Illustrated by W. E. Heidland

If you love the vivid, pulsing dramas of Rudyard Kipling, the weird music of the Hindu bazaars and the tinkling of the temple bells, you will find much to thrill you in this new novel concerning the tangled romance of an English officer, a slim princess of ancient India, and a beautiful daughter of America, all caught in the mystery of the exotic East

gentleman by the legs! "I'm quite all right, thanks," he replied. "But if it made you uneasy—"

He drew in and jumped lightly to the deck. Bareheaded, the sunrise and a flush of embarrassment coloring his clear brown cheeks, he appeared at first as new to her as though he had just climbed aboard from the middle of the Red Sea. It cost her an effort to recall him as a quiet youth who had climbed the ladder at Suez, edged his way gently through a yelling horde of cigarette peddlers, and faded into the ship.

"Sorry," he murmured.

On his palm lay a little gray-brown bird. It would serve to help them past this moment of embarrassment. He held it for her to see—a young swallow, dead, with legs and claws drawn up, shriveled, and a peep of glazed eyeball between dry lids.

"One of the first autumn flight," he explained, "out of England or France. A baby. They fell aboard us last evening at sunset, ten or a dozen, and I tucked this chap between the awnings overnight to keep Romeo's

Tom from eating him. Labor in vain, you see, he died, worn out. The older birds, father, mother, uncles and aunts, won't be crossing till a fortnight or so."

His hearer looked with pity. "Poor little fellow," she said. "There are tragedies in the air too."

The young man gave her a shy, thoughtful glance, nodded and weighed the bundle of feathers on his hand.

"True. You are right. The old Erythraean main was too broad for those tiny wings, wasn't it?—Good-by, brother." He tossed the swallow overboard carefully as though it were living and might fly again.

"Who is Romeo's Tom?"

He smiled. "The ship's cat. Romeo Bisulca, our cook, you know: his wall-eyed gray cat, named Valoroso."

SHE remembered they were strangers, and let him turn away if he chose. He went promptly with a bow, courteous but quick, like a passerby, leaving her to wonder how men knew or found out so much. Here she, an American, had lived on board since Naples, but had not heard of any Romeo; while this timid British youth who crept about nursing infant birds overnight and blushing when detected, could stammer the whole time-table of their winged thoroughfare, and tell her the name of their enemy, the cat.



"Your father gives you to me for catching and killing the Man-Eater!" he said. Her face had something fatal in its calm

"I do believe he's a little naturalizing prig," she thought, for revenge. She knew it was unjust, but now and then during the next forty-eight hours maintained her opinion, seeing him down the length of the table or of the deck as a quiet, clerical figure in slim Oxford gray flannel.

Anchoring at Aden, two days later, the ship attracted a swarm of boats from which Somali negroes, their curly manes bleached lion-colored by sun and brine, dove barking after coins, and shrill Armenians or Jews flung up everywhere fore and aft each his line to convey his trolley-basket of ostrich plumes. The girl stood watching their hubbub with delight, when she happened to see the khaki backs of the casuals go down the ladder, followed by the bashful young man in gray. Past them a taller Englishman mounted and suddenly turned to catch him by the arm.

"Hallo! What, you? Old Adam Khor! How are you? Where now?"

Her acquaintance looked back, shaking hands and laughing. "Three days here," he said, "till the Karachi boat."

"Right!" cried the other. "Good, I'll see you ashore. Keep you out of all prawns and prabbles!"

THE tame friend of swallows went down the ladder, and climbed with the soldiers into a whale-boat that pushed off and rowed away, hot sunset pouring after it, oars flashing, the charred peak and brown land of Aden waiting beyond.

"Beg pardon." A pleasant voice called her by name, doubtfully. "I've letters here and a cable for you, I believe, from your uncle."

The tall Englishman stood before her, very neat, very sunburnt. She thanked him, took the packet he offered, became lost in polite talk; but after a time, prompted by what she afterward knew for plain curiosity, asked, "Who was it you met on the ladder? A mild young man, rather clerical."

"Oh?" The sunburnt messenger pondered, then broke out laughing. "Do you mean Morgan? Why, he's a terror. A little terror from Wild Wales. He's Adam Khor, the Man-Eater."

From Aden by sea to Karachi, thence by land, Captain Morgan went his quiet way, more observing than observed. Of his work you would never hear from him; of the post in northwestern India to which he now traveled he once gave a description.

"It was much like a club," he said, "or a chummyery."



Yes, quite like, in a way. Chaps came and went."

That was all, the best Morgan could do. He had in mind a station of frontier police. What he labored to say was, that he and his little community of white officers, Indian troopers, and horses, all hard-working together, lived in a come-and-go which they took as a matter of course.

BEHIND the station glared a wide river bed. Before the station, a hot brown plain reached off two or three miles in the same direction toward rocky foothills and dismal, gaunt, seared mountains. Somewhere among these, an imaginary line cranking in and out, ran that unseen, artificial, but always real and troublesome thing called the Border.

"Across it, Waziristan," said Morgan. "Craggs and jags, ravines, hiding-places, good cliffs for snipers, a puzzle of black mountains, full of Waziris. You know the breed, fighting each other and everybody else—robbery, rape, and murder before breakfast. You know 'em. A Semitic-looking crowd they are, but hard as nails, funny jokers."

It was after dinner one night that Morgan began his own knowledge of them. At mess, along with the coffee, there came in an orderly bringing a written telephone message to the colonel who read it, folded the paper, and slid it along to the adjutant. As the mess began to break up, Morgan and the adjutant stood finishing their cigarettes together.

"Your name's next on the roster, Morgan?"

"Yes."

"This is for you, then."

Morgan read the message, dated that evening from their next neighbor, a station fifty miles away. It ran: "Armed party Waziris estimated 75 men reported this afternoon proceeding south supposed intention crossing river toward Ghazanwali."

A little later Morgan was following a servant's lantern through the darkness. He had collected on the way his revolver, sabre, and water bottle. At the "lines," by the light of a quickly gathering group of more lanterns, he collected his half troop—quiet brown sowcars in khaki who lined up with an air of men well pleased. Morgan spent some time among the riders to make sure that each had spurs, carbine, bandoleer, curved tulwar, full water bottle, haversack, a string bag bulging with chopped straw, a sack of grain. Afzal Khan, the bearded jemadar, followed him like a watching shadow. Then they were off.

It was a dark night, there were no stars, no landmarks; and in the gritty, parched air not so much as a drift of current prevailing toward any one direction. Morgan heard the horses' hoofs crunch behind him, and steered their course by his night compass. This first turn of duty since returning gave no inspiration at

the start, but a great fear of losing his way, losing time, and coming home like a fool. Here at his back rode

Pathans who trusted him now but would judge later. He led them into the dark, into nothing, on the track of a "supposed intention," toward an enemy who had the whole countryside to choose from, plain or foot-hill.

HALF an hour had passed thus, in anxiety, when on the left hand far ahead something began to glow like a stormy moon-rise. Morgan watched it as he rode, then turned his horse's head toward it. "Village burning."

He turned his head, passed back a word which Afzal Khan's voice repeated, and heard the hoof-beats behind him change and quicken. They came at last galloping into the conflagration.

The mud walls of the town appeared as a black disorderly band joining house to house in silhouette, under a cloud of smoke, flame, and sparks. Inside the street where Morgan halted his men shone with red light, rang with the wailing of women, and was full of shadowy figures who ran helter-skelter shouting confused orders to one another as they fought the fire. By the time Captain Morgan had flung himself off his mare, the shadows had vanished, the wailing and shouting broken off, at once the crackle of burning houses rose quietly triumphant in a stillness of death.

As he leaned watching he discovered one human figure, motionless, quite near on the next roof

Morgan guessed why the villagers had fled. Catching at one last shadow that limped by him against the wall, he pulled out into the firelight a native with dirt and drying blood caked all over his face. "Wait," said Morgan. "We are not the raiders again; we are the Sarkar. Go bring me your *lambardar* and your *moulei*."

The blood-smeared creature lost his fright, and ran off shouting the good news. A moment later the villagers came pouring out like rats and surrounded Morgan with a hubbub.

"Jemadar," said he, "keep them back." Afzal Khan took four sowcars and in a few moments with few words had order in that burning street.

"Go put out your fire," called Morgan. Two old men, the village chief and the priest, remained salaaming in his presence. He greeted them quietly. "Who did this?"

WAZIRI devils did it, sahib," replied the head man. "We fought, they carried off women and goods, they killed more than ten of us. We killed only one."

"How long ago?" With doubt, after much consultation, the two elders agreed that an hour and more had passed since the burners had ended their slaying and gone. The young sahib took this report, it [Turn to page 66]



Illustrated by
Gerald Leake

Lorinda

By Joseph Hergesheimer

What are they like, the lovely heroines that haunt a novelist's brain, and who never quite emerge from his fancy to be put down on paper? Mr. Hergesheimer, the famous novelist, answers this question by describing six of his "dream women." This is the first of these

I pretended to be rolling a cigaret. But really I wanted to look at her. She was like a lovely statue of immeasurable grace



ALL THIS happened before the Great War, but that was in another life, really; no one, I think, quite realizes how the world has changed in that comparatively short while. Yet twenty years may be called long quite as easily as short; I was young then and now I'm not; and I don't believe that, even in the mountains of Virginia, in Greenstream County, there's a girl like Lorinda today. Greenstream, the town, is high in the air, a saddle of blue grass up, up in the ranges. The houses, a cruciform on their two principal streets, soon end in meadow, the mountains begin again, and beyond are even lonelier reaches where, when I knew them, there were deer and bear and pheasant and, in the hurrying, rock-cold streams—often hardly more than waterfalls—brilliant trout.

The trout especially attracted my efforts, and living in the village, on June afternoons I went out, sometimes with the Sheriff, a small, alert man with an incurable

sense of humor, and sometimes with the owner, the owner and printer, of the "Greenstream Weekly Trumpet," to any one of the countless streams unsurpassed for fishing. We drove in a buggy, the rods, already set up, nodding out the back, up one steep road and down another; and, finally unharnessed and turned the horse loose in the grass, and cast our flies, a home-tied Brown Hackle and Silver Doctor, down the water.

However, we returned to one place more than to all

the others together—the mountain rose without the slightest preliminary from one bank and the nearer brought a long flowery meadow to a watery stop. The stream was at once deep and swift, dark and clear, and there were apparently still pools like jade wafers strung on twisted white silk floss. But it wasn't the trout, or even the stream, I began to write about:

A cabin was back of the meadow and always, when I came there for fishing, a slight column of smoke wavered at the chimney, a cow with a bell crooped the grass, the flowers and garlic alike, and often there was the clear ring of an ax. But I had never actually seen anyone. Both the Sheriff and the owner of the "Trumpet" knew the family who owned the cow, the ax and the smoke; they—leaving me in the water—had stopped at the cabin; but, as I said, I had gone no further than such distant superficial sight and sound.

Then something, God now

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Illustrated by
Arthur E. Becher

The Stranger in His House

By William Harper Dean

*The might of the revelation
all but struck her down.
She felt His eyes search-
ing the inner cham-
bers of her heart.*

THROUGH the crowds that jammed the narrow streets old Ishmael fought his way in lead of the urchin who shared with him the burden of a newly slain lamb that was slung between their shoulders on Ishmael's long staff.

Early that afternoon he had gone to the sheep-market, and after an hour of haggling had purchased the lamb. Thence he had borne it to the Temple court which he

What unexpected guest was this that entered the outcast's open door—to keep the Passover with him? A deeply moving story of the first Eastertide and a woman's gift to her Lord

found packed to its very gates with men and women who, like himself, must offer for Levitical inspection their bleating, bewildered purchases for the sacrificial feast. Ever muttering, Ishmael had endured the longer wait for the threefold blast of silver trumpets blown by the priests, and then, in common with hundreds, he had slain his lamb, witnessed the impressive ritual of the blood offering and at last wedged himself from the court into the street.

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The women of today want homes as they never did before



Are We to Leave Our Era of Feminism and Sex Antagonism?

A Woman's Opinion:

"Feminism Is Dead: Tyrant Man Has Become Comrade Man"

—Sophie Kerr

By Sophie Kerr

Author of "The Golden Block," "Painted Meadows" etc.

Illustrated by George Giguère

for she is surrounded by endless difficulties, untried fields of labor, abnormal conditions, serious questions of life, that must be answered by herself and none other.

Away back in her ancestry were the women who took the Western trail, in a springless, uncomfortable ox-wagon that held their few simple household goods, their children, and the tools which would enable them to establish their new homesteads. Beside the wagon, gun in hand, walked the man of the household. Sometimes his wife walked with him, sometimes she rode with the children. They traveled through a land where there were no towns, no dwellings, not even roads to follow. Stars to guide them, and high hearts—these they had and precious little else.

There exist a few, a very few shallow-thinking men and women who are still giving vent to Cassandra-like shrieks of warning that war work and politics have caused women to desert the home, that the future of the race is in danger, and that

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Oddly enough, the woman of today can find her like only by going back to former generations. She will find her nearest and finest prototype amongst those of her grandmothers who were, in the old sense of the word, pioneers. The woman of today must also be a pioneer,

LET us imagine it the year 1960. A lovely girl of fifteen or so is looking through the books and magazines of two generations before. She knits her brows, a little frown of perplexity comes into her grave young eyes.

"Grandmother," she asks, "what was a feminist?"

And grandmother, who is busy dictating her next speech for the Senate, or running over the latest balance sheet of her farm or shop, replies abstractedly: "Oh, don't bother your head about them—they're all gone now. They were the women who talked about 'tyrant man.' Feminism went out when I was your age."

And grandmother will be right. The world of women "do move," has moved, in point of fact, and in its forward movement has definitely relegated the claims and clamor of the feminists to the limbo of the past.

Here and there little groups of women raise their voices to declare that female rights and privileges must be advanced, that women are not getting their just meed of glory for what they are accomplishing, and that women must have more and more "sex freedom"—without any clear definition of that devastating term. But these groups are very small, and very few, and their numbers are diminishing with every year.

It is only the out-dated and old-fashioned feminists who are anxious that woman should serve and benefit only herself and her personal interests, on the plea that she will thus best serve the world.



The modern woman has made a place for herself in the home or outside in political or business activity

And to Enter A Great New Era of Love and Sex Coöperation?

A Man's Opinion:

Woman Has Discovered Man Reserves His Homage For His Mate, Not His Echo"

—Blasco Ibañez

By V. Blasco Ibañez

Author of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," "Blood and Sand," etc.

Illustrated by George Giguère

LIFE, what is wrong with life? Well, most of us have got it wrong at heart; we approach it from the wrong angle, that's all. We aim for power instead of happiness, for independence instead of mutual love. Men and women will never be independent of each other, not until the Earth divorces the Sun; because life is built on affinities. Positive seeks negative all the time. Man is the complement of woman, and woman of man, spiritually and intellectually as well as physically.

Feminine emancipation, sex equality and such things are the inevitable result of social progress and I, personally, have no complaint to make against these reforms so long as they don't interfere with fundamental laws of Na-

ture. When they do, it's a pity. You see, men and women can now meet on easy terms of friendship and in some cases friendship suffices and love is postponed.

Let women be independent in the material sense, if they like. What does it matter? It is foolish for men to resent it or to imagine that women usurp their prerogative by entering the field of science, art and commerce, which we have tilled since the beginning of time. Women do not accuse men of being incapable of sentiment because the latter engage in workaday tasks, and to make such an accusation against that versatile creature, woman, is unfair and illogical. Men can work *and* love—why not women?

I think the women of today are, in many respects, more



Love is the world's greatest ruling force



But American women—Ah, they are wonderful! They rule their country yet they are never unwomanly

charming than women of former generations. They know more about life, presumably they know more about love, but here is the great warning—let clever women realize that their power of attraction is still their greatest asset, and it should not be neglected for the best career in the world. Intellectual equality may establish a better understanding between men and women, but it is not of intellect that poets have sung. I think the reason why clever women are often suspected by men is that some of them imagine that in order to do a man's job they must ape a man in appearance and thus they throw away the most powerful weapon in the whole battle of life—physical charm. These are the women who invite criticism against their sex, and it is hardly to be wondered at. What a man looks for in a woman is his complement, not his echo. He is naturally shocked and offended when he finds in her but a caricature of himself.

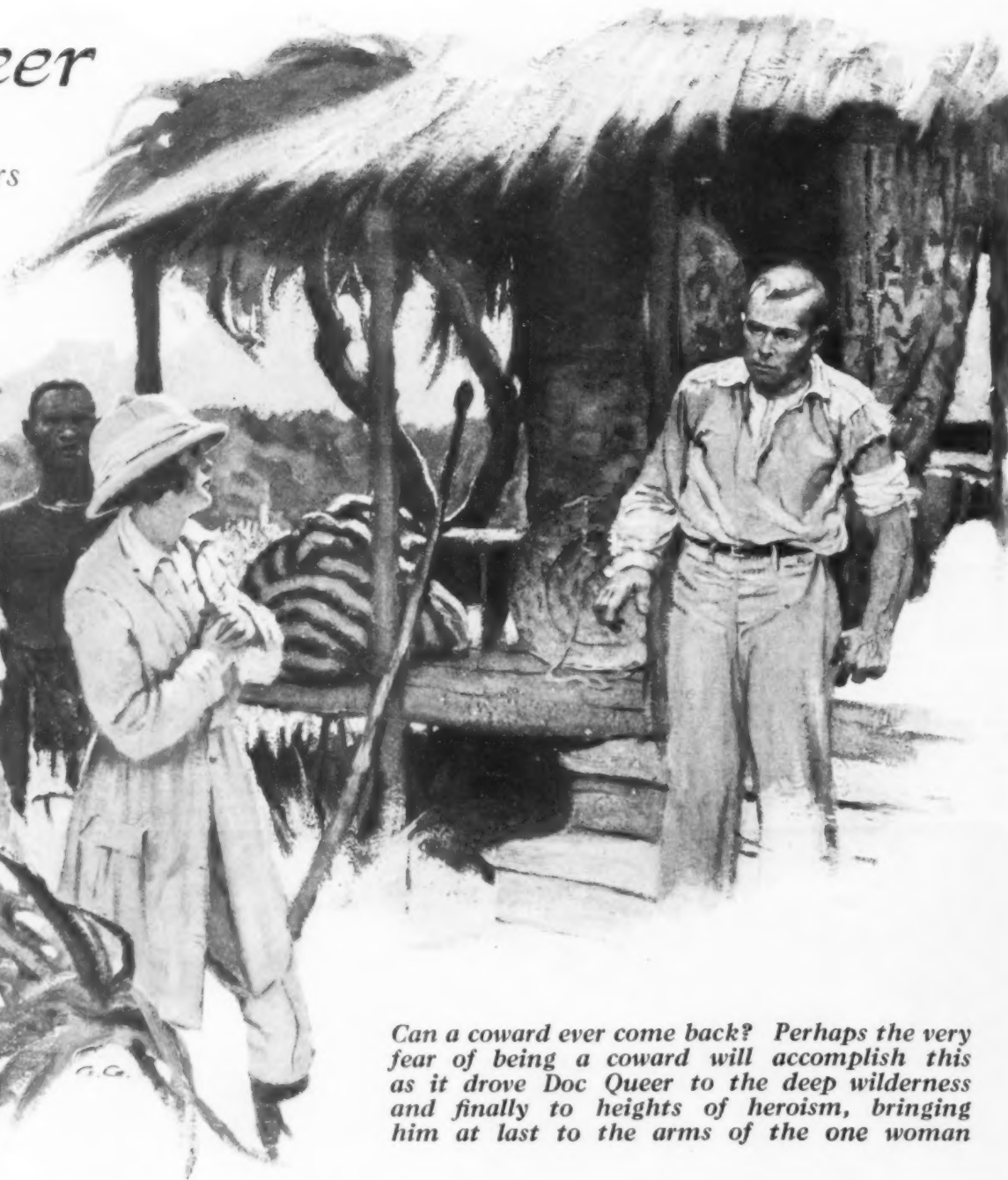
Men and women need each other all through life and we shall realize this as soon as the present [Turn to page 119]

Doc Queer

By
Marguerite Lusk Storrs

Illustrated by George Giguère

She broke from me and ran across the clearing. "Paul! Paul!" she cried as only a woman may cry the name of the man she loves



Can a coward ever come back? Perhaps the very fear of being a coward will accomplish this as it drove Doc Queer to the deep wilderness and finally to heights of heroism, bringing him at last to the arms of the one woman

IT WAS my first experience with the appalling majesty of the jungle. I was glad that my guide, whose horse preceded mine over thick-piled leaves, did not feel called upon to talk. It was better to glide silently past those huge tree trunks, supporting like giant columns the vast canopy of umbrage, beneath which a fervid tropical life crept on its predestined way, cloaked by vine and leaf and black damp earth. I felt that here the human voice would have sounded as trivial and irreverent as the chattering of sparrows in a cathedral of the dead.

I do not know why, but as we rode along, there persisted the memory of a woman I had left that morning standing on the sun-washed wharf at the little seaport town of David—a sad-eyed woman who had remained alone gazing out over those endless blue leagues of sea. Her drooping figure might have been a tableau symbolic of the age-old tragedy of womankind.

"You are taking the train for Pedro too?" I had asked, referring to the cluster of palm-thatched huts where I was to exchange bad railway accommodations for horse and guide.

"No," she had answered, "I intended going to Monte Blanca. But now I find it is of no use!" In the hopelessness of words and voice, there had been a certain tragic grandeur not unlike that of the jungle itself. Our parting had been casual enough, yet somehow it seemed a fitting prologue to this experience.

And the epilogue . . . came that night when I met Doc Queer. We were introduced at dinner, served on the closely screened veranda of a comfortable house, which formed the nucleus of the twenty-five thousand-acre cattle ranch where I was a guest. Doc Queer was not the odd, angular person his name would indicate, but of medium height and inclined to stockiness.

His hair, blonde above the tanned face, bore the slightest suggestion of a crinkle. His mouth—though unsmiling—was his most expressive feature. A mobile mouth, sobered perhaps by some long-ago tragedy into unwonted grimness. Near its corners there was, in either cheek, a cleft, half-formed, denied, like ghosts of past joy. "Surely here is Ganymede turned Atlas," I said to myself.

Summoned by a barefoot native boy in ragged trousers and sleeveless shirt, the doctor left us before the meal was over. When the young American superintendent had gone as well, I found myself alone with Rowell Morton, my host. "Tell me something of this doctor of yours," I said.

"He's been here most five years," Morton said, leaning back in his bamboo chair, his eyes on a kerosene lamp suspended above the table. "Came in at dusk one evening. On horseback, alone."

"Why?" I exclaimed, "I was told white men—particularly strangers—never travel alone here!"

"They don't," solemnly Morton nodded his long head. "No one, that is, but Doc Queer. He hadn't been able to find a guide in Pedro, so he bought a horse, had the natives put him on the trail, and he set out."

ONE of the women offered him her knife but he refused it. Several of them went with him to the edge of town and stood there, crossing themselves, as he rode away. But he made it, unarmored, past quicksand, snakes, alligators, and all the rest of it; walked in as coolly as if we'd been expecting him, and asked, "Need a doctor here?" "We sure do!" I answered. "Then I'm your man," he said, and he's been here ever since.

"What made you call him Doc Queer?" "When we asked his name, he replied, 'Oh, anything!' The natives called him 'El Medico,' and later 'El Bravo,'

meaning 'The Brave One.' But he has a habit of saying, 'That's queer now, isn't it?' As if he were . . . well . . . asking the question of Life itself. And from that came 'Doc Queer.'"

"A strange man."

NOTHING is strange down here. Many another of us has left his name in the States. But there is one odd thing about him. He's never taken a woman."

"Native woman, you mean?"

"Yes."

It was warm that night and I could not sleep. Near midnight I heard Doc Queer come in. I put on a dressing gown and joined him. He seemed surprised at my appearance and insisted that I share the supper a native woman had left for him on the veranda.

"I hear you've come to study the iguana," he remarked as we ate.

"Yes," I said. "A mighty interesting animal. I suppose you've seen plenty of them."

"Oh yes! They aren't uncommon. The natives eat them. Queer old lizard! Did you know that there are two naturalists camped about fifteen miles west of here now?"

"Morton mentioned them. Know what they're collecting?"

"Tropical life in general, I believe. They've established headquarters in the jungle, surrounded themselves with mosquito netting, and are reveling in Nature. Desmond is the name. Brothers. The youngest only a boy. They can't even find natives who will stay with them permanently, except one young Spaniard, Juan. I hope they'll come through all right. I gave them a stock of precautions, but . . ." He ceased speaking abruptly and gazed off through the fine wire that screened the veranda.



"A snake!" Juan had whipped a knife from his belt. The doctor's right hand clutched his left arm just above the elbow

I felt that he had withdrawn himself from the Desmonds, from me, from the jungle itself. Returned perhaps to the States, to a happier life there. His mood was not entirely dispelled, even when he arose saying: "We'd better go to bed. The monkeys make a capital alarm clock and it has the advantage of being set for daybreak."

WHEN we parted at my door, he paused and looked back with an odd, undecided light in his blue eyes. I had a flitting impression that he was about to give me a glimpse behind the barrier of his restraint. But the moment passed. He said good night and left me.

Doc Queer would have settled with peculiar aptitude into a coupé, driven from street to street on a round of city visits. But, upon a horse, his medicine case in a saddle-bag, he was as misplaced as an iguana on Broadway. I spent the following morning with him, four hours of vivid, contradictory impressions. Here a parakeet, unafraid, turning his bright green head the better to observe us. There an exotic macaw with his long, beautifully feathered tail. A yellow-and-black snake hung menacingly from a limb above me. But what a shock to find, amid this chaotic orgy of gayety and color, wasted men

and women lying on filthy mats, and children pot-bellied from starvation and hookworm, living in wretched hovels of bamboo and palms!

A little past noon we returned to the ranch-house and found there Juan, the young Spaniard Doc Queer had mentioned the night before. That he brought bad news I knew, even before the doctor translated his message.

"It's the elder Desmond," he said. "An alligator has bitten him. The fools should have sent for me at once! Now, it is a matter of blood-poisoning! I can't delay!"

He objected when I proposed accompanying him to the Desmond camp, but was finally overborne. Perhaps Doc Queer had returned my instinctive liking for him. Or, though our intimacy so far had been mainly one of long silences, he may have desired the companionship of a fellow countryman. However that may be, I went with him into the jungle, which everywhere surrounded the great cattle pastures.

THE trail we at first followed was plain and well beaten, leading, so the doctor said, to sugar refineries further on. But, in the late afternoon we came to a point of digression. Here we dismounted and gave our horses into the hands

of native boys who were to take them back to the ranch. "You'd better go with them," the doctor urged. "It's six miles from here to the Desmond camp, and we won't be able to make it by dark. Then, too, I may be kept there."

GREAT! It will give me a fine opportunity to hunt iguana," I answered and refused to be disheartened. "The jungle is unsafe for any man," grumbled Doc Queer; "most of all a white one."

"But you don't hesitate."

"I! Oh, that's different!"

The trail we now took on foot was hard going, a faint track recently cut from vine and verdure.

"Desmond and his brother helped the natives make this," Doc Queer explained. "They were keen on virgin soil."

We were still four miles from their camp when darkness descended abruptly, as if someone behind scenes had given a "lights-out" signal. The four native boys stopped short and flung down their packs. The doctor took from his pocket a powerful electric searchlight and, as I understood, urged that they travel on. In answer they stubbornly set about collecting wood for a fire.

Doc Queer shrugged, told me [Turn to page 46]



Let young boys and girls be taught the clear, cool enjoyment of nature



The girl reared properly is a creature of pure beauty

What Makes Criminals of Men?

By Charles Gilmore Kerley, M. D.

Author of "Short Talks With Young Mothers,"
"What Every Mother Should Know," Etc.

How do you view the criminals that infest our American life—men who rob, steal, threaten and slay and who violate every item in the moral code by which the decent citizen regulates his life? Do you carelessly relegate these men to the back of your mind, and try to forget their existence, or do you believe they were born that way, and consequently are beyond your reach and thought? In other words are they, like the poor, always to be with us?



ACCOUNTS of daylight hold-ups, burglaries, and the killing of innocent people for a few dollars occupy columns in the daily papers. There has been a vast amount of discussion in explanation of the present crime wave. It has been attributed to the influences of the late war, to the eighteenth amendment, to financial inflation and to many other causes all of which are far afield.

A man who holds up a cigar store and kills the resisting attendant, does it because he grew that way. During the processes of his development he was

fashioned along criminal lines, through the influence of his daily contacts. Every man and woman is the product of his early associations, through the moulding which took place during the receptive impressionable period of their existence, that of childhood. A thief, a murderer, the good average citizen and the saint, are not made in a day or a year.

Heredity plays a large part in the physical development, provided the individual is adequately sustained along nutritional lines, but it plays an insignificant part in the formation of character and morals. Place a child two years of age with the best possible heredity under the daily application of vicious or even careless surroundings and keep him there and the ideal heredity counts for little more than nought.

During my professional life of thirty-three years I have



The children of crime are apprenticed at a tender age to skilled thieves

Does Society Create Its Own Black Sheep?

*A Great Physician Diagnoses the Tremendous
Crime Wave Now Sweeping Our Country*

Dr. Kerley does not believe our criminals arrive in the world at birth full-panoplied in their delinquencies. He rather insists that society creates its own black sheep by allowing a wrong sort of environment to flourish, the kind that must needs produce unmoral characters under certain circumstances. If Dr. Kerley, who here discusses criminals both as a physician of the human body and as a student of the human mind, is right, we ought to consider what he says most seriously.

been intimately associated with hundreds of unfortunately born children. The illegitimate, the offspring of crime, depravity and poverty. I know from years of observation that when such children are well cared for physically, and when adopted or otherwise placed in good homes under an environment that every child is entitled to, they have in every way taken and maintained their place as good citizens equal to those who had the advantage of everything that is desirable in birth and childhood associations.

All humans when born are entirely dependent and most immature. There are sixteen and more years for the registering of impressions and moulding for the future. How are we to expect truth, purity and honor to become part of the budding mind, if the budding mind never experiences their influence? The boy ill-fed, poorly clad,

indifferently taught, is the one who joins the predatory gang, the school for those who later will occupy our reformatories and prisons, and they are not the offsprings of criminals. They are the logical product of neglect. The term criminal class is loosely applied to evil doers. Allen Pinkerton in a communication which appeared in Hampton's Magazine several years ago entitled, "Is there a Criminal Class?" states that there is no criminal class and that society must learn that one way of preventing boys and girls from becoming criminals is to give them the proper attention when young.

I am indebted to Reverend Father Cashin, Chaplain of Sing Sing Prison, for a mass of statistics which are not all flattering to our citizenship.

From 1910 to 1921 inclusive, 1614 inmates were admitted before the twenty-first year [Turn to page 118]



*The girl of the underworld
is denied real beauty and
can have, at best, only
a sinister fascination*

A Desmond

By Olive Higgins Prouty

Illustrated by L. Evans Parcell

Ever since Cinderella rose from the silvering ashes of the chilled hearth-stone to go to the ball and to dance with Prince Charming, humanity has loved to hear of other Cinderellas who, too, have been visited by sudden glory. It is of such a modern Cinderella that Mrs. Prouty, author of the famous novel, "Stella Dallas," tells here—a foundling, playing in a graveyard, who turned out after all really to be "a Desmond"



They stared at each other in silent amazement, Nona with downing joy illuminating her face as she recognized who her visitor was

JOE KELLY had found the baby on the Desmond lot. He was on his hands and knees, trimming the close-cropped grass, when he came upon something done up in a gray blanket, tucked up close against the base of the Desmond monument. It felt like a roll of warm sod. He was startled when he discovered the baby inside.

It was too weak to cry apparently. It lay quiet and listless in its gray cocoon. He wrapped it up again, gently, and stole out one of the side gates and down the hill to the half cottage where he and Jenny and their five children lived.

Jenny was nursing her baby when Joe came in and showed her what he had found. Nothing ever excited Jenny. "Well, well! Did you ever!" she exclaimed softly, "Pass over the little kid, Joe. There's enough for two." And she shared her own son's dinner with the waif.

Mount Hope Cemetery was situated some three or four miles outside the city. Jim Kearney, the gatekeeper, said he remembered now that a young girl had asked him where the George Desmond lot was early that afternoon, and he had told her.

"But she didn't carry anything."

"Of course not," laughed Jenny. "She'd laid her bundle down for a minute, poor thing. It was past making much of a fuss at being left alone."

"What you going to do with it, Jenny?" asked Joe when the neighbors had left their cottage that night.

OIL, just give it a little warm milk like I would a sick cat, till it gets around to dying. It will be only two or three days, I'm thinking."

Afterwards she examined the baby's clothes. They looked like the work of a child, handmade, of fine material, but the hems were pitiful painstaking rows of

crooked stitches. There was something pinned to the flannel skirt—a piece of yellow paper folded! There was writing on the paper. Jenny turned up the kerosene lamp. The writing was round and vertical. "The doctor says my baby cannot live," the paper said, "so I have brought her here. I want her to be buried in this lot, please, for she is a Desmond."

"And she shall be too, dearie," said Jenny out loud. "I'll see to that. Joe can tend to it some night just as well as not, and no one need be the wiser."

But the baby did not die. Her icy finger-tips and clammy little lumps of feet were warm when Jenny went to her the next morning. Jenny made over the crib so that two babies could sleep in it instead of one.

"What you going to name her?" asked the neighbors.

"Oh, I don't know. I got a mind to give her a fancy name. Never could one of my own girls with Kelly on the end of it. I thought I'd name her Desdemona. That's a woman in history. Desdemona Desmond, don't that sound romantic?"

THAT is the early story of the little girl who became such a familiar figure in Mount Hope Cemetery—half child, half sprite, who as soon as she was able to walk used to toddle in and out among the gravestones, and later run wild like the squirrels and chipmunks over the new-made mounds, across the tops of the grass-covered tombs, disappearing around the curves of the miniature avenues, flashing into view from behind a clump of bushes, chatting with the grave-diggers; helping to roll the sod; to weed the flowers; to carry away the faded wreaths; robbing the wreaths sometimes of their bits of chiffon ribbons or occasional letters made of white or purple everlasting.

She belonged to nobody; nobody belonged to her. She lived first in this household and then in that, for the Kellys moved away from Mount Hope when Joe Kelly had a chance to become a gardener on a private place.

"I'm taking a whole quart of milk extra a day for her now," said Jenny, "and no pay for it. You better try and see those Desmonds again, Joe. They're rich folks. They got to take care of their own."

Joe had tried to see them once. But he had found the windows of the Desmond house in town all boarded up, and the ivy grown over the front door. A policeman told him the place hadn't been occupied for two years. When Jenny sent Joe to try to see the Desmonds a second time, he found the place had been sold, and the policeman said the Desmonds lived in France now.

"Oh, well," said Jenny, "never mind. Old Tom Blaine's been in and he says he'll take the child. She's five now, and she may as well begin to be useful."

Old Tom Blaine, who occupied two rooms behind the office of the monumental works, needed some one to run errands for him and to bring his meals from Mattie, his married daughter, who lived nearby. All day he hammered letters out of granite, but in the evening he would read the Sunday supplements to Nona, and chuckle with her over the colored pictures. So Nona grew up. She was timid of other children, and shy of their rough romping games and sports. She had never had any playmates of her own age. Her playthings, besides the wreaths and letters, were the occasional marble lambs and angels, and a certain pair of gray granite dogs which kept continual



A grave was being prepared beside the gray column—a member of her family was coming home

watch at the door of one of the big private tombs. The tiniest marble statue in the cemetery was her doll—a dear little winged baby reclining on a bank of carved ferns. Nona used to cover her up with an old piece of flannel, cool nights, just as if she had been china, and wash her face with soap and water and dry it with a towel; bring her bread and butter sometimes, and lay it on her folded hands. The bread and butter would miraculously disappear too! There was a squirrel's nest in the big pine beside the marble baby.

NONA went to the cemetery simply to play house. One day Tom had shown her a marvelous toy village in a shop-window in the city. She had stood and gazed at it for a long while. It had tiny little streets, lined with tiny little houses with gardens and fences around them; a church, a school-house, a store, and a hotel. It had flashed over Nona that Mount Hope Cemetery was another village, a size or two larger, and she could hardly wait to turn her eager imagination loose in it.

The narrow paths and avenues of the cemetery, prettily named and plainly labeled, were residential streets to Nona, with rows upon rows of fine houses, surrounded by well-kept lawns and gardens. Each house had a family in it—fathers and mothers, grandfathers and grandmothers, children and babies. The chapel was the city school; the tool houses, the store; the gate house, the church; and the big public tomb, where new arrivals never stayed permanently, was the hotel.

For there were arrivals in Nona's toy city—real actual arrivals—now in one street, now in another; now in the slums down near the cinder-bed where the town farm had a big lot; now in the rich and prosperous part of the city. Sometimes a mother came home to a solitary baby; sometimes a husband to a wife; and old people were continually getting tired of traveling around alone out there, and

joining their families. Of course there was a great deal to talk about in such a busy community. No wonder Nona was caught chatting frequently. Miss Desdemona Desmond, who lived all alone on Myrtle Avenue, in the gray granite mansion, second on the left from the Battle of Gettysburg's heroes' house, enjoyed town gossip. She was a sociable person. She liked dining out. She liked calling on newcomers in the town, and always did so within a week after their arrival. Between Jim Kearney and Tom's newspapers it was easy to learn the names and ages of everybody expected. When later headstones were erected Miss Desmond made a second call. Headstones were almost human to Nona. Even lettering could be light and frivolous, or scowling and disagreeable. And shapes and designs were eloquent with personality.

Nona gave up all claim to the marble baby when she created her city. Tom had told her that she had been found in the Desmond lot, and though she would have preferred to play the rôle of a mother (she wished the young girl had laid her on the marble baby's lot), certain facts could not be altered. She was a Desmond. It had been written so. She must remain a Desmond, in spite of the naked gray monument, which she thought was ugly, and no shrubs and no flowers, and not a single member of her family as yet at home.

IN the fall of 1918 an important event took place in Miss Desmond's life. Nona was ten years old then. She was on her way to school one morning, and as usual went through the cemetery. She was amazed as she approached the Desmond lot to find that a grave was being prepared beside the gray granite column. Miss Desmond was not going to live alone any longer then! A member of her family was coming home at last. "A child"—it was a small grave—"a child, who had been lost since birth," swiftly she fabricated to the Gettysburg hero beside her.

She often walked with the General mornings on her way down town. His bronze bas-relief, set in the granite boulder, would step smiling down to her, every time she passed his cannon balls on each side of his front door.

MISS DESMOND excused herself from the General at the corner of Pine Avenue. There was half an hour yet till school-time. She must run over to her friends, the Abbottsfields, and tell them her lost baby had been found—on an island in the Pacific. The Abbottsfields had a baby come home only six weeks ago. And the Bartletts also must be told. The Bartletts would be delighted. They had four babies, each with a darling little marble lamb at its head, inside their old-fashioned place with the iron seats, and iron fence around it, as if to keep the babies in. "Well, it's safer with so many children, and all the automobiles now," Miss Desmond had remarked to Mrs. Bartlett in regard to the iron barrier.

Nona was waiting beside Tom's door for the paper-boy that night. She turned eagerly to the death notices. The lists were long this fall. Influenza had been increasing the population in Nona's city at a cruel rate ever since September. Yes, here it was! "Desmond," in black letters, and beside it "Leonora, aged 4 years and 6 months, at the Hotel Claffin—daughter of Franklin H. and Eleanor (Moore) Desmond."

Leonora. Such a lovely name. So light and soft and airy! Not a bit like the ugly gray monument with the heavy urn on the top. Oh, the lot would be a different spot now with "Leonora" there. Perhaps there would be a green wreath with red berries on it at Christmas. And in the Spring, shrubs and flowers in pots—and later, possibly, a little marble lamb!

Tom came home late for supper that night. He had been at Mattie's discussing with Jim Kearney and Mr. Armstrong, the cemetery

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A dramatic novel depicting the modern struggle between the old Yankee and the new immigrant

Devil's Dust

By Nalbro Bartley

Author of "A Woman's Woman," "Up and Coming," Etc.

Illustrated by C. D. Williams

HERE had always existed a wide spiritual hiatus between the little New England mill-town of Dolthan and its neighbor, Brighton, the luxurious country playground of the rich. Of late, however, that gulf has been often bridged. Peter Cabot, whose aunt is Dolthan's largest mill-owner, has married Daphne Van Sant, worldly daughter of Brighton's most prominent family. And Hilary Morse, once known to Dolthan as a drunken, worthless wife-beater, has married Madge Van Sant and, with his newly acquired wealth, rebuilt the old Van Sant Mansion at Brighton. And now Hilary, junior, spends little time at his shabby Dolthan home and goes often to mix with the gay assemblage in his father's drawing-room. Both Morses, father and son, find it convenient to ignore Eva Morse, the divorced wife and forgotten mother, who spent the bloom of her girlhood as a drunkard's slave and gave the mature years of her life as a sacrifice to the comfort and advantage of an ungrateful son. And so Eva has no one to help her with her struggling little Dolthan antique shop except an orphan, a young Irish girl, named Nancy.

SITTING in the dusk, in the small front yard, Nancy gave way to brooding. What was the use of anything—even of hating her own ignorant poverty, its unfair limitations? Why envy Leslie her fortune and education, the Van Sant girls who married so well, why despise Hilary and pity his mother, sneer at Victor Strozzi's efforts to study art, why bother to flirt with Barney McGuire, when she was but a speck of devil's dust herself? The dramatic quality of the name had a soothing effect. It made her experience self-pity. Nancy began to glory in her drabness of background. Could she ever live down the title of "river brat"?

Barney's motor cycle was wheezing to a standstill in front of the gate. Nancy raised indifferent eyes. At this particular moment, she hated Barney's thickest, important, stripe-suited self, his bulldog face with bulging, pale eyes and a gash of a mouth which could grin goodnaturedly or become thin and parsimonious. She hated his material success, even though she knew he loved her and would share it with her. Barney's father had been killed in the mills the same year his mother and brothers died of scarlet fever. He was living now with Celia, a sharp-featured spinster, in the red cottage around the corner from the Brighton drug store. It was said that Celia McGuire had Brighton on a card index. Not an estate was opened or closed at which Celia did not officiate no matter how



many New York servants were omnipresent. Not a cast-off or left-over but Celia took it home to the red cottage. Until last year, when he went into the mills, Barney had helped Celia with this sort of work. Innoculated in early days by Brighton snobbery, Barney hesitated before "throwing himself away on a river kid like Nancy." He might have said the identical words, so clearly did Nancy sense his attitude. It angered and amused her, as the mood inclined. Therefore, she took pains to become twice as careless in his presence. If he loved her, he must prove it, bear with every uncouth, unlovely character-

istic of this river girl, this untutored child of the mills. Hastily she drew a stick of gum from a pocket, crossed her long legs and yelled a familiar: "Hullo, McGuire, you look a million dollars all right."

Bearing red carnations for a Decoration Day offering, Barney paused as he started up the walk. "Don't, Nancy," he ordered.

"If you don't like it, stay away. This is my yard. I'm a pretty tony hired girl to be sitting in Mis' Morse's front yard. Usually, you have to visit at the back. Ain't I grand with antiques and heirlooms right within reaching distance? . . . Aw, red posies, thanks, Barney, you're nice in spots . . . Anybody see you coming in? I guess not. Your social standing stays unmarried! Couldn't take chances, could you—be seen calling on Mis' Morse's hired girl? You've been trained in Brighton where real swells hang out. So you know how to take care of yourself, don't you? Well, how do I look? I feel a two-year-old," she preened herself mischievously.

Barney gave an annoyed, one-sided glance. "If you were a few years younger, I'd spank you. If you were a little older, I'd say goodnight," he said.

"I don't know why I like you, Nancy, and stand for such nonsense. I wish I didn't—but I always come back."

GAWD knows I spoil your chances for marrying a Brighton heiress," Nancy sang out merrily. "Just think, Barney dear, right here in Dolthan you could have your pick of any stenographer at the mills. You could rent an elegant thirty dollar a month flat and have a side seat put on your motor cycle. I suppose you'd buy new furniture, including a piano lamp and a white-lined ice box. Mrs. Barney could have a cleaning woman

and maybe a fur coat for her Christmas present—if she was a good, polite little girl and never told you where to get off! Winter evenings, you'd tell her about Brighton scandals and how you and your big sister cleaned the palaces and who married whose and why."

"I wisht I wanted to ruin you," he said bluntly, flinging himself on the grass.

"Oh, don't you?"

"You know better. If I felt that way towards you, we'd have had it out and you'd have punched my eye like you did Saul Gallup's or else you'd be wearing a hat with feathers."

"I'm strong for you, Nancy. I want you to stop swearing and be a lady. And how to get you started—"

"Suppose I did 'become a lady'—what then?" she demanded.

"I'd marry you. Oh, you needn't jeer. I'll be worth marrying one of these days. I'm worth marrying now, for that matter. I'm buying mill stock. Old Starkie Cabot can't keep that mill forever. And Peter's got no more business sense than a rabbit. His wife's a peevish butterfly, she isn't interested in anything or any one but herself. She hates every inch of Dolthan. I guess if he knew all the love affairs she had before she married him—but then, it's their business. Anyway, Celia says one of the biggest rows they have ever had was over her not wanting to have any children."

"I don't know as that's anything to get upset about. Maybe they

"Never," said Daphne. "The last time I went the whole thing was impossible. What is the special attraction to-night, Hilary?"



arms, not sentimentally but in a friendly awkward fashion. "Why do you cry—anybody done anything to you?"

"I don't see where I'm coming out," she faltered. "I can't plan to own part of the mills some day or anything. You'd be a sucker to marry me, honest, that's the truth. Why, at sixteen, I'm hard boiled and rough—"

"Not your heart," Barney corrected. "Your heart is straight. I've watched you. You're right about being too young for me and, probably, you couldn't catch up to where I am now. You see, I intend to be a pretty important man around these parts. No matter what comes, I'm your friend. Stop crying. I'll ride down and get some ice cream; what do you say to fresh strawberry? Oh, before I forget, have you heard what has happened between the Gunn twins?"

"No, let's have it," Nancy dried her eyes. She hated having betrayed herself.

"Since their pa died in March, they have stopped speaking, nobody knows how the trouble started. You know how crabby Yankees can be, if they've the mind to start. Dry up and blow away before they'd tell what was ailing 'em. Anyway, old Gunn's will was probated last week. Wasn't much—Cosy Nook and about six hundred dollars. He wanted it to be divided even. Dividing the money was easy enough but when it came to that little house, those two old fools wouldn't give an inch. Not they! They wouldn't talk it over or agree to live together and nobody could get 'em to agree to sell the house and divide. They say they had three lawyers and the minister acting as a peace conference. Finally, they up and sawed the house in two, patched up the open sides with tar paper and laths and then went ahead dividing the furniture in the same friendly spirit. When it came to the grandfather's clock, neither would give it up and there weren't but one, and so they sawed the old fellow in two! Then they had the halves of the cottage moved to opposite sides of the land and here they intend to live. Thankful will raise her canary birds and O. B. Joyful run his old taxi service. Thankful is going to call her half The Cosy and O. B. Joyful's half is to be known as The Nook. They are carrying out father's wishes! Now can you match that for unfairness and foolishness?"

"Yes, I can," Nancy said slowly, thinking of Hilary

go and confess your sins?"

"Maybe a lot of things—maybe not. Maybe Hilary Morse will stick by his mother, but I doubt it."

"What do you know about that?" she demanded, sitting up very straight.

"I know what Celia says, she hears the Brighton

servants talk. They say old Morse is going to have his son before long. That Madge Morse has nothing to say about things. When Morse tires of her, he sends her away the same as a kid puts his toys back on a shelf. A lot of funny men in the world, aren't there?"

"Um—one is sitting beside me," Nancy laughed good-naturedly. "I don't blame you, Barney. You weren't born queer, it's life has done it. I don't blame Hilary altogether. Not that it's right—it's life again. None of us can get away from it."

"Why, Nancy, you're crying," Barney took her in his

wouldn't have turned out any better than Hilary." "Now Peter might have worked if he had been born poor. Celia says he is too much of a gentleman. He is just my age and when you stop to think—"

"Some difference, ain't there?" Nancy interrupted. "Our home-grown Barney with his mill stock and his foreman's job and poor, swell Peter Cabot—"

"Oh, I'm not throwing myself any bouquets. But things are changing. Some day I intend being part owner of these mills that Peter Cabot wouldn't look at."

"Some day he may build a great cathedral—for you to



and his father "only it wouldn't make such a comical sounding story."

ARE the flowers ready?" Leslie Cabot's superior voice asked as her shadow fell across the stable doorway.

"Miss Leslie, you are here!" Victor exclaimed rapturously, starting up from his task of tying clusters of white lilacs in the form of a cross.

It caused Leslie to frown and turn pale which was her method of blushing. "Are the flowers ready?" she repeated in such measured tones that it was unmistakable that she wished a respectful answer.

"All ready but this piece," Victor said, abashed but still under the magic spell of his dream princess' presence. "Jensen has taken the others out to the car." He glanced at his younger sister, Gemma, who played about the barn, indifferent to Leslie's advent. "Don't you see who is here? Stop your noise," he commanded. Tying the last cluster of lilacs, he stepped back to survey his work.

"Does it please you? Can I do anything more?" he urged, looking at Leslie, all the worship of his Latin heart expressed in his vivid black eyes. The olive-skinned face was warm with emotion. Leslie had intimated that she wished to carry this flower cross herself and as he gave it into her hands, he caught his breath, coughed and choked to such an extent that Leslie frowned in annoyance.

"Please hurry," she told him sharply. "If there were time, I should ask you to take out a few sprays of the fern, it makes a cluttered effect. But, not now, only in the future, please remember I dislike crowding." Avoiding his eyes, she turned to leave the stable and saw Nancy. "Oh, you've come for the flowers," Leslie was glad of any chance to change the subject. "Victor was waiting for you."

Not waiting for Nancy's reply, she tripped up the path to where Miss Cabot waited in the motor car.

"I don't want the flowers," Nancy said to Victor after Leslie had gone. "Your wits are wool gathering, so I've got to break in. No, none of 'em, thanks just the same. Miss Morse ain't going to the cemetery. She's too sick—at heart."

"What we all knew would happen has happened. Hilary's father gave him his choice, to live at Sevenoaks and pass up his mother's old or else lose the chance of being Hilary Morse senior's heir! Hard to guess what young Hilary decided? Early this morning, he told her what he was going to do. He didn't do it very pretty, either," Nancy winced as if someone had dealt her a blow. "My Gawd, Vic, I've seen tough fights in my day. I saw my father lay my mother's head open with a single blow and old Meg Regan most strangled by her man. I've stood a lot of tough stuff myself—with no one daring to take my part. But when the fight is just a fight of words—it's worse. Young Hilary stood there, dressed like a dandy, all glossy and perfumed and he told her: 'Mother, you taught me to want and expect the best but you never taught me how to work for it. Father can give me that best. There's nothing more to be said. It is your fault and not mine that you won't stay friends. I'd like to come and see you, sometimes, and give you

things—' But she never let him finish. "She pointed a finger to that grand bedroom of his, fitted up fine enough for the pope's vacation, and she says, 'Get a drayman and take away your things. Now.' Then she locked herself in her room."

"After awhile, I see it was no use to

July. There are the seven spare rooms to be opened." "Good Lord, deliver us," murmured Daphne. "Let us hope one of the heads is young and handsome and in search of a wife."

Leslie lapsed into hurt silence. She had accepted the invitation to Hidden House under protest. It had been three months since she had been there for more than a polite call. She echoed her aunt's disapproval of this fashionable, petulant Daphne who made game of all Dolthan and ordered Peter like a lackey.

"Why didn't Madge and Hilary come over?" asked Peter. "I tried to get them on the wire but they told Hepburn to say they must be excused. We must go over tomorrow and see if young Hilary has arrived. It will be interesting to see how Madge adjusts herself to this stepson." Daphne's eyes sparkled in anticipation. "Poor old Eva Morse—yet what else could she expect?"

Peter was slowing down his car for his headlights had shown a signalling figure in the road. It was a woman, staggering as if in pain.

coax her to come out so I left. She don't need to go to the cemetery. She's got a grave in her heart. I've made up my mind to lay low today, like she asked, let her cry it all out. She's gotta cry or she'll spill somebody's blood. I'm warning you—that's how such women act."

Victor nodded gloomily. "This makes me wonder about—oh, about any of us trying to know more'n our parents. If I thought I'd ever act like Hilary, I'd stop night school and art class and go to pitching dung."

Nancy's eyes sparkled with approval. "You'd never do things his way—don't get nervous about yourself," she assured him.

Victor grasped her hand in understanding comradeship. "You ought to go to school some more," he protested. "think of them setting you to work when you were ten!"

"No chance for me—and it'd be no use anyhow. I wouldn't want a chance. These other people'd only let us get just so far and then we'd have to stay put. They've got the reins. This Hilary don't come into our class, he was born halfway into theirs."

"A lot of good that ought to do him," Victor insisted. "Never mind, Nancy, one of us will be famous some of these days—then these people will make us more than welcome," he glanced at the sun dial with its windbreak of silvery poplars. "And if we happen to grow rich as well as famous—double the welcome. I don't care who hears me say it."

"You better get home and help mother dry the macaroni," was Nancy's cynical answer. "I'm coming, too. I want to stay away until night. It has made me feel a stranger, after all, I'm nothing to nobody! About six o'clock, I'll slip back and make her a cup of tea. If she even sips it, I'll call it a victory."

MY dear, how were the honorable ancestors?" asked Daphne Cabot of her disapproving sister-in-law. It was early evening, a mellow, crescent moon winked blandly over the dark hills. "I was delighted you came for the afternoon. Usually, Peter's aunt spends the day in prayer and fasting, doesn't she—with the family album as the altar?"

"Mustn't, Daphne dear," Peter murmured, steering his roadster with an easy hand.

Huddled in velvet draperies, Daphne gave a contented, contrary laugh. "Don't take me too seriously, Leslie. I am merely being natural. You usually see me under restraint out of consideration for Peter's aunt! Well, what are your summer plans? Come out to Brighton and take a cottage."

"Aunt Starkie would never leave town," Leslie reminded her, a trifle reproachfully. "Besides, she is to entertain the heads of the foreign missionary conference during

Peter pulled up his brakes abruptly.

"I need help, quick. Eva Morse," she pointed toward the underbrush at the roadside. "She's gone mad—I can't hold her—"

Peter leaped from the car. "Good Lord," he exclaimed, as he came near, "your head is bleeding—did she strike you?" His flashlight showed blood trickling across her cheek. Then the face died away into darkness. Looking down, he saw she had fainted.

"Take the car and go on for help," he ordered Daphne. "Can't you get started? Hurry—" his voice suddenly impatient.

"Who has gone mad? Who has fainted—don't try lifting her, it may be just a scheme. Did she say it was Eva Morse?"

Leslie and Daphne had left the car and joined him. "We are a mile from Eva's shop—who is this girl? I—oh, Peter, help me, save us—" Daphne screamed in terror. The low, creeping figure of a woman had nearly reached them, her hands suddenly striking into the empty air.

"I asked him—would he give me back my boy or would he not? He—would—not," moaned the woman. "And the new wife—silver beads in her hair! My hair is white! But she ran when she knew who I was—"

WHY does no one pass along this road," Daphne wailed. "Peter, don't go near her. It is Eva. But when they're mad, they have the strength of demons. Don't let her hurt me. Tie her hands—"

The woman had risen to her feet. Even Leslie gasped. "Be careful, Peter, see, she thinks you are Hilary."

"So you won't come back? Tell me—was it because I went to his house? I couldn't help it, my boy. Were you afraid to speak your mind? Oh, come back, Hilary—come back, come back—" the woman had turned and was addressing Nancy's silent figure as it lay in Peter's arms.

Nancy roused at the whining sound of Eva's voice. "She wanted to go walking. I found she's been clear to Sevenoaks to see Morse and her boy . . . they turned her out, I guess. I suppose she made a scene . . . she took me out here in the woods and then she began thinking I was Morse and then Hilary . . . when I tried holding her—"

Daphne dissolved into tears, Leslie remained mute and equally helpless. The little mad woman began to whimper and pull at Peter's coat-sleeve, beg him to come home with her. Nancy had lost consciousness for the second



Hilary had had an auto smash and had been laid up with a few fractured ribs

time. Then the rumble of a truck filled with picnickers broke the tension. It happened to be a truck from the mills with Barney McGuire at the wheel.

"There has been an accident here," Peter explained to the astonished spectators. "We need a doctor and a stretcher."

A man pushed by Peter. "It's Nancy Odell," he exclaimed.

"Aw, Barney, is she hurt bad?" chorused the voices. Nancy Odell! Through Peter's mind flashed a picture of a black haired little girl dancing in gypsy fashion on the river bank.

CONVALESCENCE for Nancy brought two surprises. The first was a definite proposal of marriage from Barney. This she rejected, resolutely but kindly. The second was an offer from Peter and Daphne Cabot—so Peter phrased it though the initiative had all been his—to give up work and go to school, at their expense. After some hesitation Nancy agreed, though the manner of her acceptance startled Peter. Shaking his hand in her firm, rough grip she had declared:

"Maybe someday you'll wish you hadn't changed me . . . anyway, I've said my last 'God damn!'"

WHEN I have my Brighton estate," Barney announced, helping Nancy into his roadster. "I'll import a few grand dukes to convince the home folks I don't have to rely on their society."

Barney gave Nancy a critical glance as she settled into the seat beside him. He liked her in the dark modish cape and the soft green and white striped silk but he was obviously making some uncomfortable, mental reservation. "All dolled up for another week-end, to be petted or patronized, which is it, anyway?"

"Barney, I believe that when you ask me to ride, you really want to ask impertinent questions."

"And among them, the old chestnut: 'Will you marry me?'" Barney said it in a flat voice which showed that he did not hope for a favorable answer. They swung by rows of new stucco bungalows done in the Spanish style.

"This used to be Slotkins' junkyard," Nancy broke the silence. "I've played hi-spy here many a time with Vic and Gemma—all of us barefooted and perhaps a little hungry. There'd be no use in asking me to meet your grand dukes. I'd disgrace you by my reminiscences."

When she laughed, reckless dimples came into evidence and her eyes became the shade the Chinese know as "young-blue."

"You are twenty-five years old," Barney said, as if summarizing his thoughts, "it's a long time since you raced about barefoot or went hungry. Do you know, though, there are only two ways that I shall always think of you?"

"Let me know the worst," Nancy settled back in the car.

"The first is the day I asked you to marry me—after Eva Morse was put away. It was in Strozzi's backyard, you were in a shake-down bed beside the garden patch. Your head was bandaged and your arm in a sling. You looked at me with those big, sure eyes and told me there was 'nothing doing.' The other time is after you'd lived in Europe with Mrs. Cabot and everyone thought you a

equal of her? Why had Nancy come to be taken for granted by the Cabots' friends? And Hilary Morse, too, had slipped into his father's shoes so far as prestige was concerned! How had Victor Strozzi been able to get himself hailed as a coming genius in art? It was all a trick, Barney comforted himself. Where would this half acceptance, half rejection of Nancy and Victor lead? (Barney refused to think they were considered 'one of them'). They would be neither fish, flesh, fowl nor good red herring, his sister prophesied. She knew Brighton.

NANCY should be thinking of marriage, Barney was deciding, even if she did not consider him. A girl should have her family by the time she is thirty—half a dozen children, if possible. Even his sister Celia would have married, had her sweetheart not died of fever in the Spanish-American War. Celia had remained provokingly true to his memory. She had "stopped"—as deft a word as he could summon—at the Spanish War period. She still wore a towering pompadour built over a wire frame, her waists were pointed to exaggeration, her skirts long and circular and she wore her lover's last gift, a silver watch, pinned over her heart with a fleur de lis brooch! Or take Leslie Cabot, for another example. For all Barney knew, Leslie might have fancied no one. She remained the "nice little girl" her aunt intended her to remain. Leslie had "stopped" upon the death of Starkie Cabot, five years ago. She had no more idea of her resources than Daphne Cabot of the number of pieces in the week's wash. Her one claim to distinction was that she was Miss Cabot of Dolthan, president of the sacred Wednesday Morning Club. Many the time Barney had waited without the portals of the club room, only to be told by Leslie that he could do as he liked about the mills, please not to bother her again.

Madge Morse had "stopped," too, Barney ruthlessly decided. Not since the death of her husband had Madge really lived. Today, she was a faded, ineffectual person of thirty-eight, with plenty of money and very little happiness in having it. Still submissive to her sister, Daphne, she was timid of her turbulent stepson, who seldom deigned to tell her what he intended to do.

"A penny for your thoughts," Nancy said in forgiveness. "I don't mean to be horrid but I thought we both agreed to avoid personalities."

"Do you know what I was thinking?" Barney conquered a longing to apply his emergency brakes and take Nancy into his arms. "I was thinking how changed Daphne Cabot has become." Barney did not consider it necessary to retell his thoughts, he was merely expressing aloud his next-on-the-list. "Her flesh is not becoming. The orchid has turned blowsy hollyhock. Hasn't she, Nancy?"

"Barney, how can I let you take me out to Hidden House again if you talk like this? I need a Chinese wall around myself whenever you are about. You don't want me to think you are jealous, do you?"

Barney let the car lurch dangerously to one side. "Jealous!" Veins stood out on his reddish forehead. "The whole cheating lot of them never did anything more than inherit their wealth—yet they can't even take care of it! Wouldn't any man in his senses have stayed at the head of these mills instead of selling out his interest and turning architect and poet? And do you think I'm such a fool as to be jealous of our dago friend, Victor? What would I want painting boudoirs and making images of pet lap dogs? And what can Victor do with his family if he does make good—the whole spaghetti eating, garlic scented tribe? And do you think I'd ever choose to be Hilary—that aesthetic skunk?"

"Has he made anything of himself? First, it was to be a playwright, everyone waiting for the fine story he would write and have acted out. Then we got news he was turning country gentleman farmer." Barney released Nancy's hand and started up the machine. "There were barns built and meadows ploughed and prize stock brought from Scotland—only to have the country gentleman off on a drunken cruise with a girl or so among the supplies if I'm not mistaken!"

A machine was signalling to pass. Obliging, Barney turned out, a handsome foreign model shot by, a red-haired, eccentric looking man at the wheel, waving an arm as he went ahead.

"Speak of the devil," began Barney in confusion. "Look at his dust—sixty miles an hour or I'm not sitting beside the most indignant, loveliest girl in the county. Sixty miles an hour and if he should run someone down—it would be Hilary Morse who did it and the case is closed, gentlemen!"

"I think Leslie was with him, he was planning to bring her out," Nancy ventured. She did not add that Hilary was to bring Leslie only because Nancy had refused to come.

The end of the drive was at hand. He would not see Nancy until Monday morning. He hoped she would be late, so she would have to explain tardiness. But he knew from past experience that at nine fifteen, the president's secretary would be at her desk, calm and good to look at in her trim tailleur.

They were passing through tall, ivy-twined gates, Chinese lanterns on iron pedestals marking the way. In a lovely, green hollow, they came upon the rambling, white clapboard house with its wide porte cochère. Here were parked Hilary's dusty limousine and a black and white striped cab.

"Let me out here, it is near enough," said Nancy eagerly, too eagerly, Barney thought. "Thank you for bringing me," she held out her hand in neutral polite-



"Yet I'll show the county before I'm through. I'll own as fine a home as any Cabot."

ness. Barney was compelled to admit that, as usual, he had made no impression.

"Sorry I'm not coming in?" he could not help asking, as a houseman took her bag.

"Don't spoil my last good impression of you," she said swiftly, waving good-by.

Irritation proved too strong for chivalry and Barney growled a retort, wheeling his car with a reckless hand. But he could not avoid seeing Peter Cabot's tall thin figure—a Cabot always made Barney conscious of his increasingly egg-like tendencies—coming down to greet Nancy. He was saying: "We have been waiting for you. Daphne wants to have you do some letters—she thinks you—"

Daphne, watching Nancy at the supper table, was forced to admit that the girl had achieved a smart simplicity. But she was not willing to admit that Nancy was unconscious of this effect. Daphne was incapable of believing another to possess the virtues she, herself, lacked. Therefore, Nancy's sincerity smacked of toadyism, her gratitude was cleverly disguised greediness for more advantages, her affection was affectation and her impulsiveness was premeditated—a means of showing off her parlor tricks. Only to Nancy's brain did Daphne award merit.

On the other hand there was poor Leslie—and as for Madge, she alternated between contemptuous kindness and the desire to torment.

"Oh, Hilary dear, you ought not," Madge was saying to her stepson. He had just announced his intention of buying the famous miniature jeweled gardens of Chinese design, belonging to a bankrupt financier. "Really, you ought not—" her voice died away in a murmur.

"They ought to be in a museum," Peter suggested.

"S" ought some persons," interrupted Daphne. "Don't be a highbrow socialist, please." She helped herself generously to a second portion of whipped cream.

The woman was unwilling to admit what she had come to be, she clung to the delusion that, whenever she cared to exert herself, she could change back into a fairy-tale-princess person with endless admirers and heaven only knows why she had chosen queer dear young Peter at any stage of the game! Daphne's worst quarrel with Peter was his being a persistent idealist without a single bad habit. She had spent the first part of their thirteen years of marriage accusing him of having acquired various improper habits and later in upbraiding him because he would not!

For the first three years, Peter suffered—and struggled—under her vituperation, blaming himself for not being all Daphne wished. The next three years—from 1909 to

1912—he had become silent. Her torrent of complaints and demands fell on polite but deaf ears. Nancy's progress into the world of well bred persons was his redeeming interest. He seemed again to feel that there were hopeful things in life, after all. His more cheerful state of mind piqued Daphne into new perversities. She, too, had been interested in Nancy. She boasted of this new means of amusement, begged advice from interested friends, told of the girl's gaucheries as after dinner anecdotes, while Peter writhed in helpless resentment. Once, she had created an after dinner diversion by declaring that educating Nancy Odell was more satisfactory than training her pet marmoset who died of pneumonia despite his elderdown blankets. This Nancy was so deliciously frank, so primitive at times—overwhelmingly grateful, whereas the marmoset had bitten her finger when she gave him a hothouse delicacy not to his liking.

From that moment until this June night in the summer of 1918, Peter had ceased to consider Daphne seriously. Daphne had no inkling of what caused her husband's courteous, sometimes ironical indifference. It disarmed as well as baffled her. Peter had realized that a woman who would make public game of a girl like Nancy, weighing her merits against those of a pet marmoset, could not have comprehended his indignation had he expressed it. Daphne sat mentally rehearsing a stinging speech—to be made to Peter after their guests were gone—when Victor interrupted with a question about some panel decoration.

"Then I'm not to finish the panels for your smoking-room?" Victor had acquired admirable poise. When he spoke it was with deliberation, a slightly theatrical effect. Victor had gauged that his heyday was not yet at hand, he must still be an affable subordinate. At twenty-six, he was a talented, well-groomed man, undismayed either by these snobs or his peasant connections. Victor was sure of himself. With disinterested, even critical eyes he could look upon Leslie, his erstwhile dream idol, or listen to the cheap clamor of the multitudinous Strozis.

"No, let the smoking-room go unless you want to put in double time—only you are such a busy Michael Angelo, I don't see how you can! Madge is so keen to get you to do a statuette of her Persian kitty—a remarkable, golden fluff, too—ah, they are waiting for us, I had no idea I dawdled—" rising Daphne led the way into her own drawing-room.

HILARY, peering down at some recently acquired French prints, consulted his watch with an abrupt gesture. "Show me your new car," he asked Peter, his slow, yellow eyes seeking out Nancy as she drew a chair

beside the chaise longue. "I am promised for the club hop. Anyone else going along?"

"Never," Daphne answered with emphasis, "The last time I went the whole thing was impossible. What is the special attraction tonight, Hilary?"

"Ah, that would be interesting to know, wouldn't it?" Hilary turned to leave the room, his eyes still fixed on Nancy. "Coming to the dance, Vic, or to see the car?" he added with condescension.

"I'll just take a look at the car. Someone may want a portrait done of their pet motor and I may as well take in all the first views I can. You'll pardon me?" turning to Daphne with flattering concern.

"Let us all go to see the car," Madge suggested, holding out her hand to Leslie.

"Do you want to join them?" Daphne was asking Nancy, "I am quite used to being left behind."

"I've seen it, if you remember. Glad to stay here. Do you want me to read?" Nancy had been examining the pile of novels.

"Good-by, Nancy," said Hilary with sudden emphasis, pausing at the door. "Sure you don't want to change your mind and look in at the hop?"

SHE shook a determined head. "Quite sure," she said quickly.

The drawing-room door banged.

Daphne nestled among the cushions, as if arranging herself for a confidential talk. "Now tell me amusing things—you needn't be afraid of censorship—talk away, Nancy, it rests me."

With a slight effort, Nancy began and talked of her work with the mill girls, office affairs, bits of human interest at the boarding house. After an hour, she was conscious Daphne was not listening but staring ahead into the June twilight as if her hard, bright eyes saw through the very walls of the room—on and on. Nancy paused.

"I'm tired," was her reward. "I wonder if the others are coming back. Wasn't Hilary the boor? Why do you suppose he went to the hop? Madge is afraid of him. He not only does as he likes but he does not care what he likes! Yet, sometimes, I wish I were a man—"

"I'd like to be a man," admitted Nancy, "if I was able to remember I was once a woman. I'd like to have some other measuring stick besides sex."

Daphne ignored her remark. "I can't see that you get what you should out of life," she began. "You choose such odd, unwashed recreations."

"You don't get what you should out of life," Nancy insisted, "you let the big things slip by and then wonder why the little things fret and ruffle you."

"Ah, is that it? Let me

[Turn to page 84]

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The Ship of Souls

By

Emerson Hough

Author of "The Mississippi Bubble," "The Covered Wagon," etc.

"Annette!" he cried, "Stop! You know the things you say are lies. Now out with you!"

FOR FORTY years, Angus Garth, factor of Fort McTavish, has lived beyond the laws of God and man. And so he, himself, performs the marriage ceremony between his lovely white child, Christine, and Langley Barnes, the post's unwelcome guest. And Barnes, who had hoped to discover here in the far north a world without women, finds himself on one side harried by the bold advances of Annette, the factor's vibrant young half-breed daughter, and on the other bewildered by the innocent faith of his adoring "bride." But he knows that, despite the factor's authority, there is no real marriage without a minister—and also he remembers Alicia Barnes, the unloving wife whom he has left in that far-away southern city.

FOR a long time the two occupants of Christine's little intimate room had been silent—not with a natural calm but with a tense, ominous quiet. At last the girl, as though groping for expression, said weakly, "Shall I play for you, sir?"

"Do you play?" asked Barnes, surprised.

"You did not credit me with that, or anything? In music I am not quite so untutored."

"What do you mean? You never had a teacher—here? That's impossible."

"Ay, but yes! Four years. Since I was sixteen, Leftenant Churchill of the Mounted taught me, when he was stationed here, before the War. He was English, you know, of good family. He was—Cambridge, is it? An officer, once, I believe—at least when the War came, he went out again. The news of the War breaking out was a year old then. We've not heard from him since. But for years he taught me—when he was stationed at McTavish. I've kept on, since, the best I could. My music—"

"What was he to you?" demanded Langley Barnes, with suddenly suspicious and wholly unreasonable male jealousy. He could see another man in this room, at yonder instrument, bending over Christine's shoulder.

"He was my music teacher," replied Christine. And drily: "I fancy he really cared more for Annette; though Annette cannot sing, not more than a raven."

"Churchill? Churchill? What Churchill? What was his other name?" Barnes spoke suddenly.

COURTENAY, Arthur. He was Leftenant Arthur Courtenay Churchill, here.

"Do you know whether he went into the air service, abroad? Was he ever in Canada—the eastern part of the Dominion? I mean, after the War, or say, when he was just going over—three years ago, was it?"

"It might have been. We have had no word. Men come here. They go—and they are gone. My music I got from him, all I ever had."

She did not even ask him why he asked his questions; thought it was not for her to ask whether a sudden change of expression had come on his face. He felt it incumbent to respond to her delicacy.

YOU see," he added, "my wife, Alicia—a Harbridge, she was—came from Canada to the States. A mere child, she came to New York. She came from Toronto, originally. Often she went back. But why do I tell you all this?" he broke off, suddenly. "Here I stand, talking of—her. I want to hear you sing."

He stepped to the music rack, picked up sheets, edged over yet others; turned to her with wonder in his eyes.

"But Christine!" said he. "This—this is—"

"Music?" she smiled.

"Rather! Pergolesi—The Stabat Mater? Why?"

"We sang in it, sir."

"And in this—the Messiah?"

"For the most part he alone. But I would rather not that."

"What would you like, then, to do for me? My mind needs medicine, too."

She made no immediate answer. Dulled, moody, he flung down into a chair and hardly knew when she passed him. He expected only stuttering regrets, an amateurish rendering that would make fresh demand on his sym-



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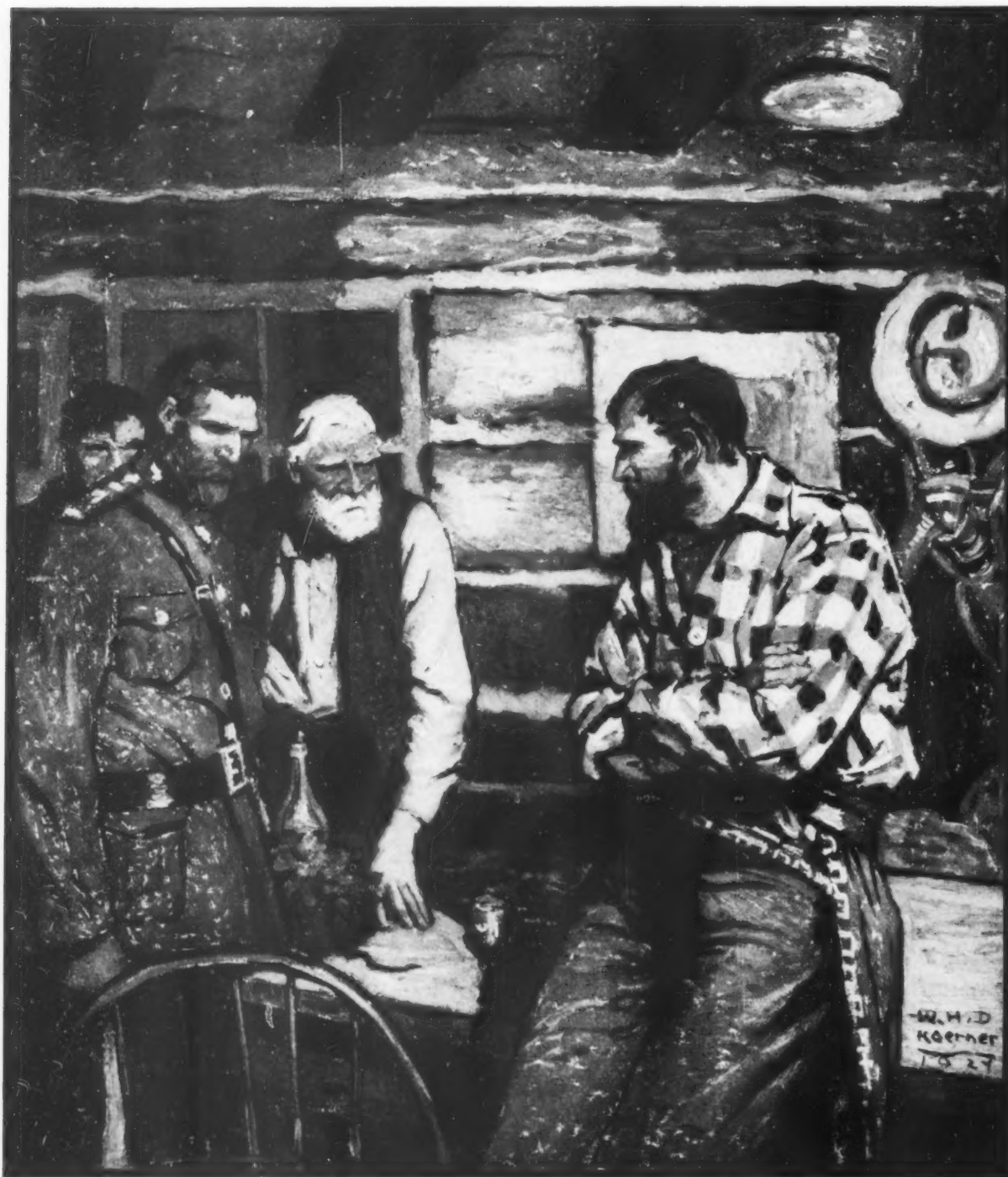


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The two, Barnes and Churchill, looked one another in the eye and nodded; but did not shake hands

pathy, a new pathetic revelation displaying the barren barbarism and utter emptiness of life for this castaway here on the Arctic shores. He turned away, that she might not see him trying to be kind, might not detect him in any lie of mercifulness.

So he did not aid her among the piled music sheets, hardly was ready when the banal little instrument gave a moan or so, a softer essaying, a note or two missed, till the reeds dwelt on the key she sought. Then, gently, softly, tenderly filling all the little apartment, he heard a voice—at whose first notes he turned swiftly as though some shock had come to him. He knew in a flash that he might reserve his sympathy.

"AVE MARIA!" began the voice, "Ave Maria!"—Gounod's rendition of prayer; at first, a wail, more than a supplication, then rising through despair to supplication, to confidence, to faith, to triumph.

He scarce breathed, because he could not believe the manifestly impossible. As the prayer closed, the walls of the paltry little room rose and spread into the architraves and nave of a cathedral space, and light through many colored glasses came into the lamp glow, itself at the last trembling in the vibration of a voice too great for that confinement. And at last the sob of weariness and of peace.

She turned to him simply, on the rickety melodeon stool, her hands in her lap. The great balance, the splendid vast reserves of her normal mind and body keeping her still calm and poised, her bosom rising not so much more markedly. She looked straight into the eyes of Langley

Barnes. He knew, then, that there no longer existed a world which as children men once knew. No. There was a new world now, with miracles so unusual, there might no longer be anything miraculous. For certainly, this was a miracle.

He did not speak. "Did I do it quite right, sir?" she asked, still in that vast simplicity, that Norse Viking calm which always smote him. He could only nod, half choking.

"Perhaps it may make you feel better, sir—music. That song quite often makes my father feel better, when he is—bad."

"But—but—this is a voice, Christine! Such voices—I'm no musician, but I know—such voices—why, they're not found, that's all! I—" he blushed—"I was a vestryman in our church once. So I had to attend. I had to arrange for the choir, you know. And a soprano like yours, a voice of that accuracy and sureness—why, we didn't get them! I'll swear, I believe—why, even in opera . . . That's study, time, of course." He was running far afield, in his leaping to conviction. "Did he, Churchill, teach you all this?"

SHE nodded, her own color heightening now in pleasure. "Oh, ay, who else? He was four years here. He said I learned by instinct. He said my mind was stronger by beginning later. My father said that too. I always remembered well."

"And here, under the Circle, in this pit of barbarism, you've known music!"

"Oh, no. Only have I learned about music. To have

music—you must be in touch with all the men and women, all the world, with life—you see? No one can learn music alone. All one may do is to learn about music, to dream, to wonder. That's been just my life—to wonder about what is life!"

"See!" She caught up a book, an old, out of date edition of a forgotten author of an earlier century. "They say a girl wrote this—a very young girl. I wonder if she too was just wondering? A story about music, you know. But she knew music."

SHE swept her hands widely, contemptuously to her little world. "But, I have never seen a church! I have not seen opera. A great singer I have never heard. I do not know town life, whatever it is like. I have never seen a lady. I have never seen a table spread for the civilized. I have seen nothing! All I could do was to read! An orchestra? He told me of it, Arthur Churchill. Many musics, all in one? I can not quite think that, because one instrument, two voices, is all I have ever heard, and one my own. But this I read, again and again. It is how I know orchestra—know about it, only—only just about it, as I do all of life—about it."

"Had I not read of love and marriage in my books? So, I wished to imagine marriage! I had already been imagining about love, you know. But not love nor marriage in fact were for me, not more than great music; though that, I'm thinking, might stay one's soul—music."

"What books?" asked Langley Barnes, after a long time.

She walked to a shelf, and took down one from her scanty store.

"Reminiscences! Early as 1812-1820—I must say, you do go back in your reading! Are all your books of a hundred years ago?"

"My life is far more than a hundred years ago, sir. With the Company a century is naught. We do not change. Does love? Would na this do? 'Twas what one named Coleridge said of love, to a friend, long, long ago. Read that to me, sir!"

Therefore he read in such words as must be a cold enough marriage song:

"This I, many years ago, planned as the subject matter of a poem, viz. long and deep affections suddenly, in one moment, flash-transmuted into love. In short, I believe that love (as distinguished both from lust and that habitual attachment which may include many objects diversifying itself by degrees only), that that feeling (or whatever it may be more aptly called), that specific mode of being, which one object

only can possess, and possess totally, is always the abrupt creation of a moment, though years of dawning may have preceded. . . .

THUS, there is such a passion as love—which is no more a compound than oxygen, though like oxygen it has an almost universal affinity, and a long and finely graduated scale of elective attractions.

"Were there not an identity in the substance, man and woman might join, but they could never unify."

He ceased, embarrassed over words which would have caused not the lifting of an eyebrow in the circles he had known.

"So you have read a chemical analysis of love, Christine, as well as a synthetic conception of music! Well, then—"

"Ay. But it was not music. It was not love. It was about it, and about! That is all I have known. And yet I am a marrit woman, too—so long!"

She obliged herself to laugh, smoothed down her apron quaintly. Barnes noted now a very distinct dimple in a cheek, apparently concurrent only with a certain mood. But most he admired her courage and her calm, her simple self-respect.

Love? Never in his life had he thought to study love, to ask what it was. Women? Why yes, many, many, as come to all city men of life similar to his own in a great center of luxury, of hysteria, of degeneracy. Women, yes. But love? Had he ever yet known it, or even known what it was?

She went on,

[Turn to page 96]

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A Desmond

[Continued from page 19]

superintendent, what had better be done, now that a Desmond had come within communicable distance. They had decided that nothing better be done. Nona was well enough off where she was, wasn't she? It could only make trouble. Young Desmond hadn't any ears just now for wild tales about abandoned babies left on his family's cemetery lot years ago, Jim Kearney guessed.

"The young fellow seemed pretty strung up," Mr. Armstrong said, "when he came out to see me about the lot yesterday. It seems he came over from France just on a trip to rest up, after his war experience, and brought his wife and child, and the child got the flu some way, on the boat. And now his wife's got it. Got it bad, too, I guess. Queer young fellow. Queer notions about cemeteries. 'Barbaric'—whatever he meant by it. 'Barbaric,' that's what he said, two or three times."

NONA played truant from school the next afternoon. Of course little Miss Desmond had often witnessed burials, hidden behind bushes or in the tree-tops. She knew the Desmonds were wealthy people, and she expected all the ceremonies that exist. She was therefore shocked and terribly disappointed when she saw a solitary automobile, just a common ordinary limousine, approach the Desmond lot, and stop before it. A tall young man in a gray suit stepped out and he and Felix Malone (one of the gardeners), gently lifted the box with a lap-robe over it, from the back of the car. Between them they carried it up the three small steps that lead to the grassy plateau where the column, with the urn on top, was placidly waiting beside the open grave. The young man said something to Felix; Felix nodded; the young man turned, went back to the car, and was driven away. And Felix, left alone, began filling in the grave. There were no flowers. There were no carriages. There was no minister.

A few days later, another grave was dug beside Leonora's—longer, wider, deeper this time—but again there were no flowers, no carriages, no minister, no prayer. The resourceful Miss Desmond explained the strange proceeding to the General that evening. Her mother and little sister (Tom's paper had made clear the relationships), had come home seriously ill. Therefore the usual welcoming reception had had to be postponed. But next Saturday she was planning to give them a party herself.

Miss Desmond placed the hour of the party at nine p. m. Tom would be in bed asleep by that time, and she could steal out of the door without his knowing it. Nona picked bright red oak leaves for decorations. She sunk four iron vases, one at the head and one at the foot of each mound and placed a great bunch of the flaming colored leaves in each. They were deep maroon in the soft moonlight. Then she outlined each grave with pine cones, and last, knotted together all the chiffon ribbon she possessed and tied it around the column. It just reached.

Nona was sitting cross-legged between the two new graves at about quarter of nine, on the night of her party, busily chatting, first to Leonora on her right, and then to Eleanor on her left, when her sharp ears caught the sound of footsteps.

She stood up and listened. The steps were approaching. She turned quickly (she mustn't be caught here), and slipped behind a clump of forsythia bushes nearby, crouching down close to the ground. The footsteps came nearer and nearer, and Nona, her heart beating fast, staring out from her dark corner with round wide eyes, like a frightened kitten, saw a man coming straight towards the Desmond lot. It was the young man in the gray suit.

He stopped before the gray monument and looked up at it a moment, then mounted the three steps. Nona saw him

put up his hand and touch the chiffon ribbon, then turn and look down upon the two graves at his feet, lean and pick up one of the pine cones, lean again and pick up something square and white—Nona's refreshments—a piece of bread and butter. Standing there with the cone in one hand and the bread in the other he gazed all about him, as if hunting for some explanation. Just then one of the branches Nona was leaning against snapped and broke.

"Who is here?" he said. "Don't be frightened. I won't hurt you."

His voice was as kind and musical as ministers' voices when they read prayers at gravesides. Nona came out from behind the bushes. Her dress was dark, but her face shone as white as a lily on the surface of a pond at night.

"Who are you?" gently the man inquired.

"I'm Nona. Tom Blaine's girl," Nona replied, as she always did to strangers.

"Did you do this?" He pointed to the graves.

Nona said, "Yes; but I wasn't going to leave it here. I was going to clear it all away before I went home."

"Why did you do it?"

The steady questions frightened Nona even though they were kindly asked.

"I did it just for fun," she assured him. "I mean, it's a game I play. I live here, you see, and—and—" It was hopeless to explain, of course.

The young man sat down on the edge of the low pedestal that supported the monument and held out his hand. "Come and sit down," he said. She obeyed. "Tell me about it," he went on. "It's a game. You live here? You were playing house?"

"Yes," Nona gasped. He understood! "And I was having a party, here in my house, because you didn't, for Eleanor and Leonora." Then abruptly, "Why didn't you have people, and carriages, and things nice for them?"

HE surveyed her with a bitter smile. "Do you think sad people in black and funeral carriages are nice?" he inquired.

Nona considered a moment. "But didn't they like flowers?" she pursued.

"Not wired flowers. Old-fashioned ones, growing in a sunny garden by a seat, beside a bird's bath, yes. And oak leaves and pine cones," he added kindly.

"Oh, I'm glad!" Nona sparkled. "Have you lived here long?" the young man inquired politely.

Eagerly Nona nodded:

"Yes. Always. It hasn't been nice alone either. I'm awfully glad to have Eleanor and Leonora."

"If Eleanor and Leonora could speak," he said slowly (he hadn't repeated their names out loud once yet), "they would be 'awfully glad' to have you."

"Oh, but they can!" said Nona brightly. "We've been talking and talking before you came. I've been explaining everything to them—telling them just who is coming to their party tonight. I've invited half the city." She gave a little sophisticated sigh.

"May I come?" the young man inquired.

"Of course! That will be lovely!" She brought her two palms together softly, in an ecstatic little gesture. "You can be the father! You're in business in Europe," she informed him, "but you've dropped home tonight to surprise us. Understand?" He nodded. "Wait a minute," she exclaimed, and stood up. "I've got an idea. Wait here. I'm going back to Tom's for more refreshments. The bread you found was ice-cream. I'll bring back some cheese. That can be cake."

"I've some sweet chocolate in my pocket," the young man told her. (He had always carried sweet chocolate for Leonora.) "How will that do for candy?"

"Lovely!" Again the palms met softly. She ran down the steps, stopped a moment. "You'll wait? You won't go?" she called. [Turn to page 32]

Medicine vs. Milk

MORE than \$219,000,000 a year for patent medicines in the United States! This is the astounding figure quoted by the latest Government Census of Manufactures. And this figure, startling as it is, represents only the wholesale cost of these medicines—not the retail price paid by the public in its frantic search for health.

If we maintain the right mental attitude, if we eat, sleep and exercise properly, the chances are we will seldom feel the need of medicines. There are times, now and then, when we all feel a little below par. If, instead of rushing off for a bottle of Dr. Bunkum's Tonique to brace us up, we would go to Nature herself for the greatest of all food-tonics—milk—we would be a different lot of men and women.

Milk is Nature's Patent

—the only food she ever made solely for food. It cannot be reproduced artificially. Only Nature herself can so perfectly blend all the elements of a well-balanced diet as she has in milk.

Milk sounds like patent medicine when all its virtues are catalogued. It is the oldest prescription in the world—Nature's prescription for the building of strong, healthy bodies, Nature's revitalizer, Nature's maker of rich, red blood, Nature's nerve quieter, Nature's antidote for that "tired feeling".

If milk were put up in bottles of a different shape and size,



FRANK WISEMAN, M.D.
1 MAIN STREET

Rx

*Lac/purum**

*to be taken freely
and often—with
meals and between
meals — F.W.*

*Pure Milk.

Here is a prescription that is worth \$219,000,000 many times over. It has built more strong bodies than all the medicines invented or compounded by man from the beginning of time.

if it were given a fanciful name and announced for what it really is as "the greatest body builder and health

restorative in the world" people would flock to buy it at fancy prices. But because it costs so little and is delivered every morning at our doorstep, we seldom give its virtues a thought. We are apt to disregard the value of familiar things.

Drink More Milk and Save Money

Milk is an ideal food for all ages—not just a pleasant drink or food merely for children. It looks simple, but it is the most complex food in the world—liquid meat, sugar and fat with mineral salts and life-giving vitamins added.

Nutrition experts declare milk to be the most nearly perfect food we have as well as one of the cheapest, for it can take the place

of so many more expensive foods. A quart of milk contains the same "energy" value as 8 eggs, or 2 pounds of potatoes, or $\frac{3}{4}$ of a pound of lean beef or $\frac{1}{3}$ of a pound of cheese.

Save on other things if you must, but not on milk. If anybody in your family objects to drinking raw milk there are many ways in which it can be served—in soups, custards, ice cream, desserts, cocoa, cream sauces—lots of good things. Use it—if you are run down, to build you up. Use it—if you are well, to keep you healthy and strong.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company—in bringing to the minds of millions of our citizens an appreciation of the wonders of milk—hopes to increase the use of this most nearly perfect food. And, in addition, it desires to arouse public consciousness to the dangers of milk that is not produced and marketed under proper conditions—and by so doing bring about more rigid inspection and safeguard the cleanliness of the milk supply of the nation.

The Treasury Department of the U.S. in its Public Health Bulletin No. 136 publishes the results of a study of the practices of the

Health Departments in 83 cities of the United States—milk supervision being one of the subjects under investigation. It is surprising and disappointing to find that only 31 of the 83 cities report the use of a milk grading system and among these 31 there is little uniformity as to requirements. Only 39 cities demand the tuberculin testing of all herds from which raw milk is sold. Medical examination of milk handlers is carried out by but 19 of the 83 cities.

Find out what the conditions are in your city. Investigate the source of your milk supply. Organize a committee to go to your local

Board of Health or Health Officer and find out what is being done to make milk safe. If they report the milk is not properly inspected, agitate the question in your local newspapers. Make sure that you get safe milk. If your own local authorities have not yet taken up the matter of protecting your milk supply, it is advisable that you Pasteurize your own milk at home. You will find full and simple directions in a booklet "All About Milk" which the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will be glad to send you by mail, free of charge.

HALEY FISKE, President.



Published by

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Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year



Your Perfume Should Be "Becoming"

You choose a hat or frock for its becomingness. You select it because its style exactly suits you—brings out your best features—makes you appear more charming.

Your perfume should be as individually becoming as your loveliest gown. You should select it just as carefully. Clothes are soon forgotten, but a perfume may linger in the memory for years.

Florient, an exquisite bouquet fragrance, has a happy way of blending with widely varying personalities—seeming to take on a new meaning with each wearer. Or you may find your favorite among other lovely Colgate scents.

It is easy to select the right perfume with the Colgate Perfume Test—and lots of fun besides. Full instructions and materials for making the test, including three miniature vials of perfume, will be sent you for a 2c stamp. Address Colgate & Co., Dept. L, 199 Fulton Street, New York City.



COLGATE'S

Perfumes

A Desmond

[Continued from page 30]

"I'll wait. I won't go."

But of course he couldn't wait all night. After an hour he began to wonder if the strange little girl had been real. If it had not been for the testifying leaves and cones, he would think he had been sleeping long and soundly (he who hadn't slept for days and days for more than fifteen-minute periods at a time), and dreamed a beautiful dream of a little girl "playing house" with Eleanor and Leonora on their graves. How they would have loved the pretty game, and laughed at it, and at each new happy suggestion how Leonora would have brought her two small palms together in that same soft, suppressed way. Odd! The young man had never noticed that same trick in any other child before.

He glanced at his watch. Eleven o'clock. His boat sailed for France in less than twelve hours. He must not miss the last electric car back to town.

Nona didn't return to the Desmond lot until dawn. When she reached the monumental works and pushed open the door that led to Tom's rooms, she was greeted with a deep, gurgling snore from the bed in the corner. One glance at it and she ran for Mattie, who kept her busy for the rest of the night. She didn't see the young man again for nearly four years.

When Tom Blaine died Nona went to live at Mattie's. She helped with the children and house-work for her board and keep. She was very busy outside school hours, but she had some free time Saturdays and Sundays, and this she always spent in the cemetery working in what she called her garden. She had asked Mr. Armstrong to let her plant some old-fashioned flowers on the Desmond lot. Mr. Armstrong had told Felix, who knew all about gardens, to humor the child's fancy, within bounds. So the Desmond lot became one of the prettiest in the cemetery. People went to look at it. Franklin Desmond himself went to look at it on a certain Sunday in July.

He was in America on a business trip. He couldn't explain just why he went to the cemetery. Some remaining spark of barbarism left in him, he supposed, which still persevered in the fetish of seeking comfort from a piece of ground in which lay the discarded dust of some one loved. Or else, was it simply an attempt to escape the loneliness that always took possession of him on a fine holiday, when the sky was very blue and the air very fresh and there was no one to say, "Let's pack a lunch, and go off into the country for all day!"

FOR nearly four years Franklin Desmond had been fighting this loneliness. He had tried travel, a chateau on the Italian lakes, collecting old furniture, collecting old books, society, solitude, play, work. But he couldn't escape it. Even during the respites when he forgot, or was asleep, the aloneness was still there, like a blind man's blindness, like a cripple's infirmity. He had no one of his own. His nearest living relatives were two aunts—older sisters of his father—who wouldn't know him even if they should meet him on the street. Was ever a man so shorn of human contacts as himself? Thus he was thinking as he approached the cemetery lot which had only sad memories for him.

When he reached the spot where once the pillar and urn had waited, like some horrible Buddhist idol to receive what he had to bring to it, he stopped and gazed amazed. The pillar and urn had disappeared! They were hidden completely, except for the name on the pedestal, by a blanket of green English ivy and quick growing honeysuckle. There were birds darting in and out among the vines—a nest perhaps!

Franklin Desmond mounted the steps wonderingly. Against the retaining wall of the tomb tunnelled in the bank on the next lot, hollyhocks had been planted; and in front, larkspur and Canterbury bells. By the hollyhocks there was a

seat, covered like the pillar, with a mantle of green. Somewhere in the vicinity of the spot where once pine cones had outlined two fresh mounds, there was now an irregular bed of rapier-pointed iris leaves, and from the midst of them Franklin Desmond caught the sound of splashing water. Two fat robins were bathing in a bird's bath sunk in the ground. Franklin Desmond sat down on the vine-covered seat. By what miracle had there sprung up over Eleanor and Leonora, a garden, in miniature, such as they had loved in France? He leaned back and gazed up into the blue, Space—space—space. Another solar system beyond. Yet—how close they seemed! How—anything but dead! Franklin Desmond felt suddenly unaccountably happy.

Nona came upon him without sound or warning. Every Sunday morning she always came to work in her garden. The dress she wore this morning was one of Mattie's cut down. It was still too long, and made her look older than she was. So did the two braids crossed and rolled up in her neck. She carried a garden basket on her arm with small tools in it. It wasn't until she had sprung down from the bank over the tomb, in front of the man on the seat that she knew anyone was there.

THEY stared at each other in silent amazement. Nona with dawning joy illuminating her face as she recognized who the visitor was; Franklin Desmond with perplexity clouding his, as he groped and groped to account for the sudden sharp memory that pricked him, as he gazed at this unaccountable creature dropped from he knew not where. (Hester Lindberg! A name long unspoken almost escaped his lips. The same fair skin, the same fair hair, parted in the middle and rolled up low in the neck. The same light-blue, far-apart eyes, short chin, and full lips. Hester Lindberg! But Hester was dead.)

Nona spoke first. "Why, it's you!" she exclaimed. "I thought you'd come back some day."

"Oh," said Franklin Desmond, still groping. (Hester had lived five miles away from here, near Broadhursts, the boy's school where he had prepared for college.) "You're the girl I met here before?"

"Yes, I'm the one," she assured him. He looked as if he doubted it. "We played here together one night." (Hester was in the high-school. It was years ago.) "And I left you for a minute to get something to eat. But Tom had a fit, so I couldn't come back till morning." (Hester and he had come to this very cemetery one Memorial Day to see the soldiers. They had made the plans for their secret marriage that night.) "Is it right? Are these the kind of flowers Eleanor and Leonora would like? Is this the kind of garden?"

"It is exactly right. They'd love it dearly," murmured Franklin Desmond, but not taking his eyes off Nona. (Why, even her voice was like Hester's!)

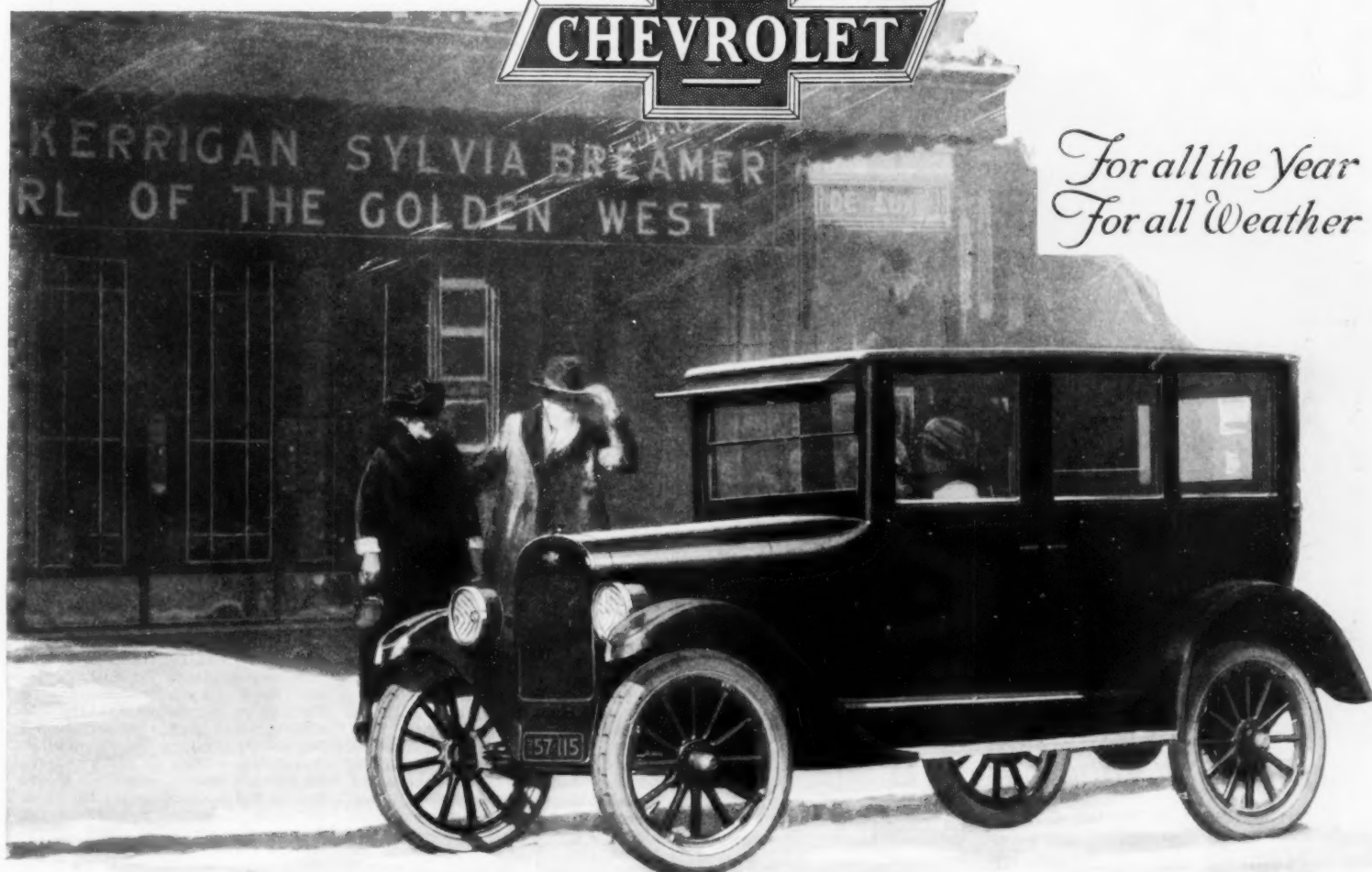
"The seat is an old iron thing that used to be on the Bartlett lot. It was all rust and broken, but Felix fixed it with gas-pipe so it would stand up." (A younger sister of Hester's perhaps.) "And the bird-bath is the top of an old urn that had a nick in it." (Her family might have moved into this vicinity.) "But I wish you'd put their names up pretty soon. It's been nearly four years. I think some headstones, or perhaps a little lamb for Leonora, would be lovely among that iris. Don't you? And then people would say their names out loud once in awhile when they stop."

"Is your name Lindberg?" Franklin Desmond inquired suddenly.

Nona shook her head. "No. Why, don't you remember me? Four years ago? And that this is my house? And you came to a party here one night? My name is Desmond. That is why this is my house. Because my name is on the door-plate."

"What is your [Turn to page 50]"

for Economical Transportation



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The Lowest Priced, High Grade All-Year Sedan

The closed car is the right type in a changeable climate, because it offers full-weather protection when needed, yet in summer with windows lowered is breezy and comfortable.

The Superior Chevrolet Sedan is distinctly high-grade in appearance and workmanship. It is so economical to operate and maintain that it is feasible for either one passenger's daily use, or for the evening and Sunday requirements of the average family of five.

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Superior Sedan	- -	795
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NO matter how large the family, or how limited the means, no two persons should use the same comb.

Hygiene demands an individual comb.

You will find Ace Quality Combs in a sufficient variety of style to suit any taste, and priced to meet every purse. The parallel teeth, smooth surfaces and rounded edges protect your hair and distinguish them from ordinary combs.

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The Saving Sin

[Continued from page 6]

you can't tell what a man'll do when he's there."

"Don't try to save my face, Tom," she said. "What's done is done."

"He's certainly done."

"Where is he?"

"Free-lancing."

"Oh!" Her eyes traversed the wide beyond the windows, and lifted to the purple hill line of Hollywood. "Does that mean he's pretty well down?"

"I'm afraid so. It serves him right."

"No, it doesn't," she said. "If I'd been the right one for him, I'd have helped him climb the high mountains. I wanted to, heaven knows, but I thought he had to do it for himself. He has it in him to win. He can write better scenarios than most of the crowd, but— I guess I must be rather overwhelming. Life's a queer joke, isn't it? A man won't marry one girl because she's making more money than he does, and then he marries another when he's fallen off the ladder. I hope he's happy."

"Do you—really?"

"Yes. It'll be easier for me, I think."

For a moment she drew fantastic designs with her coffee spoon on the tablecloth, and Williams studied her bent head ere she raised her eyes with almost defiant determination. "I have to see him, Tom," she said.

"I think you'll be sorry if you do."

"I can't help it," she told him.

"There are some things I must know."

"Do they matter—now?"

"Yes," she said, "they do. Will you call him for me?"

"You won't get into trouble?"

"I won't do anything that will make you sorry you've helped me."

With a bravery of his own, concealed beneath casual indifference, he called Marvin's number. Peter's voice answered him, a voice grown, Williams thought, a little weary. "There's some one in town," he told him, "who wants to see you. Will you go up to her house tonight?" He could not analyze the emotion which gasped in Peter's "Oh!" but he realized that a strained eagerness rang out in his assertion, "I'll be there." He turned from the booth to Bonnie. "He'll come," he told her.

The house, into which great clusters of brilliant flowers and a pleasant-mannered housekeeper welcomed her, gave her for a little while a sense of refuge. She had built it out of the earnings of her first success, adorning it, as time went on, from both the increasing emoluments and improving taste of her development. Small as it was, compared with the palaces about it, she had always taken in it a pride of possession. It was the first home in which she had ever lived. Into it came her first real friendships, and her one great love. In the three years of his dwelling in Hollywood Peter Marvin had grown to be as abiding a fixture of Bonnie Tanner's house as the sun-room in which he had so often loitered. Now that he had wilfully taken himself out of her life the girl found the place so crowded with memories of him that for the first time since his letter had reached her she sank beneath the burden of regret. "Oh, Peter, Peter, Peter," she sobbed, flinging herself beside the chair in which he had been wont to sit. "How could you do it—to me?"

AS if to find reason for him she went back through the phases of their love for each other. They had met at a dull and rather pompous dinner with which Lawrence of the *Triumph* was celebrating the success which Bonnie had made in *Driftwood*. She had been a little scornful of the ovation, a trifle vexed at the unearned increment of fulsome flattery which Lawrence's claque was heaping upon her. In the midst of a speech which Gavin was making she had caught the gaze of a man far down the table, and had, without consideration of consequence, darted at him a

challenge for understanding. He had given it to her instantly in pantomime of amused appreciation of the situation, and she had thrilled to the warmth in his eyes. When the dinner was over he had come to her. "You met me," he said, "when you were a gypsy, and I was a soldier coming home from Don John of Austria's wars. I've been looking for you ever since." She lifted to him a look which began in laughter but which changed to sudden startled seriousness. "I'm glad you've found me now," she said.

Long before his passion for her had plunged him into declaration Bonnie had known that Marvin loved her. Because other men gave her admiration based on her aspect rather than on her quality of mind she held him as long as she could to a comradeship of the intellect. He had, she knew, a mentality which complemented her own avid desire for genuine knowledge. From years of broad newspaper experience he had brought to his new work such lore as she longed to acquire. He knew books as she knew people. Night after night, when her work was done, he had been wont to loll in the great chair under the reading lamp while he had held up like torches for her lighting great and splendid and thrilling passages of literature. He made names that she had not even heard beacons of promise. And in return she gave him an adoration which was to prove the traitor within the gates of her reserve. She had felt that there must have been women in Peter's life before her. He was too dependent upon the affection of womankind to have been without other and vital experiences. But she was willing to wait until he should demonstrate to his own satisfaction—she herself asked no proof—that he had the right to ask her to put her own aside for him. They had drifted through days into weeks, through weeks into years. Then, like a thunderbolt, had come his letter; and now she was kneeling at the side of the chair which had been peculiarly his own, sobbing out her heart-break of his treachery.

SHE arose at last, called back from her outburst by the striking of the clock in the hall. He would be coming to her, and she must be ready to carry through their meeting with an easy assumption of carelessness. She had a part to play, more difficult even than *Mary Stuart* threatened to be for her, and she must bear it to victory. There should be no tears, no sighs, no hushed moments of remembered tenderness.

She had made herself ready for Peter Marvin's entrance; but she had not counted on the rush of fragrance from the California night which came in as she opened the door. Scent of freesia and breath of heaven, strangely sweet and more strangely elusive, swept into the room with him, and she had to steady herself before she found voice to greet him, so fraught with thrilled memories was the moment. But "I am glad you came," she managed to say before she looked him in the face.


"You're good to let me come, Bonnie," he said, and the sad humility of his voice pierced through the armor she had donned. She studied him furtively as he crossed the wide room, noting for the first time that he was no longer exuberantly young. Even before she met his eyes she felt the sense of his defeat. With her he had always been buoyantly hopeful, no matter what the weather of his fortunes. Always tomorrow was to bring the consummation of his plans. Tonight, though, instead of the almost arrogantly contented bridegroom of her expectations, she beheld a wearied, broken man. The sight of his unhappiness clutched at her soul, tearing down her defenses as no other aspect of Marvin could have done.

They went out on to the veranda, a sort of brick-flagged patio, bathed tonight in dim moonlight. [Turn to page 36]

\$12,125 in cash prizes ranging from \$25 to \$1,500 — 119 PRIZES IN ALL

The makers of Lux announce a great far-reaching contest.

Everyone has a chance to win . . .




CONTEST 1

\$250 for the most helpful way to use Lux for a practical new purpose . . second prize \$75; third prize \$25 . .

By "new" we mean anything for which we have not already given washing directions. This would bar out directions for washing garments made of silk, wool, fine cotton or linen; it would also bar out directions for washing blankets; for washing automobiles.

But if you use Lux for any practical new purpose such as shampoo, washing rugs, cleaning tarnished silver or any of the scores of new purposes, just tell us in your own words how you use it. Make the directions as helpful as you possibly can—just as if you were telling a neighbor just how to get the best results.

For the most helpful directions for using Lux for a practical new purpose we give the first prize of \$250; for the next most helpful directions goes the second prize of \$75; for the third most helpful \$25.




CONTEST 2

\$1500 for the best letter on "Why I Value Lux" . . second prize \$500; third prize \$250; 12 prizes of \$100 each . . .

Countless women value Lux for laundering fine things. There are hosts of other reasons why both men and women value Lux. Mr. Smith for instance, washed the outside of his house with Lux. He values Lux because it made the paint look as good as new and saved him a big painter's bill.

Mrs. Davidson always washes her dishes with Lux because it keeps her hands from looking rough and red. She values Lux for many things, but the effect on her hands is the most important. Other fastidious women value it because it is so wonderful for the family laundry—saving their time and energy. They don't mind putting their hands in the rich Lux lather—it's so easy on their skin.

Just tell us why you value Lux. \$1,500 for the best letter—\$500 for the second best, \$250 for the third best, and \$100 for each of the 12 next best letters.




CONTEST 3

State Prizes (including the District of Columbia) amounting to \$6125. For the most interesting and complete list of purposes for which you use Lux . . numbered in the order of their importance to you. 49 first prizes of \$75 each (one for each of the 48 states and the District of Columbia); 49 second prizes of \$50 each

Innumerable women use Lux for laundering all kinds of fine fabrics—for washing garments made of silk, wool, fine cotton and linen. They use it, too, in ever increasing numbers for washing dishes and for shampoo.

women who have found that Lux is incomparable for washing milk bottles, for cleaning tarnished silver—and for many other purposes.

Men have many important uses for it that they take time to write us about. You probably use Lux for quantities of interesting things. Tell us about them, in the order of their importance to you. To the one in each state and the District of Columbia who sends the most interesting and complete list goes the first prize of \$75—for the next most interesting and complete list goes the second prize of \$50.



CONTEST 4

Special Prize of \$1,500. For the most interesting account of an incident in the life of a well-known person in which Lux has figured; second prize \$500; third prize \$200.

These letters illustrate what we mean: Edvard Bok wrote: "When I put up my limousine for the summer the upholstery was full of dust and spots. I didn't believe anything could bring it back to its freshness, but Lux did. I congratulate you on having such a product."

From Miss Harrison, "In draping the flags for a fete of nations at which Joseph Choate was guest of honor, one flag became soiled. It was washed with Lux and came out beautifully; the colors bright—the white unstreaked."

Miss Browne wrote, "At a luncheon for Willa Cather I wanted everything to be Czecho-Slovakian in honor of her heroine, Antonia. That very morning I found my lovely Bohemian luncheon set had yellowed! It was washed wonderfully with Lux. The rich embroidery lost no brilliance—the cloth was gleaming white."

For the most interesting letter telling of an incident in the life of a well-known person in which Lux has figured, \$1,500; second prize, \$500; third prize, \$200.

RULES

1. This contest is open to everyone in the United States.
2. Send contributions to Dept. E, Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.
3. The fact that you may have sent us washing directions, told us why you value Lux, told us of new uses for Lux, of incidents in the lives of well-known people in which Lux has

- figured, does not bar you from competing. Write us again.
4. You may compete in one or more of the contests. Use separate sheet for each. Number each contribution—Contest 1, Contest 2, etc.
5. Write or print your name and address at top of each page.
6. Write in ink on one side of paper only. Number each page.

7. In case of a tie the full amount of prize goes to each tying contestant.
8. Contest closes June 1, 1924. Letters postmarked after twelve midnight, June 1st, will not be considered.

Note: It costs nothing to enter the contest. If you wish to compete but have never used Lux, write us and we will send you a free package. Lever Bros. Co., Dept. E, Cambridge, Mass.

Judges

Miss L. Ray Balderston, author of "Laundering"; Mrs. Ellen B. McGowan, co-author of "Textiles and Clothing"; one of the editors of each of the following magazines—Woman's Home Companion, Miss Martha Sanford; Ladies' Home Journal, Miss Martha Dodson; Modern Priscilla, Mrs. Elizabeth Macdonald.



"Well, you've gone and done it, Peter," she said unsteadily.

"I've done it." His tone was grim. "And there's not much use in talking about it."

"Not much. But—"

"I'm not asking you why you did it," she rushed to say. "That's your affair. You don't even owe it to me to tell me the reason. If—if I couldn't hold you, then I've not the right to anything except to keep my record clear. When did you marry her?"

"In January."

"Three months ago. Why didn't you tell me?" "I wrote you—a dozen times. I tore up every letter. I—I couldn't set it down in black and white. It seemed too awful, too final. I kept thinking that I'd wake and find it a bad dream. I kept telling myself that I'd find a way out, that everything would be just as it had been." He fidgeted nervously. "Everything's gone wrong, Bonnie," he said with the puzzled wonder of a child.

A torrent of words, all the reproof she had garnered on the long overland journey, rushed to her lips, but the sight of his drawn face repressed her outburst. "You mean the place at Sunset?" she parried.

"That's part of it."

"What happened there?"

"Carmichael came into control. He wouldn't keep me. That was all."

"What are you doing now?"

"Nothing much. Dabbling. Living from hand to mouth. Waking up every morning with the hope that I'll not have to wake up again."

"Peter!"

"What else is there for me? I've lost you. I've lost my chance at making good. Everything's failed me. Every one's turned his back on me."

"I didn't fail you, Peter."

"No," he said slowly. "I've failed you as I've failed myself. And yet—"

"What?"

"If you hadn't gone, Bonnie, it wouldn't have happened. But you were so far away—" he looked across at her with miserable pleading—"so far away in success as well as in distance that I felt there was no hope for me." "I was only as far as a telegraph office. I'd have come back at any time you sent for me," she said. "I'd have thrown everything over to marry you, Peter. You know that."

"But I couldn't let you," he protested. "What did I have to offer you?"

"What had you to offer—her?"

"Oh," he said, "she's different."

"How?"

"She had nothing. I have nothing."

"How long have you known her, Peter?"

"Since last September."

"But that was before I went away!"

"I didn't go to her till—till after you'd gone."

"Oh!" The hurt she had thought to hide rang out in her voice. "Well, then, I suppose I ought to congratulate you. It's—it's something to marry the one you love."

"Don't, Bonnie."

"Why not? It's customary to—"

IT'S mockery," he cried. "I thought I wouldn't say it. I thought that all I could do, since things are as they are, was to go on in silence. But I can't! I must tell you the truth. I don't know why I married her. It was in one of those hells of despair that come to every man who's failed and who knows he's failed. I was sick with disgust of myself, sick with longing for you—and you were almost at the top of the ladder I'll never climb. She was here, ready to comfort me, ready to take the pittance of life, of love I had to give. That's all there's to it except that there has never been a moment when I haven't known that I love you as I've never loved another woman and as I'll never love another to the day I'll die!"

"Oh, Peter, my dear, my dear!" She held back the hands that yearned toward him. "Why must life be such a mess? Why can't we see the way clear before it's too late? We know now, both of us, that nothing mattered but our love, and yet we both let other things come between. And now—"

"It's not too late, Bonnie. There'll be a way if only you don't fling me out. There'll be waiting, but now—"

"Oh, yes," she said, "it is too late. We can never go back."

"Can't you believe in me—at all?"

"Yes," she told him. "I can believe in you for yourself and what you're going to make out of this wreck. You haven't lost everything, Peter. There may be fame and fortune around the corner. You have it in you to win."

"Not without you."

"You weren't winning with me. That was the trouble, I think. I should have met you when I was tramping the town, hunting for a job. We'd have worked it out then. But now—"

"I need you." He knelt beside her, his hand closing over her own. "There's nothing in life for me without you. If you'll only wait till I can make some arrangement with her, let her get a divorce, and then—"

"It's no use, Peter."

"But you don't believe that a divorce would be a barrier—"

"No," she said. "I don't. If you'd been married and divorced before you first came to me, it would not have stopped me from marrying you; but not this way, Peter."

The Saving Sin

[Continued from page 34]

You've failed me. You're planning to fail her. How could I trust you enough to put my life in your care?"

"Then you haven't faith in me?"

"Yes," she said. "I have. I am holding a faith that you're going to carry on. You've married her. You must make the best of it. If you want me to care for you at all, you'll have to play this game straight."

"But this means—"

"It means good-by."

"Then you won't help me to—"

"There's only one way," she said, "that a woman can help another woman's husband, and that is to let him alone." She drew away her hand from him, and he rose reluctantly. "You might tell her, Peter," she strove to hide her tears with her old mocking air, "that I'm under fifty, and that you didn't really train me for *Jasmine*. And I hope, I really hope, that you'll be happy."

OH, beloved," he moaned brokenly, and held out his arms to her. For a moment that throbbed into eternity he kissed her as if death waited beyond the poignant misery of that embrace.

"I love you," she said, "so well that I'm never going to seek you, never going to let you seek me. If fate frees you, and brings us together some day, I can not say what I shall do. But now— Good-by, Peter."

"Good-by, Bonnie, my dear."

She watched him go down the winding steps through the fragrant garden, and the lights of the city below blurred into golden mist as she stood facing the loveliness of the betraying night. All about her pulsed a world which cried for the fulfilment of love, a world

ethel m

- 1- her latest novel
- 2- a powerful social epic
- 3- a breathless love story
- 4- a drama of conflict
- 5- amid luxury and intrigue
- 6- in May McCall's

dell

peopled with thoughts of the man she was sending from her. Why was she doing it? For a woman who hated her? For an institution which meant nothing to her? "It's for something in myself," she declared, but the thought came to her that by it she was cementing the ties of Peter's love for her. "He'll have to climb up now," she insisted, and found the iron of her courage held some quality of healing.

With morning came Williams, ostensibly on an errand from Creighton whose summons had brought her back to Hollywood. "The chief wants you to go over Barry's plan," he told her, "before he orders anything."

"Has Barry made any changes in it since he sent it to me?" she asked.

"None that I know," Williams admitted. "What's the trouble with it?"

"I can't play the *Mary Stuart* he's written. No one could. It's dull, and heavy. It's worse than Schiller's. The *Mary I* could play"—she stopped in sudden recollection of the hope Peter Marvin had cherished, the half-finished play of love and triumph he had read to her before she had gone eastward—"is Swinburne's. You know her, Tom?"

"Queen for whose house my fathers fought

With hopes that rose and fell.

Led star of boyhood's fiery thought—"

"I know her," he said, and, with whimsical sadness, swung into another stanza:

"But surely though it die or live,
Your face was worth
All that a man may think to give
On earth."

Her eyes dimmed before the smile in his gaze, but she summoned her old spirit of raillery to lift the fog. "What would Creighton say if he heard us quoting poetry at ten o'clock in the morning?" she demanded.

"He'd growl at us to get to work," Williams acknowledged. "And it isn't a bad thing to do." He arose slowly. "I've lived a good many years longer than you have," he said solemnly, "and I've found that work's the best bridge there is over troubled waters. Start in and build yours, Bonnie."

She took his hand gratefully. "You're a good friend, Tom," she said. Then in answer to the question in his eyes she told him that Marvin had come to her. "All that he asks is that I believe in him."

"Well?" His voice flung challenge. "Are you going to let him eat his cake, and have it, too?"

"It's not quite as simple as that," she said. "But I have told him good-by."

"You're a good sport, Bonnie."

She smiled at him as he went away, and wondered why she had not loved him instead of Peter. Through the years she had known him she had been wont to think of Tom as too whimsical to be altogether dependable. Now in the light of Peter's defection the other man's satiric slant upon life seemed something apart from his real self. His very ridicule of Peter's gods argued a certain unsuspected strength of character, and his faithful kindness in standing by her at this crisis showed a chivalry she had not looked for in him. Poor, dear, unambitious Tom, not half the philosopher he pretended to be!

His challenge to work confronted her as she came back to the living-room, and she crossed to her desk to find the manuscript of the scenario for the picture that was to be her touchstone of greatness. Frowningly she reread the directions which the photo-dramatist had written. "It's no good," she cried at last in passionate protest. "There's nothing in it I can even bite. And I did so want to play it!" She flung the book on the floor, stamping on it in fury. "God's taking everything from me," she sobbed with the rage of a hurt child. "Love, and the work I want—and everything." Through her sobbing came a flash of her old spirit, the daring that had brought her over a divide higher than the mountains she had crossed in her first coming to California. "I won't be downed," she cried, doubling her fists for combat. "I won't let any man put me out of the game. I'll work, even on Barry's rotten old script, and, by God, I'm going to win!"

ALTHOUGH it takes more than one cup of life's hemlock to quench the fire of youth, the will to triumph over defeat was but bleak consolation for Bonnie in the days that followed. She had, first of all, to face Hollywood, and she found it a community forgetful of her indifferent scorn. Now women who had long envied her opportunities, men who had felt the lash of her ridicule, cast at her arrows so barbed with the poison of innuendo that she ached to show them that she might, if she wished, drag Peter in the chains of her chariot. She yearned, too, to show the unknown, impossible girl whom he had married that she, Bonnie Tanner, still held power over him. The thought of Peter's wife obsessed her as the days went on until she found herself staring at every strange woman whom she passed on the street, wondering if she were the girl. But still she went valiantly down a via dolorosa of torment, with her own heart a traitor, but she did not know how wide the current of gossip against her was running until Williams came to her one May night, seeking her in the hillside garden that was overwreathing sweet with the fragrance of orange blossoms. He seated himself beside her on the narrow Italian bench, and stared down at the million lights twinkling from mountains to ocean, saying nothing until she rallied him. "Did you come up here to count them?"

"No," he said slowly. "I came to ask you to marry me. I'm trying to get up my nerve."

"Is it as bad as that?" she asked him.

"As what?" he asked wonderingly.

She put her hand lightly over his. "You're a dear, Tom," she said, "such a dear that I'm a fool not to take you up this minute. But you see I know why you're asking me now."

"It's because I love you," he said.

"Yes," she told him, "but you'd bide your time if you didn't believe that the wolves are so hot on my trail that I need a protector. Isn't that so?" She found her answer in his silence. "And you've seen me struggling day after day at the studio over that impossible play, and you hear Creighton and all the rest of them say that I'm not making good. I know I'm not. I've fought, and worked, and slaved over it, and the thing won't come. Something's gone dead in me, that's why. I've put Peter out of my thoughts—for most of the time—but the old Bonnie died with the old Peter."

"You're wrong about that, Bonnie," he said heavily, and she realized how all his gaiety had gone from him. "Part of it is you because you haven't altogether put Peter out. You keep thinking that something's going to break to bring things back to where they used to be. Well, it can't. Life doesn't go [Turn to page 39]

The lard that experienced cooks use —and why they prefer it



Orange Tea Biscuits

2 cups flour
5 teaspoons baking powder
5 tablespoons Swift's
"Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard

1 teaspoon salt
Orange marmalade
About $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk

Sift dry ingredients together and work the lard in with a fork; add enough milk to make the mixture the right consistency to roll. Roll thin and cut out rounds with biscuit cutter. Spread half the rounds with orange marmalade, cover with rounds. Press together, brush over with milk and bake ten minutes in a hot oven. These are delicious served with afternoon tea or as a luncheon bread.

Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard is always uniform; *always* pure. That makes it very desirable, particularly in deep frying.

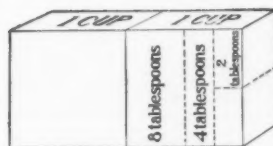
It is fine of texture, creamy smooth. It works into the flour thoroughly and easily. That makes it efficient as a shortening.

Knowing how it helps in producing perfect results, thousands of experienced cooks get Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard every time they buy.

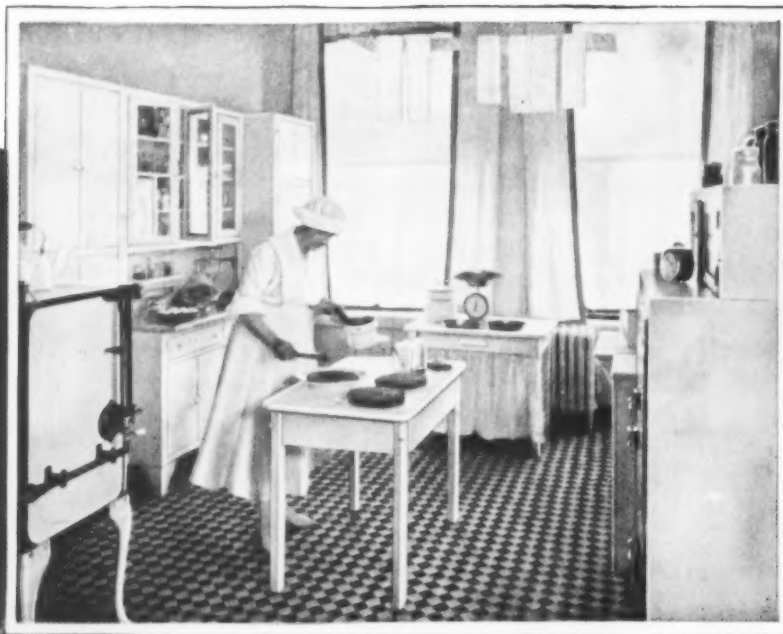
You can identify it at your grocer's or butcher's by the labels shown below; it comes in sanitary one-pound cartons and in convenient pails of 2, 4, and 8 pounds.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Use this easy "Silverleaf" way to make measures



How Miss ALLEN improved the cooking in her skyscraper kitchen



OUR friend Miss Allen has one of the oddest kitchens you could ever imagine. It is on the top floor of a skyscraper overlooking the business section of a great city. Miss Allen's kitchen is really a business laboratory for her work is to advise manufacturers who make food products.

If you were to chat with Miss Allen about cooking matters, she would almost surely bring the conversation around to Crisco. First she would probably explain Crisco's manufacture, showing you why its rich creaminess is the natural result of the pure sweet oils of growing plants from which it is made. Then she would be apt to stress Crisco's versatility, explaining how Crisco alone answers every shortening purpose: for frying, for cake-making, for pastry, biscuits and muffins.

Yes, Miss Allen is a Crisco enthusiast for during the last two years she has made hundreds of tests of Crisco in comparison with every other shortening and under every conceivable condition.

Once she made digestibility tests of

37 different shortenings gathered from all parts of the United States. (Doctors, you know, tell us that a low melting point is essential to a fat's ready digestibility.) Miss Allen found that none of these fats had so low a melting point as Crisco.

How Miss Allen surprised 10 husbands

One day, when Miss Allen was requested to cater for the private luncheon of a small group of business men, she decided to use these men as subjects for an experiment she had long wanted to make.

So she colored and salted some Crisco and "buttered" bread with it. Not a single one of the ten men but thought he was eating butter! The purpose of this odd test was simply to prove Crisco's delicacy—Crisco has no "taste" and that is why its use permits the fine, natural flavor of ingredients to come out in cooking.

One of these same men boasted that he could always tell a "butter" cake. So the next time Miss Allen catered she served a butter cake and a Crisco cake and asked all the men to guess which was which. Well, that very man whose boast caused the experi-

ment guessed that the Crisco cake was the butter cake!

Her sister discovers Crisco's versatility

Miss Allen's sister, also a very fine cook, hesitated to buy Crisco, saying that all her cooking training had been with another shortening. So finally Miss Allen asked her to try Crisco as a personal favor and now she is entirely dependent on Crisco. She will tell you that her Crisco pie crusts are the flakiest she has ever made and that her Crisco fried foods have a crisp, brown outside and a tender, fine-flavored inside.

Wherever we go over the whole United States we find the same gratifying friendliness for Crisco. In over 2,000,000 homes the wives and mothers find that Crisco adds new convenience to the cooking of foods and new delight to the eating.

Crisco, in fact, is the largest selling brand of shortening in America today. We suggest that you keep a can on your kitchen shelf (Crisco stays sweet indefinitely without icebox help) and use it in your favorite recipes without changing the method in any way. Or try it in the recipe on this page.

Special "Cooking Secrets" and Sample Offer

In return for 20¢ (in stamps or coin), merely to cover postage and packing costs, we will send you Mrs. Nell's Cooking Secrets—a book giving scores of helpful cooking hints and 250 tested recipes—altogether with a special sample can of Crisco containing a full half-pound. Address: Section 1-4, Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

MISS ALLEN'S GRAHAM CRACKER CAKE

- | | |
|---------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1/2 cup oil Crisco | 2/3 Graham crackers |
| 1 cupful granulated sugar | 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder |
| 3 eggs | 1 cupful chopped nuts |
| 1 scant cupful milk | 1/4 teaspoonful salt |

Cream Crisco and sugar together, beat the yolks of eggs till light and add to this. Then add the milk. Roll the crackers fine. Mix baking powder with cracker crumbs, add this to the other mixture together with salt and chopped nuts. Last add the beaten whites of the eggs. Bake in two layers.

Filling

- | | |
|-------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 2 tablespoonfuls Crisco | 3 tablespoonfuls powdered sugar |
| Yolk of 1 egg | |

Beat the egg light and cream the Crisco and sugar. Mix with the egg and flavor with vanilla.



Avoid Smoke and Unpleasant Odor

By using this fat you can keep your whole house fresh and charmingly free from odor yet still enjoy French fried potatoes, dough nuts, and all the delicious foods which require deep-frying.

The Saving Sin

[Continued from page 36]

back. You'll have to take the thing in both hands—that old love for him—and either smash the whole show and take him, or else throw it over the cliff. That's that. The other part of it is that you're half-way right about Barry's stuff. It doesn't give you a chance. I told Creighton so today, and he's willing to chuck it if he can get something else better. Will that help?"

"Help? It'll save me—if we can find the better one."

"We'll find it," he said.

"I wish I knew a way to thank you."

"You might—marry me."

"I might," she said, "if I liked you less."

"I'm willing to take my chance."

"But if Peter should ever—"

"That's it," he made protest. "That's what keeps you from real living. You're fighting, but it's against shadows. You're living, but in the past. You don't have to marry me, but you do have to shake yourself alive again."

AGAINST his anger she laughed. "Would you talk to me like that every night if I married you?" she asked.

"I'd say a good deal worse," he threatened, and smiled at her.

For a little while she watched the pulsing glow of the city, then turned to him resolutely. "If I prove to myself that I can fight my own battle," she asked him, "is the offer still open?"

"Whenever you say," he told her, "and on your own terms." He rose with her and, by a sigh, renounced the dream and the moonlight. "I wish," he said, "that you weren't so all-fired independent."

"No, you don't," she said. "If I clung to you, you'd hate me."

"You might give me a chance."

"I'm afraid I can't, Tom, dear."

"Oh, the devil!" he cried and left her.

Long after his going she lingered in the garden, seeking to find in her heart the answer to the question of her life. For all the glamour of her placement there had been few men within the pale of her emotions since she had come to Hollywood. Now, with Peter married, Tom was offering her more than friendship, and she asked herself if she had not unconsciously been dowering Peter with some of the other man's attributes. She had looked to Peter for protection, and yet it had been Williams who had been really giving it to her. She did care for Tom, she admitted, but not as she cared for Marvin. Even while she felt the pull of her need for love dragging her toward Williams, she struggled against it, dreading lest it meant a lack in herself.

Tom telephoned her the next morning before she started to the studio. "Good morning. Creighton has a new idea," he told her. "He thinks he's found a script you'll like better than Barry's."

"I'd like anything better."

"Don't be rash." There was real warning in his tone. "He's got hold of some junk that Carmichael was throwing out of Sunset and he discovered in it a *Mary Stuart* play."

"Tom, it isn't—Peter's?"

"Yes."

She caught her breath sharply and stared at the wall above the telephone. "I won't play it," she said sullenly.

"It's up to you, Bonnie," Williams said. "But I've got to be fair enough to say that it's the best thing of its kind I've seen in a blue moon. It's the one *Mary* you can play."

"It should be," she said bitterly. "It was written for me."

"Then don't decide in a minute. I'll come up some time this afternoon. And Bonnie—"

"Yes?"

"You can forget about last night if you want to."

"Thank you, Tom."

She shoved away the instrument from her as if it had been the news rather than its mere transmitter. For a moment rage dizzied her—white fury that fate should chose her as the arbiter of Peter Marvin's success after having

made her the victim of his faithlessness.

"I won't do anything to help him. I won't do it, I won't do it!" she cried.

"Why should I give all that's left in me to help him rise? What if it does help me? Won't it help her, too? I don't need his play to make good. I'll find another. The woods are full of good scripts. Some one else can write a *Mary Stuart* better than he'll ever do. I don't need him, and if I take his work, what will it mean—to her? Success, and clothes, and jewels, and—" she paused as the crux of her protest phrased itself on her brain—"and him! He can't stand poverty with her. He doesn't love her enough for that. They won't stay together a year unless he gets something. I won't have to do anything. I won't even have to see him. All I need do is just refuse this, and there'll be nothing. He's too down to make a new start without this. Then they'll break, and—" She stopped again, caught up by the daring of her own reflections. She halted before a long mirror. "Play Indian, Bonnie Tanner," she told herself. "No one ever spared you. An eye for an eye. That's the game." She clenched her fists savagely at the white-faced girl she saw. "Play it!"

Too nervous to linger indoors, she went down to the studio. She could not find Williams, although she sought him half-heartedly, but Creighton's secretary came to her as she was leaving. "This is for you," he told her, giving her a bulky package. "Mr. Williams had to go out to San Fernando. He'll call you at five o'clock." She took the envelope reluctantly, with the thought of leaving it in her dressing-room; but the knowledge that prying eyes might find it there changed her intention, and she took it home.

The urge of Pandora drove her into opening the envelope when she found herself alone. The sight of the typed pages, corrected in Peter's cramped handwriting, brought tears to her eyes, but she lost thought of herself as she scanned the lines and visioned the deathless story of another unhappy woman. She was the red star of the poet's glimpsing, the world's crowning jewel, the queen "once of Scots, and ever of ours," a throbbing, gleaming, luring woman living through the scenes of life, and sorrow, and triumph, and defeat that made one of the great dramas of time, and Bonnie Tanner, who had pulled herself from the mire of circumstances by the bootstraps of courage, was too much of an artist not to thrill to the glowing picture of the woman which Marvin had made for her interpretation. For one rapt hour she dwelt in the shifting panorama of France, and Scotland, and England, through the tense thrill of Holyrood, of Solway Firth, of Chartley. For one hour she was *Mary Stuart*. "No one else can do it," she thought triumphantly, running over in her mind her rivals of the films. "I've everything for it, everything. But I won't." She tossed it aside from her mutinously. "Not in a thousand years," she declared, but as the western afternoon waned to glory she sat in a trance, absorbed in this drama of Marvin's.

The sound of some one in the hall brought her from her musing. Thinking that Williams had come, she crossed the room, calling him by name. The housekeeper's voice answered her. "It's a lady who doesn't know you—she says she has to see you on something important," she told Bonnie.

A YOUNG girl came into the room, staring about her with half-veiled insolence which aroused Bonnie to an amused "Well?"

"I'm Mrs. Marvin." She flung it out almost tauntingly.

"Oh!" All the concentrated anger against her, against Peter, against fate rushed into the monosyllable. "What can you possibly want from me?"

"I have such [Turn to page 94]



Drawing by Edward A. Wilson

And To-day's Daughters

Momentous occasions—a debut, a graduation, a wedding—for all of them, today's Daughter chooses Belding's Silks, in the season's new weaves, of course, but of the same superb quality which made them preferred by Mother and Grandmother before her.

Only the finest silk, and the purest dyes go into Belding's Silks—that's why they wear beyond your most exacting expectations.

For gowns, for linings, for lingerie—the most satisfactory silk you can buy is that marked "Belding's" on the selvage as a guarantee of its *enduring beauty*.

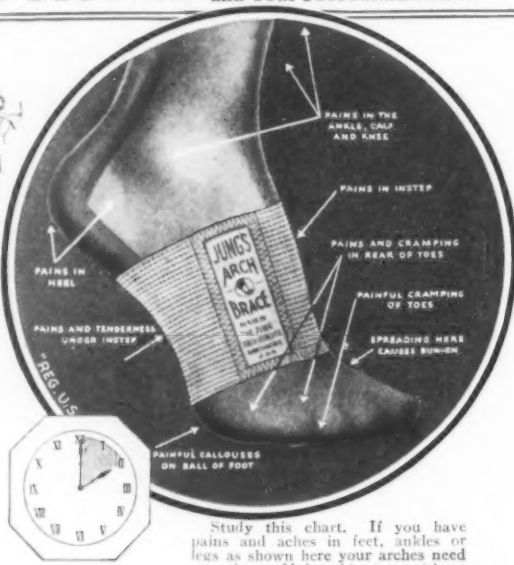
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SEND NO MONEY Just Mail the Coupon Below and Your Foot Measurements



Study this chart. If you have pains and aches in feet, ankles or legs as shown here your arches need attention. Make this test without risk or obligation.

We Guarantee to Stop Foot or Leg Pains in 10 Minutes this easy, new way, ladies!

Ladies! You can get rid of your foot troubles in ten minutes. No more aching, painful, tired or burning feet.

Aches and pains in the heel, instep or forward part of the foot, as well as the ankle, calf and knee are quickly overcome. Cramped toes, callouses and tenderness beneath the instep are promptly relieved. That tired "broken-down" feeling disappears.

A simple, new, easy, pleasant way is offered you. It relieves in a jiffy, like magic.

This we guarantee to save doubts and delays. If it fails it costs you nothing. So it would be folly not to make the test.

New Scientific Principles

Science found that practically all foot and leg pains are caused by arch weakness. The twenty-six small bones become disarranged and press against the blood vessels and nerves of the foot, thus causing numerous discomforts and pains. It found that strain on a set of muscles in the instep of the foot brings on weakness of the arch.

Knowing the cause, we found the remedy. Something new. No stiff arch props, no metal plates, no bunglesome pads. Just a light, super-elastic, bandage-like band of webbing worn around the instep either over or under the hose. As easy to slip on or off as a garter. It is called the Jung Arch Brace, from the name of its inventor.

What it does seems almost miraculous. Instantly it takes the strain off the over-worked muscles and assists them in performing their duties properly. You feel the relief at once. Then it helps nature to restore strength to these muscles. So eventually you can discard the brace. Soon you can walk, dance, or stand for hours—you just don't get tired. Your feet no longer annoy you—your daily occupations cease to be a burden. Walking becomes a real delight. Stylish shoes may again be worn with comfort. Aches which are sometimes present in the back and thigh disappear.

The Jung Arch Brace Company, 274 Jung Building, Cincinnati, Ohio

In Canada address Kirkham & Roberts, 274 Hamilton Trust Bldg., Toronto.
Canadian prices, Wonder \$1.25, Miracle \$1.75. C. O. D. shipments in U. S. only.

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A great assistance to players of athletic sports. Ask your sporting goods dealer for special circular.

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Not a Miracle Just Scientific Correctness

The Jung Arch Brace is a five-year development. For years tests and experiments were multiplied. Authorities were brought in consultation. Finally the problem was solved. The secret is in the tension and stretch of the band, its contour and design. That is where five years' experimenting went.

Now hundreds of thousands of men, women and children testify to the wonders accomplished by this simple little appliance. Doctors use it and recommend it. Chiropodists proclaim its high merits.

Women write us enthusiastic letters of gratitude. They rejoice in their new freedom from foot suffering. They say that not only have we banished their foot troubles but that they can now wear fashionable shoes of a smaller last than before. All praise it as a miracle-worker.

Try It Without Risk

Make this test entirely without risk or obligation. Go to your shoe dealer, chiropodist, or druggist. Be fitted with a pair of Jung Arch Braces. Wear them for a few days, or two weeks. Then if not delighted with the relief obtained return them and your money will be cheerfully returned.

Send No Money

If you dealer can't supply you write to us. Measure around the smallest part of your instep with 1/2 inch strip of paper, just back of the toes where the front end of the brace is shown in the chart above. Send this measure and coupon properly filled out. We will send you a pair of Jung Arch Braces ("Wonder" Style) to fit you. You pay the postman \$1 and postage. Or send us \$1 and measurement and we will send you a pair postage prepaid. For people having long or thick feet, for stout people, or in severe cases, we recommend our "Miracle" Style, extra wide, \$1.50. Specify when ordering. If not satisfied your money back on request.

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Please send me a pair of Jung Arch Braces in style checked. I enclose foot measurement.

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On receipt of package I will pay postman the above price and postage. My money to be returned if not satisfied. Please send free book on "Cause and Correction of Foot Troubles."

Name

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P. O. State

I wear size.....shoe.....width of last

My dealer is.....

The Stranger in His House

[Continued from page 11]

Ah, this was a day when a Jew might well glory in being a Jew—a day of no work and strict fasting in preparation for the feast of feasts, when no man's door was barred and every stranger found a joyous welcome. Yet in all that multitude old Ishmael could count neither relative nor friend.

Outside the Temple court he had seized the ragged sleeve of a passing street boy, pressed into the startled one's hands one end of the staff. "Share with me the burden of the lamb," he said in undertone, "and I will pay thee."

The pair reached the lowly house with its door flung wide in welcome.

Inside, the boy let down his end of the staff and Ishmael did likewise. Then from the girdle of his robe he pulled out a worn leathern pouch, extracted the smallest copper coin and dropped it in the waiting palm. The boy bolted for the street.

MUTTERING, Ishmael passed the pomegranate spit through the lamb and fitted its ends into their stone sockets above the hearth where already a charcoal fire was burning. He raked the golden coals to a pile and sat down when suddenly a slight sound caught his attention. He turned his head and instantly his little dark eyes opened their widest. They were staring at the form of a sleeping woman, lying in the abandon of utter weariness on the pallet of rags in the corner. Stealthily he crept to the sleeper. He bent over her, and in the orange glow from the fireplace his darting eyes swept the delicate, rounded cast of her, draped with the clinging folds of a dust-stained robe; he looked at the slender feet in the worn sandals; let his gaze linger on the soft beauty of her olive features, the heavily lashed lids and the confusion of her ebony hair.

Presently she stirred again, awoke, gazing in bewilderment at the shadow-streaked ceiling. Ishmael forced a cough. She sat up and looked at him. Now he could see the mystery in those black pools of eyes. "A comely maid," he muttered in his beard. Then aloud, in a voice that trembled, "Woman, thou art welcome."

"Hast looked so upon me as I slept?" she said, in rich, full voice.

Ishmael's face twitched. "Who would not?" he quavered.

She stood up, her face scarlet. "Thinker of evil! My feet would not have crossed thy threshold had I not thought thy welcome would be an honorable one, and thy gray hairs surely for a guest. Now it is not strange to me that thou must feast alone or with a stranger share thy Passover. Thy evil mind hath made thee an outcast!"

She crossed the room to him.

"I was weary from searching," she said, "and thy door stood open. I asked of one on the street, 'Who dwelleth here?' And he said, 'Ishmael, an aged man, without kin or friend.' And so I entered. And so I shall leave thee." She started towards the door.

With inconspicuous agility the old man sprang to his feet. "Stay—who hath harmed thee? I am but a lonely old man. Whom seekest thou?"

She turned on him with scorn. "One whose name thou art unworthy to hear, a Man of goodness whom I have followed from Magdala."

Ishmael scowled. "One whom thou hast followed from Magdala," he repeated. "Surely not He who rode into the city amid the shouts—?"

"It is He."

"Ah!" His lips curled. "I stood with the multitude and looked upon that man. Yet is He a man?"

She drew herself up proudly. "Cast not slander upon this Man! He is pure!" The angry fires cooled in her eyes, her voice softened. "So pure that He hath made me clean."

The first full moon of spring was shedding a pallid glow upon the streets still noisy with those who journeyed to and from the Temple, though now the

Pascha had begun and in the houses festive lamps were burning. As the woman hurried along, she could hear the monotonous guttural chanting of men and the shriller prayers of women and children.

Suddenly she halted and shrank back into the cover of a doorway. Someone came running down the quiet street and she had glimpsed his looming bulk. She knew the man. He had seen her dart to hiding, for he stopped directly before that doorway and thrust his hooded head close to her face, peering at her through the moon-haze. In an instant he had seized her arm and pulled her into the street.

"Peter!" she gasped. "It is I—Mary! Tell me, where is He?"

A deep growl answered. "Thou again! Why art thou here?"

"I seek Him."

He tightened his grip on her arm and lowered his voice to angry whisper. "Who bade thee come here?"

"No man. Then He is here!"

He let go her arm. "Begone—get thee away. He is not here! Shameless woman, wilt ever dog Him?"

"Thou hast ever held me away from Him," she said pleadingly. "Now only tell me that He is here."

He pushed her aside, flung open the door and stepped into the house. The door crashed back to place, then chains rattled. She heard him mounting stairs.

SHE knew the Man she sought was here. It was not the first time that grim Galilean fisherman had deceived her about Him; always he had resented her following. But now she knew, and that was rich recompense for the hour. Facing the doorway, she sank to her knees. That *Pascha* night a stranger from Magdala knelt outside a barred door, murmuring a prayer of thanks.

How long she had kept her lonely vigil on that step she could not know, but suddenly as chains rattled behind the door she sprang up and hid among the gloomy shadows. A little company of men filed out into the street.

The group moved off. The woman waited until the sound of their sandals on the stones grew faint, then stealthily she followed along the narrow way that turned and twisted between rows of houses still sounding to chants. Once a door flung open and in the brief moment as the group ahead passed through the shaft of yellow light, she had seen the slender, white-robed figure of the Man she followed. And suddenly the stony road that bruised her feet seemed as spread with the rugs of the rich.

Now they were beyond the houses and the way led through rolling fields, past groves where the leaves stirred softly. The woman felt her way along a narrow footbridge above a rushing stream and suddenly she was standing in a grove.

"Stay here and watch," she heard Him say.

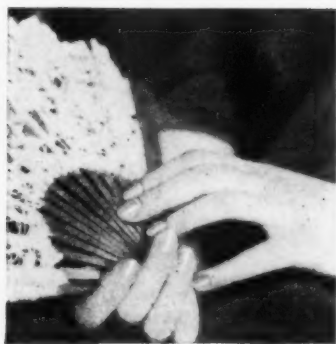
The words troubled her. Where was danger? She stole behind the twisted trunk of an aged olive tree and saw a small group of men moving deeper into the grove. She glided among the shadows until she was close upon them. She was so near that she heard the rustling of His robe.

He had gone down to His knees and in a voice trembling with emotion was crying aloud "Father!"

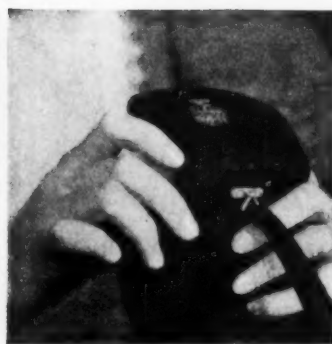
To her there was something appalling in the way the Man had called "Father!" Did He mean the Jehovah of her people? She could not call upon her God like that. It was the intimate call of son to father. She stood there, listening to the passionate communion which she dared not interrupt, though, with no understanding of the import of that prayer. Yet as it poured forth she knew that He was here to suffer in secret. And instantly she yearned to comfort. The yearning grew until it became fearful in its power. Thrice the Man had risen, retraced His steps through the grove, spoken in [Turn to page 42]



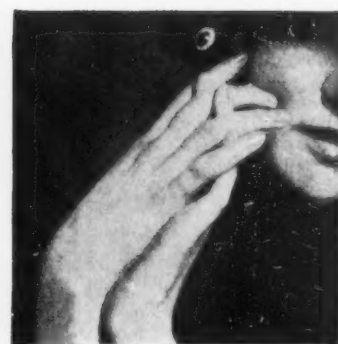
The Slender Type



The Square Type



The Short Plump Hand



The Large Hand

Tapering or square, short or large

Each can be made lovely by the right manicure

WHICH hands are yours?

From the large, long hand to the tiny, plump one every woman can have lovely hands. The whole secret is the becoming and fastidious grooming of the nails. For when the nails are charming, the hands are free from embarrassment.

Every movement is graceful and expressive. But when they are neglected even the dream hand of the artist is self-conscious and awkward.

Cutex has taught thousands of women how easy it is to beautify every type of hand by the right manicure.

THE necessary preliminary to the manicure is giving the nail a becoming length and shape. The particular woman files her nails to the length that is becoming and yet can be kept scrupulously clean and flawless throughout her most active day. Then with the emery board she shapes them symmetrically, either round—following the outline of her finger tip—or if she is sure of its becomingness, to a delicate point.

Now you are ready for the manicure itself. First the cuticle must be free from the nail and curve around it in a delicate smooth rim without any ridges, or little dry places

and of course without any hangnails. Cutex Cuticle Remover gives this lovely rim and banishes the temptation for dangerous cutting no matter how much of a hurry you are in.

Wrap a bit of cotton around the end of a Cutex orange stick and wet it in the bottle of Cutex. Now work around the base of each nail, freeing the tiny rim of skin from the nail and rubbing the stick over any little shreds of dead or split skin. Do not force the cuticle back, just press enough to loosen the cuticle. Rinse the fingers. All the superfluous cuticle wipes away and a fresh smooth rim of skin is left. How lovely the whole finger tips are. It took less than five minutes and you never touched the manicure scissors.

Now to make the nails spotless and give them that fragile transparent look, bleach them by passing the still wet orange stick beneath each nail tip and over any stains.

The polish —

To give life and sparkle to their delicate charm, the nails must be polished and gleaming. To make them wholly lovely, use Cutex's latest success—the new Powder Polish that is perfect in every detail.

Fragrant, velvet smooth, it is tinted the new rose

shade that brings out all the natural pink beneath the nail.

And it is marvelously quick and easy. The new top allows you to shake out just enough powder for one hand. Spread it on the palm or the buffer. Rub the nails over it briskly a few times and they are polished—the delicate glisten, the rosy lights, instantly add to the charm of the whole hand, making each curve and line more graceful, more poised.

For the between-manicure care of the nails smooth a little Cutex Cuticle Cream (Comfort) on the base of each nail at night. It will keep the nails and cuticle smooth and healthy.

Cutex has everything for this correct manicure, from the essential Cuticle Remover to emery boards and a choice of polishes, Liquid, Cake and Paste besides the Powder. Each is only 35c. Or there are charming sets with assortments of every single thing you need for a complete manicure at 60c, \$1.00 and \$3.00. At drug or department stores in the United States and Canada and chemist shops in England.

To manicurists—

Beauty parlors wishing to install the Cutex Service at their manicure tables should write on their letterhead for particulars of the free offer Cutex is making for a short time only.

More and more the most skillful and scientific beauty parlors are relying on Cutex to give the rim of soft, even cuticle that is the basis of a lovely manicure.

Introductory Set—now only 12c

Fill out this coupon and mail it with 12c in coin or stamps for the Introductory Set containing trial sizes of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Powder Polish, Liquid Polish, Cuticle Cream (Comfort), emery board and orange stick. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th St., New York, or if you live in Canada, Dept. F-4 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.



Ragged cuticle is shaped to a smooth oval. Dead skin and little split places wipe away. With Cutex there is no need for the cutting that only makes the cuticle coarse and lumpy.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 12c TODAY

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. F-4
114 West 17th St., New York

I enclose 12c in stamps or coin for new Introductory Set containing enough Cutex for six manicures.

Name _____

Street _____
(or P. O. box)

City _____ State _____

9,000,000 germs on one cleaning cloth

Microscopic examination of a brand new cloth, used for only one week in the usual cleaning work around a house, revealed 9,000,000 germs or bacteria—even after the cloth had been thoroughly washed with soap and water.



Most houses are germ-free only in spots

THERE are, of course, certain places around your home where germs are apt to breed and multiply most rapidly. The toilet bowl, the drain pipes, the garbage pail—these are the worst danger spots.

These spots, you know, must be disinfected frequently. But if you stop there, you have only half-closed the door against the inroads of disease germs in your home.

If the cloths, brooms or brushes used for general cleaning in your home were examined under the microscope, you would see innumerable germs. Soap and water can remove visible dirt but not those invisible germs. Yet there is a sure, easy way to have germ-free cleanliness in every part of your home.

Simply put a little "Lysol" Disinfectant into the water every time and everywhere you clean. Dip your cloth or brush or broom into this solution. Then you will be keeping your home safe and healthful throughout.

"Lysol" Disinfectant is completely soluble in water. It forms a clear solution, every drop of which is 100 per cent effective in destroying harmful germ life. And because of its soapy nature, it helps to clean as it disinfects. It is economical to use. Two teaspoonfuls in one quart of water make a thoroughly effective germ-killing solution.

"Lysol" is the disinfectant used by hospitals—endorsed by physicians—sold by all drug stores. Insist upon obtaining genuine "Lysol" Disinfectant.

Write for booklet

"Lysol" is also the ideal antiseptic for feminine hygiene. Write for booklet which gives complete directions for the many household and personal uses of "Lysol" Disinfectant.

Manufactured only by

LYSOL, INC., Dept. H-10, 635 GREENWICH ST., NEW YORK CITY

Sole Distributors:

LEHN & FINK, INC., NEW YORK

Canadian Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Limited, 10 McCall St., Toronto

Use "Lysol" in all your cleaning water

Washing: floors, woodwork, staircases, clothes closets, linen closets, laundry hampers, all dark, out-of-the-way corners.

Wiping with damp cloth: carpets, rugs, bath mats, door mats.

Disinfecting: bed frames and springs, mattresses, finger-marked door knobs.

Cleaning: wash basins, sinks and drains, underneath the plumbing, the refrigerator waste pipe.

Hygienically cleaning: the bathroom, the sickroom.

Renovating: cellar, garret, storeroom.

Sterilizing: combs, hair brushes, clothes brushes, nail brushes.

Lysol
Disinfectant

For household and personal use

The Stranger in His House

[Continued from page 40]

undertone with the little group in waiting. And each time He had come back to this spot and lifted up His prayer. The yearning to comfort tore at her very heart strings.

As though uprising from the ground, torches flamed in a hundred hands—smoking torches that licked their yellow tongues against the curtain of the night, while the palpable hush was shattered by guttural shouts, and bodies pressed and strained against bodies, forward to where eyes were fixed upon a prey.

Now the Man had risen to His feet, was facing them. Through the pack wedged a figure that at sight of it brought a cry of joy to the woman's lips. Judas, of the twelve, standing between the Master and this nameless menace.

"Hail, Master!" he cried.

THE woman's eyes flashed proudly. Ah, here was allegiance unafraid. She watched him step forward. He kissed the Master's cheek. And in a twinkling as though that kiss had been a signal, like beasts the pack rushed in.

"Master, Master!" she rushed at the pack, beating out with her arms to get to his side—"Master!"

With the flat of his hand a hulking fellow struck her across the face. She staggered back, rushed headlong through the grove to where faithful ones were watching. "Peter!—John!"

Then cold with fear, she ran back over the stony road that led to the city. Now those stones bruised and cut. She stumbled and fell, struggled up and ran on. She entered the first narrow street, empty, echoing to the sound of her running. She turned first this way, then that—where had they taken Him?

Then suddenly she caught her breath, hastening to overtake a solitary torch-bearer in the street ahead. He heard her coming and stopped, lifting up the smoking flare to light her face.

"Where have they taken Him?"

The fellow sneered. "To the High-Priest's Palace," he answered. "And better thou shouldst keep away."

"Is there one with him? One who loveth him?"

The man spat. "Not one." Again she ran, new strength suddenly hers, until she reached a great wall before a house. The smoke of torches rose from behind the gate. She beat upon it with her palms. "Open, open!"

Chains clanked, the portal opened to let out a helmeted head.

"My Master! Is He here?"

"Be counseled and take thyself to hiding," whispered the man. "They seek to punish all who follow Him." The gate closed in her face with hollow boom. The fear that rose in her was maddening. She beat upon the gate until her hands were numb. When her strength failed, in dry-eyed wretchedness, she leaned limply against the wall.

Now the first gray of dawn was paling the stars. Within the walled court a cock began to crow. Then the chains rattled and the gate swung open, to close again with reverberating sound. The woman looked in dull dismay at the man who had come out. Head bent, he stood there in the hooded fisherman's coat reaching barely to his great hairy knees. She saw the glistening tears on his bearded cheeks.

"Peter!" she said wretchedly. "Why didst thou run?"

He caught his breath with great sound as he turned to her. "Look upon me, woman!" he choked. "Look upon me! I have denied Him!"

"Denied!" She shrank back.

"Yea! And He knew and looked upon me as He passed!"

The woman shut her eyes, clenched her hands. "Not one," her cold lips whispered, "hath loved Him so much as I!"

It was broad day when, the jar of wine half consumed, Ishmael rose from his table, cast the remains of the lamb into the fire and threw himself upon the pallet. Utterly spent, he dropped into snoring, dreamless sleep.

When he awoke it was dark again—Friday night, how late he had no way of knowing. He raised his head, blinking at the lighted candle and wondering why he had not thought to snuff it. Then, unbelieving, rubbing his sleep-puffed eyes, he stared at the woman seated on the stool before the white ashes in the fireplace.

"You?" he cried. "Ha! Better the companionship of age than the coldness of unnatural youth! What said I!"

"Better the cold hearth of an evil one than the wide house of a coward!" Her voice was dull and heavy.

"Coward," he repeated. "Coward?"

"Yea. They forsook Him, denied Him. They have put Him to death."

There was that in her tone, in the weary droop of her head, to make Ishmael flinch. And for one brief moment he sensed the depth of her hurt. Something this strange woman had treasured was torn away.

Silently she sank upon the forlorn pallet while Ishmael watched her.

All that Sabbath she lay there, and it was well past midnight on the morning after the Sabbath when she stirred heavily and sat up.

Her lusterless eyes fixed upon him, she moved her lips in unimpassioned soliloquy. "They put themselves between us—always. And when I came upon Him alone, even then my lips were silenced. I would have given myself in His stead; that also was denied me." She sunk her head upon her updrawn knees. "Where they laid Him they have buried me. But there is no rest for me now. Others will return to Him with spices. Even that is denied me."

Ishmael sat up with a jerk. "Thou wouldst take Him spices?"

"Had I such."

"Thou canst not buy?"

She shook her head.

In a moment he was standing beside the pallet, his head thrust forward, his little eyes snapping with excitement. "No man knows," he was whispering tensely, confidently, "what store hath Ishmael." He laid a finger against his nose. "My hands are not empty! I can give thee a treasure for Him such as no other woman will possess. Spices worth two-score lambs unblemished! Wouldst thou that I give?"

The light that came into her eyes made them black jewels. A flush of warm color spread through the gray of her cheeks. "Thou good man! It hath not been for others to find the good that lieth in thy heart!"

HIS grip upon the staff seemed to tighten. "And," he said hoarsely, "I ask only in return that thou give solace unto me, a lonely man who hath suffered false judgment."

The woman of Magdala opened her lips to speak. No sound came from them. But they whitened. She drew back as from the one who had denied the Man she loved. Suffering filled the eyes that had suddenly sparkled with a tremendous hope.

In quick terror Ishmael saw and divined. He wheeled, half ran to the iron-bound chest, plunged his hands into its depths. Then he came back to her, holding out an alabaster casket with cover finely wrought.

"More than the price of two-score lambs I paid," he entreated. "For my own body I laid it by. A richer offering than any woman but thee can make to Him."

Impulsively she reached out for it. With a purring in his throat he took a swift forward step. She snatched the casket from his trembling hands, flung open the door and ran headlong into the street.

The moon had set and the stars were peering across the heavens crept the first wan promise of day. But beneath the arches it was dungeon black, so that the woman, clasping the treasure casket had to grope her course.

As the first pink pennons of dawn were unfurling in [Turn to page 44]



The Mayonnaise makes the Salad

—and Carnation *makes* the mayonnaise, the smoothest, creamiest, most delicious dressing you ever tasted. You are always sure of good results when you use Carnation Milk because of its uniform quality—its richness never varies. Get in the habit of using Carnation Milk in all your cooking. You will be delighted with its economy and convenience.

ON the renowned Carnation Milk Farms, Seattle, Washington, and Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, are the famous blue ribbon Carnation "Contented Cows," whose high milk-producing strain is constantly being introduced into the herds that supply milk regularly to the Carnation Condenseries, so that we may give you under the red and white Carnation label, the finest milk in all the world.

A beautifully illustrated book containing 100 of Mary Blake's favorite recipes will be sent you free on request.

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Carnation Milk



You can dilute the double-rich contents of this can until the quart bottle overflows with pure milk



Fruit as a Table Decoration

For the woman who entertains, the item of table decoration is apt to loom large in the family budget. I have found that the substitution of fruit and candles for flowers materially lessens this expense and is equally decorative. Use grapefruit about the base of candlesticks for the center of the fruit piece, oranges and apples grouped about, bananas and grapes arranged where most attractive, and scatter nuts in all the crevices and about the edges. The grapefruit can be used subsequently for family breakfast, the oranges for dessert, the bananas for banana pie or custard, the grapes for salad, and the nuts—few of which will be eaten by the guests—can appear again and again.

No-Egg Mayonnaise Dressing

$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt, 2 tbsp. Carnation Milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup oil, $\frac{1}{8}$ tsp. paprika, 1 tbsp. lemon juice or vinegar. Put salt and paprika in a bowl; add Carnation Milk and mix thoroughly; add oil slowly, stirring constantly. Then add the lemon juice or vinegar. This recipe makes $\frac{3}{4}$ cup salad dressing.

Tomato Salad

6 tomatoes, 1 cup salad dressing, red pepper, 1 head lettuce. Select tomatoes of good shape and color. Cut three thin slices off top of each tomato and place on salad plate. Cover center of slices and top of tomato with mayonnaise, garnished with red pepper. Serve on lettuce. If desired, fill center of tomato with equal parts of pineapple and celery mixed with mayonnaise. Serve on individual salad plates. This recipe serves six people, one tomato for each person.

Perfection Salad

3 tbsp. sugar, 3 tbsp. vinegar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup boiling water, 2 tbsp. granulated gelatin, lettuce, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup celery, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cabbage, 3 tbsp. pimento. Soak gelatin in cold water. Mix vinegar, sugar, salt and boiling water, bring to boiling point, remove from fire and immediately pour over the soaked gelatin. Stir until the gelatin is dissolved. When mixture begins to thicken add celery, pimentos and cabbage cut in desired pieces. Turn into a mold, chill, cut in squares or any desired shape and serve on lettuce with No-Egg Mayonnaise Dressing. This recipe serves six people.

Carnation Cooked Salad Dressing with Egg

1 tsp. salt, 1 tbsp. sugar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tbsp. flour, $\frac{3}{4}$ tsp. mustard, 2 eggs, 1 tsp. onion juice, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup mild vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Carnation Milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water. Mix dry ingredients, add beaten eggs, onion juice and milk diluted with water. Cook in a double boiler until thick, stirring constantly. Remove from fire, add hot vinegar, strain and cool. This recipe makes $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups salad dressing.

Date and Nut Salad

1 cup dates, 1 cup celery, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup nuts, 1 head lettuce. Remove stones from dates, fill cavity with one-fourth of an English walnut. Place on lettuce, put chopped celery in center and add salad dressing. (See recipe above.) This recipe serves six people.

Mary Blake
Domestic Science Dept.

Carnation Milk Products Company



Like Grime on Ivory

Those film-coats on your teeth

THIS is to offer you a test of a new way of teeth cleaning. Millions now employ it. The glistening teeth you see everywhere now show you how much it means.

New beauty, new protection come to users. No woman will ever go without the results when she knows them. Nor will she let her family go without them.

To combat the film

This method combats film on teeth—that viscous film you feel. It clings tenaciously. Unless you combat it, much of it remains. Food stains, etc., discolor it, then it forms dingy coats. That is why so many teeth lose luster.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They cause many serious troubles, local and internal. Very few people have escaped these film-caused troubles.

New ways to combat it daily

Dental science has found two effective film combatants. One disintegrates the film at all stages of formation. One removes it without harmful scouring.

Able authorities have proved these methods by

many careful tests. A new-type tooth paste has been created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent.

This tooth paste has brought a new dental era to millions of homes the world over. And largely through dental advice.

Two other great effects

Research proved two other things essential. So Pepsodent multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay. It multiplies the starch digestant in saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits, which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

These combined effects are bringing people everywhere a new conception of clean teeth.

You cannot doubt

No one can doubt these benefits. They are quickly seen and felt. One who once knows them will never again go without them.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

The results will amaze and delight you. Cut out this coupon so you don't forget.

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

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The Stranger in His House

[Continued from page 42]

the eastern sky, she entered the garden. A bird awoke and began to sing, timidly at first, suddenly in full-throated joy for the light. But its song awoke no answering echoes in the woman's heart.

Now she stopped, staring through the early mist to the looming mass of stone wherein they had sealed up the body of a man. The great boulder that had been its door was rolled aside. Someone had preceded her.

Mechanically she went forward, looked in. The tomb was empty!

At the very end—cheated! They had stolen Him—who it mattered not, nor why. The tumultuous singing of birds sounded in her ears like the shrill mocking of so many treacherous tongues. The very incense of the flowers offended. There in the gray light lay the snowy raiment that had enfolded Him. There He had lain.

She caught up a linen fold, buried her face in it, her tears anointing the cast-off mantle. Alone with something that had been close to Him—this was the empty recompense. She put it from her, went out into the morning's golden sunburst, where gaudy butterflies floated above the flower banks and bees hummed their working song. She stood with her back to the tomb's open door, while the tears coursed down her cheeks.

She turned her head at the sound of a footfall. The gardener making his rounds, to cheat her even of silent communion with her grief. Perhaps he would order her away. But if he could understand, surely he would turn back and leave her. He had halted.

"Woman," he said, "why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?"

To ask that! Yet what man could know why she wept? She answered simply, lifelessly, "Sir, if thou hast borne Him hence, tell me where thou hast laid Him."

He only looked at her thoughtfully. "Mary?"

He! In that moment she had no thought of the miracle of the ages that stood revealed. It was not the wonder that the dead had quickened to life and looked upon her, saying, "Mary!" but the thing that possessed her was the realization that He was with her. "Rabbouni! Master!"

Another step and her arms would enfold Him. He held out his hand before her. "Touch me not," He said. On the instant she stopped, shrank back. He had rebuffed her—here at the last!

"Touch me not," He repeated. He paused, reading her swift agony. "But go to my brethren and say unto them I ascend unto my Father, and your Father, unto my God and your God."

She stood swaying as though she would fall, groping for understanding. What meant He—"My God and your God?" Was He saying again that He was the Son? For that men had cried out "Blasphemy!" For that they had hung Him upon the cross.

A tremendous force seemed to lay hands upon her and turn her toward the tomb. She looked at it and something like a sudden burst of trumpets shocked her every sense and turned her widened eyes again upon him. Blasphemy? Who could blaspheme who walked from death to stand before her with outstretched hand! A cry escaped her. What saw she in that palm? In her ears suddenly rang the echoes of vengeful hammers, before her vision swept the panorama of that tremendous tragedy of Golgotha. Not blasphemy—but truth!

He was the Son of God! And she in her blindness had loved Him as woman loves man!

The night of the revelation all but struck her down. She felt His eyes searching the inner chambers of her heart. Then she knew He saw all. He had always known her love for Him! He knew well all she had suffered for that love. The sudden knowledge lifted her soul to pinnacle heights.

And like a rush of notes from plucked harp strings rang the echo of his words. "Go tell them!" She, the humble follower, the rebuffed of men, by Him made courier of the miracle that would tower a pillar of white flame before groping humanity till the end of time.

And suddenly she stood alone.

LIKE a caged creature, Ishmael paced back and forth in the confines of the lowly room.

Suddenly he went rigid as his ear caught the sound of a footfall. The door flung open. The woman stood before him.

He gave a hoarse, quivering cry and rushed at her—stopped, staggering back.

She held out the little treasure casket. "I saw," she said, in a voice he never before heard, "He hath no need of this."

"No need?" he muttered stupidly. "Nay. He is risen!"

"Thou liest!" he cried and took a faltering step backward. The hand that had groped for the staff went up before his eyes.

"Nay, blind man." There was compassion in her voice. "There is no death for the Son of God."

She put down the alabaster box at his feet. Then he took down his hand and dared look upon the dazzling splendor of her countenance.

"He is risen! Go to the tomb, blind man, and thou shalt see. Yet there are for the weary days of following—even as I followed—ere thou mayest behold the truth."

She was as far beyond his reach as the sun that poured its flood of gold through his open door, yet as near. And he knew this—the Man had not lied, nor the woman. He *was* the Son of God! None of flesh and blood could compel such love as he had seen. And He had risen from the dead! It was written in her face.

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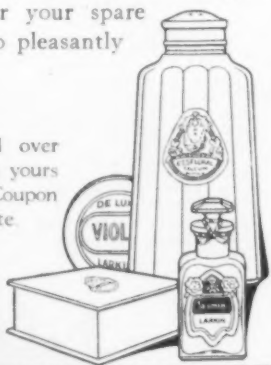
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Doc Queer

[Continued from page 15]

not to lean against that tree, and began beating the grass to rid it of poisonous insects.

The native boys put up a tent of fine-meshed mosquito netting, spread a canvas for a floor, then prepared supper.

I HAVE wondered since how Doc Queer came to tell me the story. Perhaps he had reached that indefinable point beyond which human nature can no longer hold communion only with itself. Or it may have been because of our instinctive liking for each other. It was after a supper given over to monosyllables. We sat within the netting, watching the acrid yellow smoke roll from a mosquito smudge. A remark of mine first set the gates of his confidence ajar.

"This camp must be near a river, otherwise Desmond would hardly have been bitten by an alligator."

"Not necessarily," answered the doctor. "They go from one stream to another. They move, too, with almost incredible swiftness."

"Um-m-m! That makes them a real danger. Have you ever met one migrating?"

"Many times."

"What did you do?"

"Permitted him to migrate."

"Has one ever attacked you?"

"Never!" Then in a slow, fatalistic way, "they seem to know."

"What?"

"That I don't care about life," he said. "The natives call you 'The Brave One.'"

"Brave!" he repeated savagely. "No! God in Heaven! A coward!"

I would have protested but he cut me short.

"From a little boy," he said. "And I can't remember ever being ashamed or trying to overcome it. I know I used to feel rather important when my mother would say, 'Paul insists upon having a light in his room when he goes to sleep. The child has such an imagination!' My mother! I've been bitter against her. Too bitter. It is hardly fair to blame her that I grew up a coward! A self-satisfied, two-by-four excuse of a man!"

He was speaking rapidly, the words rolling from his lips as if too long pent up.

"The war might have proven my opportunity. But even there life scattered rose leaves in my path, as she had always done. Political influence settled me in a large hospital near Washington. The same influence kept me there until the last gun had been fired."

"Then . . . I married." His face softened. "I married," he repeated, "the last in a line of wonderful women . . . going back to the Revolution. The kind that make history. Such as she demand much of their men. I fell short . . . short!"

Abruptly he ceased speaking and there fell a poignant silence into which came the rustle of leaves, the whirr of winged creatures without our screen, whispering that the jungle did not sleep but shrouded in darkness moved on its turbulent way. I thought Doc Queer's recital at an end, that only my imagination would ever pierce the depths of that cryptic "I fell short." I was surprised when he spoke again.

"Perhaps hints had troubled her throughout our married life. But I, immersed in my own sufficiency, saw no handwriting on the wall. I did recall, later, that once I had casually mentioned being a coward, and she flared up at me forbidding me ever to use the word again. Perhaps, for all the seeming importance of my service, she saw why I was not at the front. But at the time her outburst made no impression upon me. I was so happy . . . No, something deeper, finer, more enduring than that. I can't find the word to express my life with her."

"Then we went, for my vacation, to Yosemite. One day my wife, her sister and I hiked far up the valley. The sister—a young girl, and foolhardy—ven-

tured out too far upon a cliff and fell over. Over, man!" He turned upon me as if I might not realize the horror of the words: "A frightful chasm! You'd never believe anyone could live after a fall like that. Yet we heard a faint moan."

"We couldn't reach her from the base of the cliff. She was on a ledge cutting in half two eternities. But there happened to be a heavy grapevine part way down; and, below that, niches in the rock, with a hardy little tree growing from a crack. My wife said I could make it while she went for help. I tried. God knows I did! I even put my foot on the vine. But I turned sick and dizzy. Even with her gray eyes looking on me, condemning me, I couldn't do it."

His voice shook on those last two words of tragic failure. But when he spoke again it was forcedly calm and dry:

"So she went in my stead. I permitted it. Let my wife take the risk I dared not. Sent her to possible death while I remained above. She reached the ledge. She saved her sister's life. But I had doomed my own."

He slumped down, arms folded on hunched knees, eyes upon that drifting yellow smoke. Realizing that there is no comfort for tragedy like that, I did not speak. Finally he straightened himself. "Time to turn in," he said. "Be up before dawn." About to pull his blanket over him, he faced me again abruptly. "It's queer, isn't it? They call me 'The Brave One,' now. Ah! courage comes easy with life as futile as mine. I came down here because a passing acquaintance chanced to say that—barring Africa—this region was the most hazardous on earth. I came to laugh at death and court him. Flung to the winds the foolish empty life, so long my mother's care and mine. But they seem to know, alligators, snakes, malaria, typhoid, all the rest of it. They draw aside, permitting me to pass through them in safety."

I found something to say then, words that sounded futile in my own ears: "But if she knew . . . that you are now 'The Brave One.'"

He shook his head: "You didn't see her eyes . . . as I last saw them. Besides, four years ago I read in a God-knows-how-old newspaper that she'd started suit for divorce."

He lay down, pulling his blankets over him. I did the same, drifting quickly into disturbed dreams of cliff and jungle, alligator and the bright-hued prehistoric lizard that had brought me here.

I was awakened by chatter and commotion. The great trunks of the trees loomed ghostly in the gray dawn. I sat up. Without the tent, dim figures talked excitedly in a language not my own. Seeing me awake, Juan, the Desmonds' boy, approached the netting. "El Medico? He gone?"

I TURNED to Doc Queer's bed. The blankets were tumbled and empty. Upon one was an irregular blotch of white, which I found to be a paper pinned there. Holding the scrawled message close to my eyes, I read: "Going on to Desmond Camp. Follow at day-break, Doc."

I ordered the guides to pack up, clumsily trying to aid them. As the sunlight filtered through the overhanging network of boughs, we took the trail, break-fastless. The native, Juan, set a swift pace and I was close behind him. We did not speak, but wrapped in dread we plodded on. Behind every curve in the trail there lurked possible tragedy. Yet we found no inert, fallen body. There was of course the possibility that in the darkness Doc Queer had strayed from the faint trail.

When we came to the clearing that surrounded the Desmond camp, I began to run, outstripping Juan himself. The cabin was elevated on a rude platform. Three sides of it were enclosed, the fourth separated from the out-of-doors only by a close mesh [Turn to page 49]

What one of Society's twelve most beautiful women says about the care of the skin

"The woman who achieves loveliness must be exquisite at all times. Her skin should be so perfectly cared for that every situation finds it the same—smooth and transparently clear—unlined by fatigue, showing no trace of exposure. And this I believe any woman can accomplish with the careful use of Pond's Two Creams. The skin responds instantly to their delicious texture and fragrance."

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OF COURSE if one did nothing but recline upon a chaise longue in a foam of Venise lace and chiffon, such terms as fatigue and exposure would be unknown.

But the woman who is active in society leads a very different sort of life.

The younger ones (to say nothing of their mothers and aunts) are almost invariably enthusiastic sportswomen. Indeed their strenuous daytime programme of skating, riding, or golf only serves to inspire their slim silver sandals right through until four o'clock the next morning.

But sports and late hours combine in an insidious attack upon woman's dearest possession—her complexion.

The icy wind that sweeps across the frozen pond is leaving tiny cracks and roughnesses. The merciless sun of seashores is bound to burn and coarsen. The laughing hours of post-midnight dancing will show next morning in faint lines of fatigue around eyes and mouth.

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Long ago the woman who led an active social life discovered a sure and simple method of care that keeps her skin at all times as clear and fresh and delicate as society has always demanded—actually frees it from the injuries her strenuous life would cause.

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Portrait by NEYSA McMEIN

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When to use it

Remember, that transparent clearness for which the fashionable woman is distinguished, and which you can see in your own mirror, is the result of daily care. Give your face and neck a thorough cleansing *every night* with Pond's Cold Cream. If your skin is inclined to be dry, put a little more cream on for the night. And by all means rub a little into the point of your elbow if you want a soft rosy accent to your arm instead of the dreadful turkey look that so many elbows have.

In the morning freshen your face with water—Pond's Cold Cream, again, if your skin is dry—then apply Pond's Vanishing Cream for a delicious texture and perfect powder base. Powder and, if you wish, a trace of rouge. This cream should be used just as often as you cleanse your face.

After a long motor ride, a dusty journey by train, a windy afternoon of golf, be sure to use Pond's Cold Cream as soon as you come in, following it, of course, with Pond's Vanishing Cream before powdering.

If you are entertaining or going out in the evening, use Pond's Cold Cream followed by Pond's Vanishing Cream for smooth, clear loveliness. Both creams are on sale everywhere. The Pond's Extract Company.

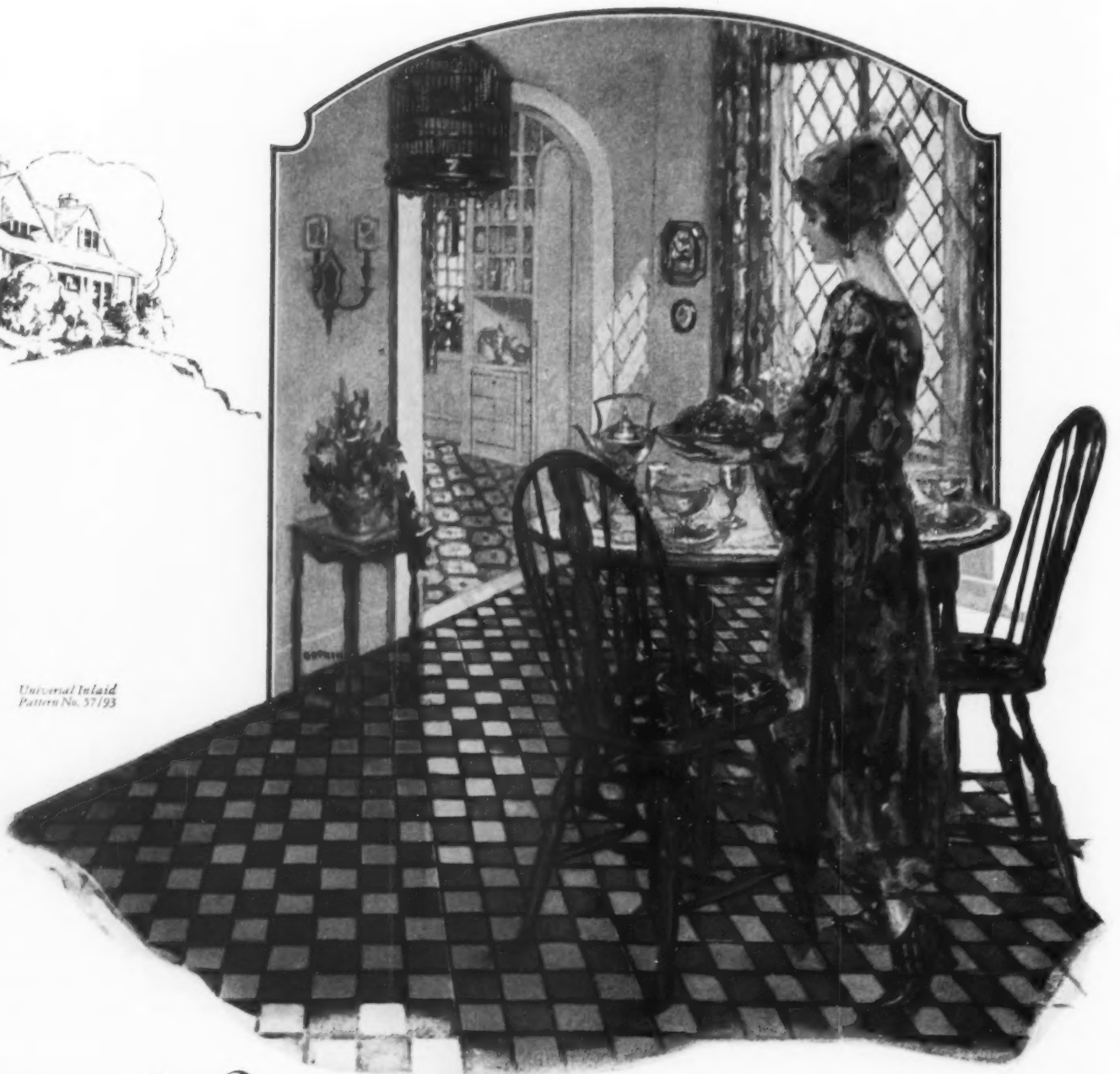
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NAIRN Linoleum

Doc Queer

[Continued from page 46]

of wire netting. As I approached, Doc Queer came to this. He had discarded his khaki coat and was in shirtsleeves, a tin cup in one hand, a medicine dropper in the other.

"Great Heaven, man!" I cried stopping short, "you gave us a scare!"

"You must learn never to become exercised about me," he answered.

I PASSED my hand over my damp forehead. "The injured man," I asked, "how is he?"

"A bad case of blood poisoning. But I believe I'm going to save him."

"When did you leave us?"

"About ten o'clock. I couldn't sleep, so I slipped away. A good thing, too. In another seven hours it would have been too late. Come in," he opened the screen door. "The boys'll get breakfast for us."

I mounted the four steps into the cabin. Upon a cot at one side of the room, a man, apparently under the influence of opiates, lay with dull eyes half closed. A boy, probably not out of his teens, sat hunched upon a similar cot. He was shivering beneath a heavy blanket drawn about his shoulders.

"So wedded to science that after the first few days," he explained to me, "they neglected to boil their water. The result is, of course, malaria."

I dropped upon a camp stool suddenly aware that I was very tired. The doctor looked keenly at his sick man, then strode to the door.

"Malaria and no mistake," he said. "I'll take a look at the water hole. Dug in the sand, you know, beside a stream. I'll disinfect it, then have Juan dig another farther up. Back presently. No,"—as I started to go with him—"stay here; you look fagged."

I was glad to obey him. The doctor went down into the clearing and beckoned to Juan. Side by side they disappeared into the tangle of trees and vines ringing us about. Despite the tropic warmth, the boy shivered under his blankets. His brother lay unmoving. Outside the fire crackled briskly, and one of the natives dumped coffee into a granite pot.

Then, from the direction the doctor had taken, came a cry of warning, of alarm. It brought us all up taut; the men by the fire, the boy on the cot, myself. Staccato Spanish words followed and then the doctor's voice, speaking little more than a monosyllable. A moment later they reappeared, Doc Queer and Juan. The doctor's right hand clutched his left arm just above the elbow. On his face was an expression, dazed, half questioning, yet akin to joy.

"What is it?" I was down the steps now and hurrying to meet him. "What has happened?"

Then he smiled. Smiled for the first time since I had met him, deepening to reality that ghost of a cleft in either cheek.

"A snake," he explained, "from a tree down there. A snake."

Juan had whipped a knife from his belt. Now he caught the doctor's sleeve, cut the cloth deftly at the shoulder, and ripped it down. Upon the bared arm I saw twin bluish marks around which the skin was beginning to puff.

The doctor examined these thoughtfully with a concentration unfrightened, clinical. "Queer!" he muttered; "queer! After five years."

"Do something!" I urged, enraged at his calm. "What . . . Here! I have whiskey!" I fumbled for my pocket flask and held it toward him, but he stared on at those deadly bluish marks.

"Five years," he said again. "I thought they knew . . . But this one . . . It's queer! I'd given up all hope . . ."

My hand shook and the mouth of the flask clattered against his teeth. "Drink, man," I shouted. "Don't be a fool! You can't throw away your life like this! Here! quick!"

He turned his face from the liquor. "Throw away," he echoed. "I did that

five years ago. This is only consummation."

"It's suicide! I won't allow it. You can save yourself."

"Yes. But I'm not going to!"

Again he smiled at me and became suddenly charming, debonair, the man he had been back there in the States. The man whose path had been kept far from danger. I remember that I kept forcing the flask against his lips, and that he continued to avoid it, in a deprecatory way, as a man might refuse proffered refreshment. And all the time that smile lurked about his lips, those clefts in his cheeks, and his blue eyes seemed to see, far beyond the jungle, a promise of delight.

"Wake up, Doc Queer," I caught his shoulder, shook it roughly. "In a few minutes it will be too late. Wake up!"

He answered as if in a trance. "Yes . . . in a few minutes it will be too late."

THEN his gaze chanced to fall upon the cabin with the boy, trembling, terrified, in the doorway, his blanket still about his shoulders. As if values heretofore clear had become suddenly clouded, Doc Queer's eyes revealed doubt, confusion. He looked again at those menacing blue marks, but this time in puzzlement, as he muttered, "That's queer, now."

The boy spoke then in an uncertain, trembling voice. "Don't stand there! Can't you see he'll die? Die!" And then—"Save him! save him!" He dropped his face to his hands and fell to sobbing—a hopeless terror-filled grief that wracked his slender body.

The doctor drew his hand across his eyes, perhaps to shut from his sight the cabin with its double responsibility. Then he dropped it again to gaze as if fascinated at the shaken figure of the boy and, beyond that, the motionless sick man.

"You don't destroy only yourself," I put the struggle into words, "but one of them . . . maybe both."

"Maybe both," he repeated. Then he turned upon me as if I were somehow to blame in the matter. "But can't you see? I came down here for just this."

"You can't do it!" I cried out in despair. "You can't! You're a doctor. If you back down . . ."

"But I've always backed down! One more time . . ." He was pleading with me, as to his conscience.

"You're no coward!"

He looked at the blue marks, at Juan standing beside us, at the cabin. Then he smiled again and caught the flask from my hand. He drained it, then spoke, coughing from the liquor. "My medicine case. In the cabin on a stool."

When I returned with it, Doc Queer was standing by the fire while Juan raked the coals free from the blaze.

"My large forceps," the doctor fumbled among the instruments while I held the case open. "Here! Now Juan . . ."

THE boy thrust the steel into the coals while the doctor turned his attention again to his instruments and brought forth a small knife-like affair, murderously sharp of edge. He poised this above the wound, waiting. We remained so, statue-like, for a minute, perhaps more. The doctor with the knife, the dark-skinned youth holding the forceps in the coals.

Finally Doc Queer said: "Lay the case on the ground. You've got to cauterize this for me. Take the forceps." As the boy handed me the red-blue steel, I saw Doc Queer slash, with the knife, into those ominous marks. "There . . . plunge it in!" he ordered. "Quick! In, man! Don't be afraid! Deeper! Deep . . . Ah-h-h!"

His eyes closed. For perhaps half an hour he remained in a state of semi-consciousness, then roused himself to ask for the Desmond boy. I pointed to a corner of the room where I had spread my blankets for him. [Turn to page 96]



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lasting.
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Four Oz.,
\$2.15.



A Desmond

[Continued from page 32]

whole name? Where do you live? Who are your people?" (It couldn't be of course! Or could it be—just possibly?)

"My whole name is Desdemona Desmond, but it's such a funny name people call me Nona."

"Come here, Nona," said Franklin Desmond speaking slowly, carefully, so as not to show the turmoil of his feelings. (His parents had been enraged when he had told them that he had married Hester. A boy of eighteen, they said, couldn't marry. It was illegal. They had sent him out of the country.) Nona approached him. "Sit down. I want to know," he went on as lightly as he could, "how you ever got such a funny name. Will you tell me?"

Usually Nona didn't like to tell her story. There was something—not quite respectable, about being found on a cemetery lot. But the young man hadn't shrugged and smiled over her toy city. Perhaps—she looked up at him. He put his hand over hers.

"Yes, I'll tell you," she said.

A little later she even unclasped her locket and passed him the bit of yellow paper which Jenny had discovered.

Franklin Desmond's hand was trembling as he took it. It was a bit of yellow manilla paper! Hester Lindberg had written him many a note and he recognized the round, schoolgirl handwriting. He closed his eyes a moment. Oh, poor Hester—poor, alone, afraid, deserted Hester. (He had written to her on the boat, promising to come back. He had written to her from the military school, begging her to write to him. She never had. Perhaps the letters had been intercepted. The first message he received from Hester, after his deportation, had reached him almost a year later. It was the notice of her death—an inconspicuous announcement in a newspaper sent him by one of his schoolmates at Broadhurst's. Years later he had told Eleanor all about Hester. She had understood. Eleanor would. "Poor little girl! I could have loved her if I had been your mother," she had said.)

Nona returned it to the locket, snapped the locket shut, and dropped it out of sight, inside her dress. "Tom told me I was probably a different branch from you live Desmonds," she remarked prosaically; "like all the Browns and Smiths, you know. But I hope you don't mind my playing here."

Franklin Desmond replied cautiously, carefully. "No, I don't mind." She must be told slowly, beautifully, without shock, or sense of shame. "I don't mind at all," he went on, fighting heroically. "In fact," he broke off (and he was smiling now), "I'd like to play with you. May I? I was the father before. Remember? May I be father again? Or perhaps you don't play that game any more."

Nona nodded emphatically and brought her two palms softly together. Leonard's gesture again—his own child's. His own child's!

THERE were three stones set on the Desmond lot the following spring. They were made by a sculptor in Paris, under Miss Nona Desmond's supervision.

There was a lamb on the smallest stone being led by a child-angel through a forest of flowers.

The other two new stones were identical in shape and design.

The third grave on the Desmond lot had been added last summer, a few weeks after young Desmond had shown up again and before Nona went away.

Franklin Desmond's two aunts came to visit Mount Hope Cemetery on that Memorial Day. They were amazed to find an old-fashioned garden blooming on their brother's lot. They stood a long while studying the three stones nestled among the irises. Then finally one of them read the names and records slowly out loud.

"Well, well," remarked the other afterwards. That's curious! His own aunts, and we never knew he married twice."

ruined

*Many a first impression
has been ruined by some
seemingly little thing*

IT'S so easy to get off on the wrong foot with people—whether it be in an important business contact or simply in a casual social meeting.

It pays in life to be able to make people like you. And so often it is some seemingly very little thing that may hold you back.

For example, quite unconsciously you watch a person's teeth when he or she is in conversation with you. If they are unclean, improperly kept, and if you are a fastidious person, you will automatically hold this against them. And all the while this same analysis is being made of you.

Listerine Tooth Paste cleans teeth a new way. At last our chemists have discovered a polishing ingredient that really cleans without scratching the enamel—a difficult problem—finally solved.

You will notice the improvement even in the first few days. And you know it is cleaning safely.

So the makers of Listerine, the safe antiseptic, have found for you also the really safe dentifrice.

What are your teeth saying about you today?—LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., Saint Louis, U. S. A.

**LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE**

Large Tube—25 cents



Sent to You On Free Trial During Your Spring House-Cleaning

Through a very exceptional arrangement, our dealer in your city will deliver to your home a new Grand Prize Eureka Vacuum Cleaner, for free trial during your spring house-cleaning.

National Educational Campaign, April 1st to May 17th

This is perhaps the most liberal nation-wide offer ever made. The tremendous demand for the Eureka has determined us to give every woman the opportunity of learning, for herself, how helpful it really is. We have selected the Spring House-cleaning season as a fitting time to make this sensational offer. At no other period is housework so difficult. Therefore, the use of a Eureka during this time is sure to impress thousands of women with its vital usefulness.

4000 Eureka Dealers Join in This Plan

More than four thousand Eureka dealers join in this great, nation-wide educational campaign. No matter where you are, a dealer near you will be glad to furnish a Eureka to lighten your house-cleaning. All you need to do is furnish your name and address. A new Grand Prize Eureka will be delivered immediately, right to your door.

Don't Miss This Opportunity

Remember, the Eureka is loaned you to

use as if it were your own. Try it. With only a simple gliding motion, it will remove every bit of dirt and grime from your floor coverings. It will renovate your mattresses, right on the beds. It will renew the bright cleanliness of your upholstered furniture. It will make your drapes and hangings immaculate. It will gather in the dust and dirt from mouldings, closets, clothing, picture frames—from awkward nooks and corners that are otherwise almost inaccessible. It will make your house-cleaning the easiest, quickest, and most thorough you have ever known.

Only \$4.75 Down Enables You to Keep It

If you are then convinced that the Eureka's usefulness is too remarkable for you to do without any longer, a down payment of only \$4.75, with the balance on small monthly payments, will make it yours. Thus, during the period of this great Educational Campaign, you can actually purchase a Eureka on savings of only a few cents a day.

Mail the Coupon Today

Don't drudge through house-cleaning again. This extraordinary offer makes it needless. Send the coupon now, and we will instruct our dealer to make immediate delivery. If there is no dealer near you, we will see that you get a Eureka anyway. You are not obligated, and you pay nothing, unless you are satisfied that it is indispensable. Then, our surprisingly easy terms will enable you to own it on payments so little that they will never be missed.

\$4.75 down
Balance on
easy monthly
payments

EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY, DETROIT, U. S. A.

Makers of Electric Vacuum Cleaners since 1909
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Grand
Prize*

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VACUUM CLEANER

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At no cost or obligation to me, please deliver to my home, a Grand Prize Eureka Vacuum Cleaner for free trial, as offered in your National Educational Campaign.

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Address.....
City.....

Me



HOW TO VARY YOUR MENUS WITH MUSTARD

*Suggestions for giving Every-day Meals
a "Special Occasion" Flavor*

By MRS. EMILY BLEEKE

NOT only is it a tiresome, and often thankless task to plan the economical use of left-over foods, but, as every housewife knows, the constant search for variety sometimes seems quite hopeless. Therefore, I am glad to suggest an easily-followed method of making commonplace dishes more tempting.

The secret of giving them extra piquancy is the use of mustard in cooking, as well as in the usual way, as a tasty condiment. Do not merely serve mustard on foods. Cook it in. Just as you cook ginger into your ginger-bread. The result will surely delight you. And most important of all—be sure of the mustard you use. In all my own cooking, I find that French's Mustard gives me the best results. I never use any other.



Prepared Mustard is backed by the experience of 87 years of making mustard. But if you've never used it in cooking, there's a treat in store for you.

WHY FRENCH'S MUSTARD IS USED IN COOKING

Served on foods, French's Mustard is just sharp enough to please the average palate—but, as its use grew widespread, women began to try its effect when cooked into foods. It was found that mustard makes a boiled dressing, or uncooked dressing, taste ever so much better, and to turn out exactly right, with really no trouble at all. And gradually housewives learned to use French's Mustard on roasts, and in soups, and in varied cooked dishes and entrees. Sauces and salad dressings also gain savor when French's Mustard is added.

MUSTARD—THE MASTER INGREDIENT

Because of its rich, rare blend and full creamy flavor, French's Mustard gives my cooking a truly delicious tang, that I cannot obtain in any other way. Perhaps you already know this famous ingredient, for the goodness and quality of French's

As more and more housewives learned the method of cooking mustard into foods, it was only natural that they should be grateful. And, wishing to share their discoveries, they sent their favorite recipes to the home of French's Mustard at Rochester, N. Y. In this way, the French's Mustard Recipe Booklet—"Made Dishes, Salads and Savories"—came to be compiled, with the addition of recipes prepared in the French's Kitchens. It tells how to use French's Mustard to bring out the flavor of many kinds of dishes, and contains practical menu suggestions for almost every meal.

YOUR COPY IS READY NOW

You will be glad to have this booklet every time you cook, and it will come to you promptly for only four cents in stamps. Meanwhile, ask your grocer for a jar of French's Mustard. You can readily recognize it by its sanitary carton, containing a handy wooden paddle, and a little recipe leaflet. But don't forget to write me today for the French's Mustard Recipe Booklet. Just address Mrs. Emily Bleeke, 219 North Broad Street, Philadelphia.



TRY THIS DELICIOUS SHEPHERD'S PIE

Take all the odds and ends of beef, lamb, mutton, etc., and cut into small slices. Fry one onion, chopped fine, in butter; add some peppers, and the meat, stir up for two minutes, season with salt and pepper. Cover with broth, and let boil for fifteen minutes. Add three teaspoonfuls of French's Prepared Mustard, and put the hash into a deep dish. Cover with mashed potatoes, and bake in oven until brown.

AND YOU WILL LIKE HAMBURGER STEAK, CATALANE

One pound of chopped beef seasoned and formed into cakes. Fry them in butter and when cooked take them out. Put one chopped onion and two chopped green peppers in and let them fry, add one chopped tomato and let it cook for five minutes; at last stir two spoonfuls of French's Mustard into this and pour the whole over the steaks.

HOW THESE RECIPES WERE GATHERED



Lorinda

[Continued from page 19]

knows what, happened, and, on a hot afternoon, I went fishing in the buggy alone. The horse proceeded almost mechanically, without direction, to the stream between the meadow and the mountain; I turned him out to graze and made the first cast of the day into a ripple under a low clump of laurels. A trout struck, I hooked it, and beside me I saw Lorinda Gethen. She was silent, motionless, until the fish was in the net, and then she told me that she had wanted to see Mr. Argomast, the Sheriff.

"You're a friend of his," she said with a faint smile. That, I understood, was in explanation of the fact that she was where she was. If I had been what in Greenstream was called a stranger, she would never have appeared. Yes, I replied, I was the Sheriff's friend, and then I laid my rod down, I pretended to be rolling a cigarette. But really I wanted to look at her.

SHE had on a calico slip, a narrow red riband, like those tied about bundles of cigars, at her black hair; and, without stockings, she wore the local shoes with heavy wooden soles. She was like a statue of stroug, immeasurable grace, her waist was beautifully set on broad hips, her shoulders and arms were in round, faultless proportion, her breast was deep and fine, and her head she carried with a quick, free, high alertness. "I'm Lorinda Gethen," she added; "my husband's Bart Gethen. Perhaps you've seen him in the village. But he's been away for a month or more, back in West Virginia, teaming logs."

I hadn't noticed him, but I made no reply, and she took it for granted that I'd know everyone who came into the settlement. "He's gone a lot," she told me; "and I get plumb tired of it. But he's got to make a living, he says." She sat on a convenient thrust of rock. "There's a little time before supper, and I reckon the children are safe." She smiled at me again, and the candor of her mouth, the sweetness of her eyes, pinched my heart. There were freckles on her forehead, across her very shapely nose, and she was, at most, seventeen. It was her expression, though, rather than her face, that held her potency. The simplicity of her being was utterly uncontaminated; it was as clear as the water whispering beside us.

"You don't have to mind your manners," she reassured me; "keep right on fishing, and I'd thank you for any trout you didn't need to carry away." In a minute or two, I told her, I'd fish again. The truth was that I didn't want to leave her, to look at or think about anything else. Lorinda was, just to gaze upon, an experience. I had never seen a girl—but she was a woman—at all like her. She was pastoral, no—primitive, almost savage. And yet not savage at all, for there was a light of humor in her eyes; she smiled and laughed but not loudly; very easily. She might, I thought, have come out of the ground, out of the grass, just as she was; her skin was brown and the calico, where it was any perceptible color, green. That was it: she was a part of nature; she was natural—a slip of June, warm with blossoming.

And, though she had said she would be thankful for some trout, I stayed smoking and inactive on the bank. I had gone through a long period of trouble and sickness and failure; my presence in Greenstream was an acknowledgment of defeat, a flight from life; and Lorinda Gethen, for the moment, made everything but a sheer existence, a mere breathing of air, seem distant and unimportant. Her calmness was like the sunlight, golden for a little before it was withdrawn for the day; her voice had the still sound of the wind moving gently across the face of the mountain opposite, it merged into the audible ripple of the water.

She had, she said, three children, she had been married three years, and their names were Abigail, Marsoe—I asked her to spell it, the name of her boy,—and Flora. Abigail was the baby and she wasn't right strong, she ought to go to the doctor's at Staunton. "But I keep thinking that perhaps she'll pick up," Lorinda admitted that she was afraid of hospitals. "If you once start with a doctor you have to go right on. It seems like you can't get away from them. That's what I've heard; I don't know much about it."

So much was evident. The week her first child was born, she confided in me, she walked over the mountain into Greenstream. It was to see her mother who had near to died of fright. But, Lorinda excused her; she was old and had forgotten how it was to be young. "Bart went to Staunton and back on his feet in a day and a night," she added. It was forty-six miles to Staunton, and, with her, a day and a night meant twenty-four hours. But I didn't question her, it would have been useless—secretiveness veiled the wonders of Greenstream—and to doubt her would have been uninformed folly.

"He couldn't do it now," Lorinda admitted, "since the rheumatism tightened up on him." I asked how old Bart was. Twenty-five, she thought, but she couldn't be sure. That wasn't early for rheumatism in the mountains. It was powerful wet through March and April, inside and out. She smiled slowly, beautifully, and deliberately put into her mouth the wild strawberries growing by the rock where she sat.

THE strawberries made her lips a deeper red, stained the tips of her fingers, and touched the air with fragrance. The sunlight, falling through young leaves, printed on her dress a new and bright design. She breathed slow and deep, with it, seemed, her whole body, and a faint flush appeared and vanished under the brown of her cheeks. "I ought to go back," she said, "and you want to be fishing. If you get more trout than you just want to carry I'd thank you to lay them on the steps." She paused. "Stop in for supper," she added. That was more than I had hoped for, and I assured her that I'd have too many fish for her to cook by dusk. She rose and turned away, her body swaying to meet the inequalities of the ground; and later I heard her calling and the answering melodious clatter of the cow bell.

The cow came up to her slowly moving through the tall rough grass, stopping for special green mouthfuls; and they moved to the cabin together, with her hand on a flank matted with burrs. The dwelling stood facing the approach, with a shallow portico under cover at the door, a stone chimney chimed with mud at one end and a lean-to built against the other. A gourd vine, with small depending gourds, covered the portico, against a log wall there were sunflowers, and in the garden patch new corn showed on the stony ground. Lorinda glanced hastily into the house. It had two rooms, of equal size, and in the first she saw that the baby was sleeping quietly in a crib of boards and solid rockers. On her bed, hers and Bart's, with low maple posts and a pieced coverlet, the second child, Marsoe, lay, with a hand buried in a moist chunk of bread and a wide gaze fixed contemplatively on the rafters of the ceiling. Flora wasn't to be seen, but she found her back of the house, with Bart's father.

"A man's coming up to supper," she told him; "he's bringing it with him. Trout."

That, old Gethen asserted, was bad. He, for one, didn't care to have strangers around. Nohow! Lorinda advised him not to be foolish. "It's a friend of Mr. Argomast's and the printer," she explained. "He isn't anything much, and he can't hardly fish, but he's right" [Turn to page 65]

LIQUID VENEER

—One of a Family of Polishing Products—
Gives Homes Good Cheer

Where is the woman who can be indifferent to praise of her home?—who does not experience a glow of pride when the guest in her house is moved to exclaim "What a cheerful home yours is!"

In that compliment is a recognition of her good taste in the selection of the furnishings and—more so—of her good care in preserving their charm.

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Betsy Ross
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See offer in italics at right

In the preservation of the original loveliness of furniture, piano, woodwork and floors you find the surest and quickest aids and devices to be

Would you like to prove the merit of these products? Your money back if you buy and they fail to satisfy you, or—send for trial bottle of Liquid Veneer Polish and a print of any famous woman listed in the panel to the left, enclosing 10c to pay packing and postage. See the coupon.

the Liquid Veneer Polishing Products—and the most economical!

There are the *liquid* and the *wax* polishes, not only with unique *cleaning* and *brightening* qualities but with a *surface-feeding* value that insures greater resistance to aging and wear by any varnished, stained or painted finish.

There are the Mops to save many floor-cleaning backaches; the soft, fluffy *Wall Duster* to cheer up the walls of the home; the *Midget Mop*, an attractive plaything yet as practical as the regular floor mops. ONLY in the Liquid Veneer Mops and Wall Dusters are found these combined advantages—full yarn center, swivel handle, swab removable and washable; and lower prices.



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For enclosed 10 cents send trial bottle of Liquid Veneer Polish and print of

Name _____

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Sh! No one will ever guess
The secret of this stew.
The teasy, tang-y flavor's from
A Steero cube or two.

FLAVOR hash, stew, or gravy with a STEERO bouillon cube. The spicy richness is an invitation to the appetite. Always ready—always delicious—hot STEERO bouillon can be made in a minute. Just drop a STEERO bouillon cube into a cup and add boiling water. Hot STEERO bouillon is just the thing for lunch, tea or dinner—and for the between-meals snack.

Send 10 cents for STEERO bouillon cube samples and sixty-four-page cook book

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STEERO BOUILLON CUBES
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. Patented Oct. 31, 1911

You require the BEST!



You will know it immediately because of its richness in flavor and individual taste that no other mustard has.

COLMAN'S MUSTARD is made from mustard seed grown in the Fen Districts of England where climate and soil combine to make the finest mustard growing district in the world.

COLMAN'S "quality" is the paramount achievement of over 100 years of successful endeavor and its reputation has become worldwide.

Colman's
DOUBLE SUPERFINE
Mustard
Aids Digestion

Ready!

[Continued from page 2]

California without "pudden" stone and Bates to dress it, that was sure.

I had done enough field work during a five years' residence in California previous to reaching the decision to build a home there that I knew I could not secure stone of the kind I wanted for my library and I doubted very gravely if I could secure Bates. So the idea occurred to me to use a side of the ice house for a back wall and against it wire the stone of the mantels that I wanted and then have them packed, a piece at a time, in crates and shipped with my household goods. So, for the fourth time, Bates and I started collecting "pudden" stone. By 1923 we had Noble County fairly well stripped, but Bates extended his activities to western Ohio and southern Michigan, and on the day appointed he appeared with the stone and the work began. One of these stones was a huge thing and it gave promise, when broken, of being of a degree of beauty unequalled in all our former experience. The matrix was so finely ground and so snowy white, the pebbles were so big and of granite as fine in texture as flint. Color came rarely but with brilliance where it showed. This we could see from the outside. Bates decided to break this stone in three large sections and then quarter them. To accomplish this he began drilling a hole one third of the way from either end, working each to the same depth alternately to prevent an uneven break, and this is where Bill comes into the story.

BILL was a printer by profession until the bad air and the confinement of the office began sapping his strength. He came to the Cabin as chief of field work in order to be out of doors. That was eight years ago. Day after day, Bill and I scoured the region for rare plants, shrubs, bushes and vines our collection did not contain. We learned together to go hungry without complaining, to avoid quick sands, to wade swamps, and marshes, to take our medicine in regions infested with poisonous vines, rattlesnakes and cross dogs and animals. We were so accustomed to each other we did a great deal of our work without speaking. Bill knew by glancing at me what I wanted to hand next and had it there. He was unusually silent, but never morose. Often I heard him humming a tune when he was doctoring his car in the garage. In the basement, above the purr of the machinery, a low whistle was mostly on his lips and so long as I heard that whistle going on beneath my feet, I knew that water would run when I turned the faucet. I knew that the chimney would be clean and draw and that I would not be routed from bed to fight fire before morning as I had been many times during the war. I knew that when I handed him my purse he would buy with judgment and return the exact amount of change. I never shall forget the day I sent him to Fort Wayne to buy shock absorbers for my automobile. Bill came back without them. When I asked him why, he looked at me in indignation.

"My God!" he said, "they are highway robbers! They wanted a hundred dollars for those little things! We can't afford that!"

The price he named was precisely what I had been informed the shock absorbers would cost, and so expected to pay, but I thought maybe Bill was right about it. So I looked him straight in the eye and said: "Of course, we can't! We will just go on absorbing our shocks ourselves."

I cannot say that Bill was exactly handsome. Neither was Bates for that matter; but both of them looked mighty good to me and I hope I have not better friends in the whole world.

When the war came on there was a month during which Bill and I avoided each other's eyes. My work was so important to me, so many people depended on it for daily comfort, Bill was so essential to the system [Turn to page 78]

*Quicker than
coffee!
Quicker than
toast!*



Quick Quaker
cooks in 3 to 5 minutes

Creamy oats, hot and enticing, are now the *quickest* breakfast dish!

Ask your grocer for QUICK QUAKER. Cooks in ½ the time of coffee, ready to serve before the toast.

Same plump oats as regular Quaker Oats, the kind you've always known. Cut before flaking, rolled very thin and partly cooked. And these small flakes cook faster—that's the only difference.

Ask for the kind of Quaker you prefer—Quick Quaker, or regular Quaker Oats. But be sure you get Quaker. Look for the picture of the Quaker on the package.

All the rich Quaker flavor. All the good of hot breakfasts quick! Today, try Quick Quaker.

QUAKER OATS PEANUT LOAF

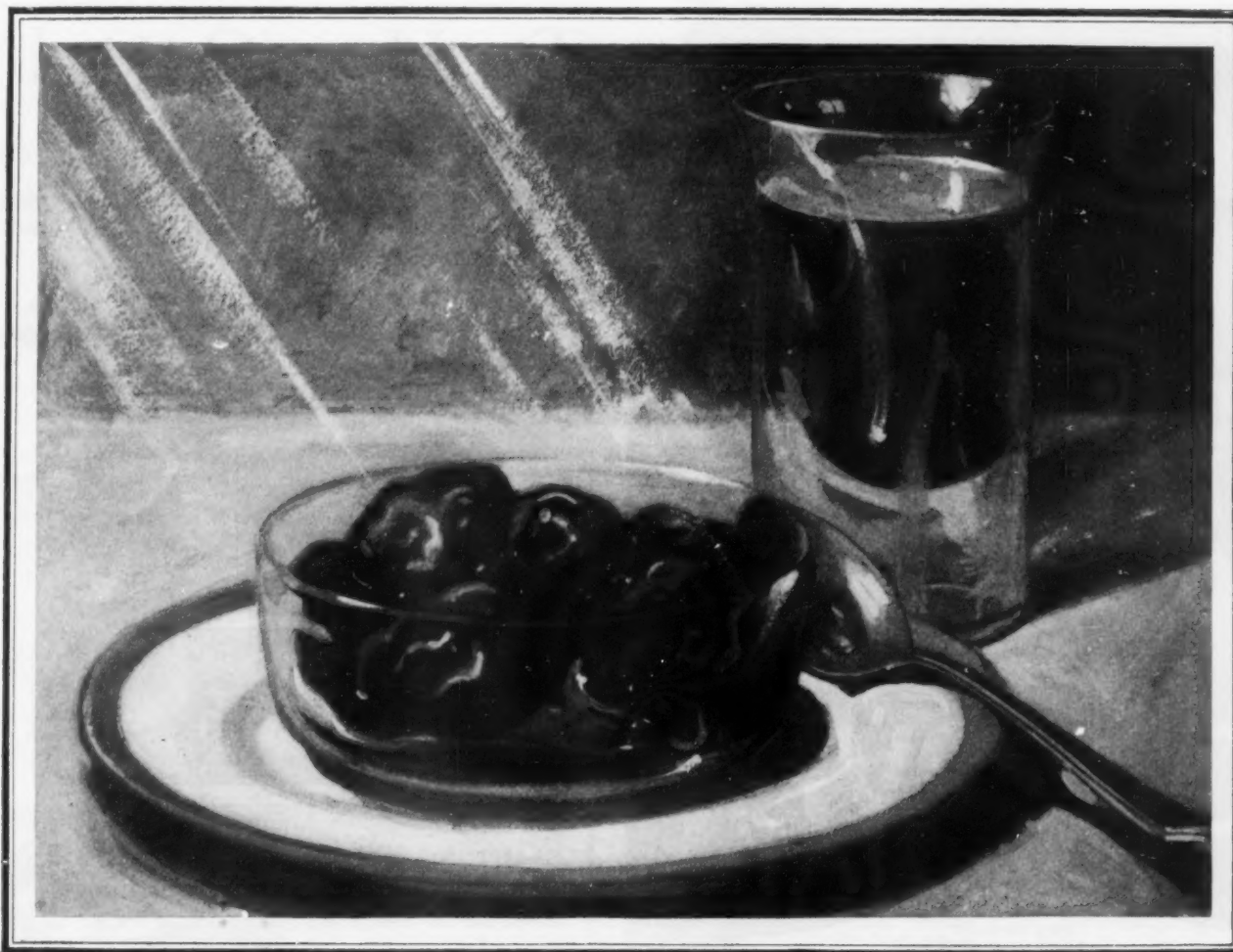
- 2½ cups Quaker Oats
- 2 cups flour
- 1 cup chopped peanuts
- 1¼ cup molasses
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 5 teaspoons baking powder
- 1¼ cups milk or water
- 1 egg

Put oats and peanuts through food chopper. Add flour which has been sifted with baking powder and salt. Add molasses, egg and liquid and stir well. Place in well greased loaf pan, let stand 10 minutes and bake 50 minutes in a medium oven (350 degrees).



Quick Quaker
—cooks in 3 to 5 minutes

Quaker Oats
the kind you have always known



The Clever Breakfasts that Millions of Women Serve Their Reasons Why

MILLIONS of women serve their children and their men-folks with luscious prunes each morning. They call them "Prime Prune Breakfasts." And they are *clever* breakfasts, in this way:

They are clever in the *deliciousness* that these women give them by cooking the prunes in a certain manner—suggested elsewhere on this page.

And they are clever because of the *good* they do.

These clever breakfasts furnish hard-worked men and strenuous children with energizing nutriment—nourishment which is digestible in one-tenth the time that some other foods require. So people feel the quick effects.

They are clever also because, among the fruits and vegetables, prunes are one of the best eight iron foods; and natural iron like this makes for robust constitutions.

Clever, too, in that they provide two types of needed vitamins, without an adequate supply of which children, especially, do not properly develop.

They are clever in that prunes are a *saving* dish.

Nine doctors in ten will advocate prunes for your breakfasts because they know the benefits. They know the value of the

fruit-salts and the pulp of prunes. So well, in fact, that 60,000 of them—investigation shows—start their own breakfasts every morning in this way.

So here you have the reasons why millions of women and thousands of professional men who study foods, all swear by prunes.

Delicious prunes make clever breakfasts because they help in the development of healthier, abler, cleverer men and children.

When a food, so luscious and delightful, is both so good and good for you isn't it worth making that fruit the *breakfast-habit* in your home?

Many of the finest hotels and best restaurants are making a specialty of breakfast prunes so men can get them anywhere.

From Sweet, Juicy Plums

When you order ask for *Sunsweet*—the clean, selected California prunes. Fresh, new prunes, made from tender, luscious, juicy plums, fully ripened in California sunshine. We carefully dry these delicious plums until the full flavor is brought out and they have turned to prunes. See if you know their equal. Sold in fresh, clean 2-pound cartons or in bulk from sanitary 25-pound boxes at all stores.

Mail coupon for handy packet containing 45 selected recipes. Clip the coupon so you won't forget.

Best Way To Cook Breakfast Prunes

First, soak them over night or for several hours at least. Second, cook slowly until tender in the water in which they were soaked. Third, use plenty of water so the fruit will be "loose." Fourth, do not cook them too long as they will become too soft. Flavor with cinnamon, sliced lemon, or orange juice. Sugar to taste.



The handy
8-pound
carton.

SUNSWEET Prunes

Selected from Ripe, Juicy Plums

CALIFORNIA PRUNE & APRICOT GROWERS ASSOCIATION
11,252 Grower-Members SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA

-----Mail This-----

CALIFORNIA PRUNE & APRICOT GROWERS ASSOCIATION,
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Please send me without charge your handy packet of 45 Sunsweet
Prune Recipes on separate sheets.

Name

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BOSS OVEN

THE ORIGINAL
GLASS DOOR OVEN

FOR almost a generation the original glass door Boss OVEN has been the choice of housewives who know the great convenience of visible baking. The glass door (guaranteed) through which the baking may be seen at all times, prevents over-browning and burning.

Scientific ventilation permits the baking of different foods at the same time. Asbestos lining saves fuel. Even circulation of heat to all corners insures uniform baking.

More Than 2,000,000 Sold

GUARANTEED to bake satisfactorily on all good oil and gas stoves. There is a style and size to meet every requirement. The improved, crystal-white, porcelain top is most sanitary and easy to clean. See it at hardware, furniture and department stores. Insist upon getting the genuine stamped with the name—Boss OVEN.

For double economy, use a Boss OVEN on a

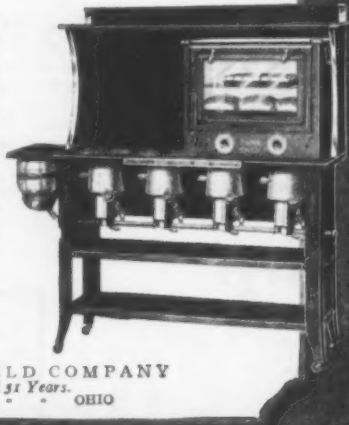
BOSS OIL-AIR STOVE

Built to Save Fuel

The Boss pays for itself in a short time. The intense, clean, blue-flame plays right against the cooking vessel. Cooks quickly with less oil. No loss of heat nor blacking of pans. Patented OIL-AIR burner is regulated by positive indicator which controls size of flame.

Equipped with rollers—easy to move. 210,000 in use. 2, 3, 4 or 5 burner models with or without high shelf. Nearest dealer's name upon request. Send for booklet. Good territories open for progressive dealers. Write.

THE HUENEFELD COMPANY
Established 31 Years.
CINCINNATI OHIO

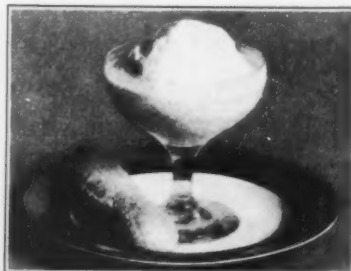


BOSS OIL-AIR STOVE

The Home Cook's Library

Recipes to Please Everybody's Taste

For Grandmother, cream of pea soup is nourishing and easy to digest. For recipe see McCall's Service Booklet, "Master Recipes"—page 3



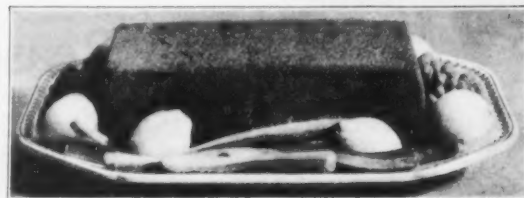
To please Young Brother—one of the "Eat-em-alive" ice-cream tribe—see McCall's Service Booklet, "What to Serve at Parties"—page 17



For Baby Sister a molded custard made by the recipe on page 16 of McCall's Service Booklet, "Master Recipes"

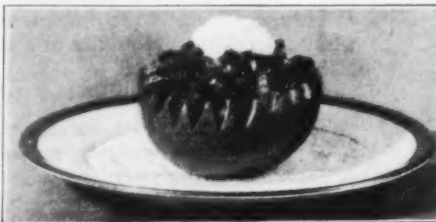


Mother pins her faith on salads and her family and guests are glad she does. For recipes see McCall's Service Booklet, "What to Serve at Parties"—page 5



Dad's Favorite, Corned Beef Hash Loaf garnished with vegetables. It is made by Recipe 11 in McCall's Service Booklet, "Time-Saving Cookery"

Perhaps jelly in an orange basket will tempt your invalid if you make it by the recipe on page 14 of McCall's Service Booklet, "Master Recipes"



Sponge Cake Hearts with pink and white icing for Big Sister's bridal shower. Follow the recipe on page 4 of McCall's Service Booklet, "Some Reasons Why in Cookery"

"No place like home," says Big Brother when he beholds a plate of doughnuts made by the recipe on page 12 of McCall's Service Booklet, "Master Recipes"



The four booklets—Master Recipes, What to Serve at Parties, Time-Saving Cookery, Some Reasons Why in Cookery—can be obtained from McCall's Service Editor, 236 West 37th Street, New York City, for 10 cents each.



The Homelike Kitchens of HEINZ

57

HOMELIKE! That's the word. That just describes them. Thousands and thousands of housewives have inspected them, and all have felt this thrill of recognition. They look like places where good things to eat are being made. They are full of tempting odors. They are white and clean and well cared for. The sunshine lies across the floors. The Heinz girls are busy and neat and cheerful. It is a domestic picture that warms the heart of every woman with a spark of housekeeping instinct.

And that is one thing we have striven for—these homelike surroundings, this domestic spirit. Big and efficient as the kitchens of a nation must be, we have escaped the factory atmosphere. We do not manufacture. We cook and bake as nearly as we can like a capable hostess preparing delicious meals for favored guests. Such is the attitude of all our employees—they too feel this friendly obligation to dispense good cheer.



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HERE ARE HEINZ 57 VARIETIES. How many do you know?

- | | | | | |
|---|------------------------------------|--|-------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1 Heinz Baked Beans with Pork and Tomato Sauce | 10 Heinz Cooked Macaroni | 22 Heinz Apple Butter | 34 Heinz Sour Mixed Pickles | 46 Heinz Red Pepper Sauce |
| 2 Heinz Baked Beans without Tomato Sauce, with Pork— <i>Hyson Style</i> | 11 Heinz Mince Meat | 23 Heinz Crab-Apple Jelly | 35 Heinz Chow Chow Pickle | 47 Heinz Green Pepper Sauce |
| 3 Heinz Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce without Meat— <i>Vegetarian</i> | 12 Heinz Plum Pudding | 24 Heinz Currant Jelly | 36 Heinz Sweet Mustard Pickle | 48 Heinz Tomato Ketchup |
| 4 Heinz Baked Red Kidney Beans | 13 Heinz Fig Pudding | 25 Heinz Grape Jelly | 37 Heinz Queen Olives | 49 Heinz Prepared Mustard |
| 5 Heinz Peanut Butter | 14 Heinz Cherry Preserves | 26 Heinz Quince Jelly | 38 Heinz Manzanilla Olives | 50 Heinz India Relish |
| 6 Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup | 15 Heinz Red Raspberry Preserves | 27 Heinz Apple Jelly | 39 Heinz Stuffed Olives | 51 Heinz Evaporated Horse-Radish |
| 7 Heinz Cream of Pea Soup | 16 Heinz Peach Preserves | 28 Heinz Dill Pickles | 40 Heinz Ripe Olives | 52 Heinz Salad Dressing |
| 8 Heinz Cream of Celery Soup | 17 Heinz Damson Plum Preserves | 29 Heinz Sweet Midget Gherkins | 41 Heinz Pure Olive Oil | 53 Heinz Mayonnaise |
| 9 Heinz Cooked Spaghetti | 18 Heinz Strawberry Preserves | 30 Heinz Preserved Sweet Gherkins | 42 Heinz Sour Pickled Onions | 54 Heinz Pure Malt Vinegar |
| | 19 Heinz Pineapple Preserves | 31 Heinz Preserved Sweet Mixed Pickles | 43 Heinz Worcestershire Sauce | 55 Heinz Pure Cider Vinegar |
| | 20 Heinz Black Raspberry Preserves | 32 Heinz Sour Spiced Gherkins | 44 Heinz Chili Sauce | 56 Heinz Distilled White Vinegar |
| | 21 Heinz Blackberry Preserves | 33 Heinz Sour Midget Gherkins | 45 Heinz Beefsteak Sauce | 57 Heinz Tarragon Vinegar |



Palm and olive oils—nothing else—give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap.

Note carefully the name and wrapper. Palmolive Soap is never sold unwrapped.

"Let's Both Keep That Schoolgirl Complexion"

The lovelier the mother, the more she rejoices in the beauty of her baby girl. How anxiously she guards this budding beauty, fostering it, protecting it with tender care.

Her first concern, of course, is the little one's skin, that the exquisite texture of infancy may be retained through girlhood days.

That this proper care is based on mildest, gentlest cleansing she has learned from her own experience. For most young mothers of today were brought up on Palmolive.

Protects natural beauty

Palmolive plays the part of protector when used as baby's soap. It soothes while it cleanses, through the gentle action of its mild, lotion-like ingredients.

Baby's delicate, roseleaf skin is kept smooth and perfect, protected from all injurious irritation.

The smooth, creamy Palmolive lather develops this beauty year by year, until it bursts into the bloom of a radiant schoolgirl complexion.

Rare oils the secret

The emollient qualities of the Palmolive lather is the secret of its beautifying action.

It is the scientific blend of palm and olive oils—the same rare oils that Cleopatra used in the days of ancient Egypt.

These cosmetic oils, so lotion-like in their action, make Palmolive the mildest of all toilet soaps.

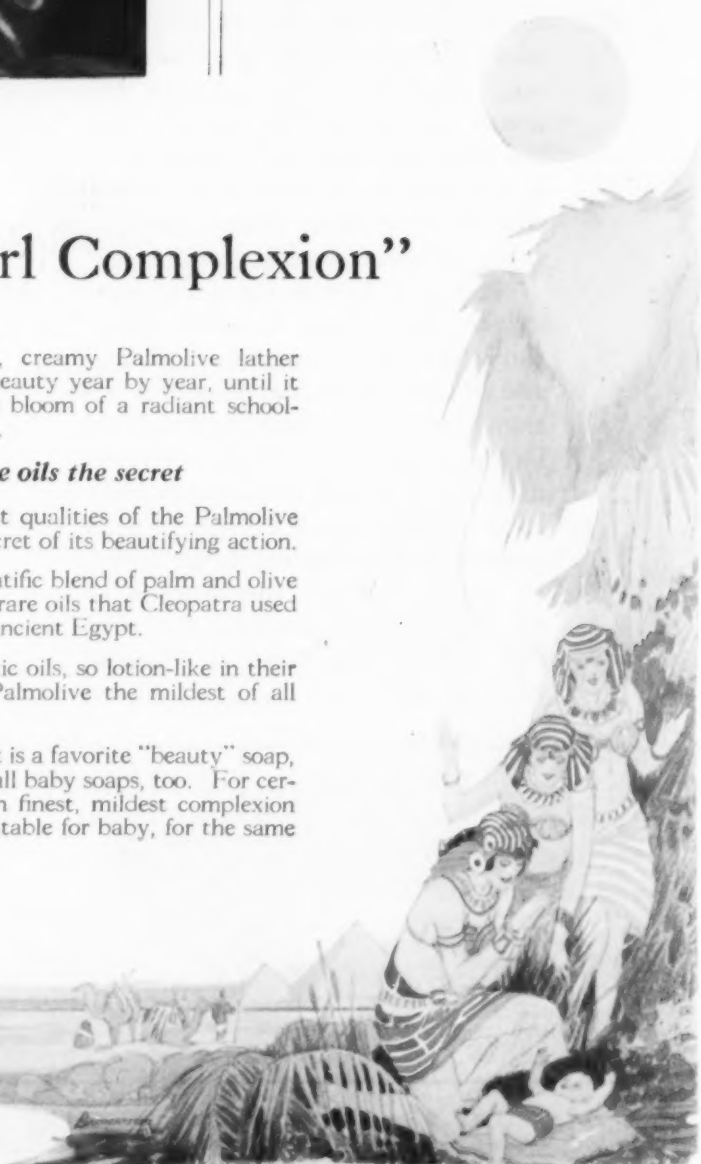
Thus, while it is a favorite "beauty" soap, it's the best of all baby soaps, too. For certainly your own finest, mildest complexion soap is most suitable for baby, for the same reasons.

Volume and efficiency produce 25c quality for only

10c



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Those "Inevitable" Diseases

By Charles Gilmore Kerley, M. D.

MEASLES occurs most frequently in epidemic form and is most prevalent in cold weather. It is highly contagious; only a few moments of contact with an infected person are required to contract the disease. The mortality of measles is high in young children. Parents do not appreciate this danger and preventive measures are often neglected. Over and over, we hear, "The child has to have it some time—why not now?"

The best time to have measles, if one must have it, is after the sixth or seventh year. In the very young, complications are frequent and most dangerous; broncho-pneumonia being a frequent and fatal complication. A broncho-pneumonia with measles is much more dangerous than an attack without measles. Further, acute middle-ear disease is often the outcome of measles, and in every hundred cases of acute middle-ear disease there are a number of cases of mastoiditis. An acute ear involvement is more apt to develop into mastoiditis if measles is present. Although uncomplicated measles may not be serious, no one can promise that dangerous complications may not arise.

The onset of the disease is not unlike that of influenza or a head cold. The eyes are watery, there is fever, and a discharge from the nose; the child sneezes frequently. The rash appears about the third or fourth day and consists of red spots of irregular shape and varying size. It usually appears first back of the ears and over the neck and chest whence it spreads to all portions of the body. In severe cases the individual eruptive spots coalesce so that the entire skin surface presents a livered congested appearance.

A means of early diagnosis is a small fine eruption of pinkish spots with a white top that appear on the mucous membrane of the inner side of the cheeks. This eruption, known as Koplik spots, precedes the usual skin eruption by 48 or 72 hours, and supplies a means for early diagnosis. There is always a hard, dry cough in measles—a cough which disturbs the child a great deal. Bronchitis is usually present and may be a troublesome complication.

The incubation period of measles—the time from exposure to the development of the disease—varies from seven to nine days. There is little fever until the rash appears. This explains why so many cases are looked upon as common colds for the first few days. With the development of the rash the temperature rises and remains fairly high—from 102 to 104 degrees Fahrenheit—for four or five days; after this time the rash fades and the fever subsides.

During the attack there is a marked intolerance to light and the eyelids become swollen and congested. For this reason the windows of the sick room must be protected always by suitable shades. Darkness is not necessary but bright lights are to be avoided.

One attack of measles usually pro-

tects the individual for life. Authentic accounts of second attacks are rare.

Every patient with measles should be kept in bed at least two weeks. In uncomplicated cases, very little treatment is necessary but every case should be under the observation of a physician.

GERMAN MEASLES: Not a little confusion has arisen because the disease known as "German measles" has been so named. This disorder is a very mild affair and is transmitted by contact. It resembles real measles in the appearance of the rash; other than this the symptoms of the two disorders are quite dissimilar. In German measles there are no catarrhal symptoms, no involvement of the eyes, no cough and but little fever. In the management of a vast number of cases I have rarely known the temperature to go above 101 degrees Fahrenheit; and complications rarely occur. The rash lasts but two or three days. The duration of the illness is from six to eight days. A fairly constant symptom which distinguishes it from true measles is a moderate swelling of the glands at the back of the neck.

CHICKEN-POX: This disease is usually transmitted through contact. It may be carried by a second person, or a book or a toy may be an intermediary. It is usually mild in its course. The first indication is apt to be a rash which suggests drops of water scattered over the skin. These are known as vesicles and usually appear on the trunk, extending later over the face, scalp and extremities. The vesicles soon develop into crusts which become dark in color and drop off after several days. The rash developing on the scalp causes a good deal of itching—about the only troublesome feature of the disease. Children are very apt to scratch, and severe local infections thereupon may take place. I have known erysipelas and other severe skin-infections to follow.

There is moderate temperature for a day or two ranging from 100 to 102 degrees Fahrenheit. In some cases there will be no fever. The incubation period is long, from 18 to 25 days. Children with chicken-pox should be kept in bed, and a simple ointment to relieve the itching should be furnished by a physician. Kidney involvement occurs rarely but is a possible complication. In the average case, the duration of the attack is about three weeks.

MUMPS is a contagious disease and consists of an infection and swelling of the parotid glands situated in front and below the ears. It affects the run-about and school child. Infants and very young children rarely contract it. It is transmitted by contact. The incubation period is long—usually from three to four weeks. The duration is usually from 12 to 14 days. During an attack, warm applications should be applied to the swollen glands and the child kept in bed. In both chicken-pox and mumps a physician should see the patient at least once to direct treatment and once to release from quarantine.



Where one is safe, Four others pay

Don't pay Pyorrhea's price—
Brush your teeth with Forhan's

Every man and woman is in danger of Pyorrhea.

According to reliable dental statistics, four persons out of every five past 40, and thousands younger, too, are victims of this disease.

Are you willing to pay the penalty—lost teeth and shattered health?

If not, don't neglect your teeth. Visit your dentist regularly for tooth and gum inspection, and make Forhan's For the Gums your dentifrice. It is most pleasant to the taste.

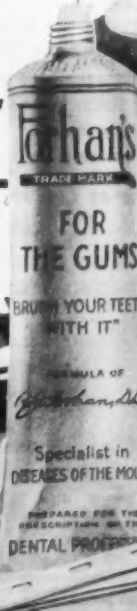
Forhan's For the Gums, if used in time and used consistently, will help prevent Pyorrhea or check its course, keep the gums firm, the teeth white, the mouth healthy.

There is only one tooth paste of proven efficacy in the treatment of Pyorrhea. It is the one that many thousands have found beneficial for years. For your own sake, make sure that you get it. Ask for, and insist upon, Forhan's For the Gums. At all druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes.

Forhan's FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea

Formula of
R.F. Forhan DDS
Forhan Company
New York



BRUSH YOUR TEETH
WITH IT

Specialist in
DISEASES OF THE MOUTH

PREPARED FOR THE
DENTAL PROFESSION



From infancy health depends on internal cleanliness

NO one can remain healthy who does not keep clean internally. To be youthful all through the years, to have a sound body and a clear mind, requires a constant condition of internal cleanliness.

Of late years medical science has sounded urgent warnings of the dangerous effects of intestinal clogging. Poisoning from clogged intestines often starts in infancy and as the years pass by, its baneful effects are shown in damaged nerves and a grievously impaired body, says a famous medical writer. The first results of clogged intestines are the minor ailments. But as the clogging becomes chronic, other more serious conditions appear, until the individual is suffering from some grave organic disease.

Don't run these risks! Minor ailments that come from intestinal clogging warn that poisons are saturating your body. Each of these ailments weakens your health and power to resist graver diseases.

How to Overcome Faulty Elimination

Laxatives and cathartics do not overcome faulty elimination, says a noted

authority, but by their continued use tend only to aggravate the condition and often lead to permanent injury.

Through knowledge gained of the intestinal tract by X-ray observation and exhaustive tests, medical science has found in *lubrication* the best means of overcoming faulty elimination. The gentle lubricant, Nujol, penetrates and softens the hard food waste. Thus it enables Nature to secure regular, thorough elimination. Nujol is not a laxative nor a medicine, and cannot cause distress. Like pure water, it is harmless. Nujol hastens the rate of flow through the intestine, preventing intestinal sluggishness.

Nujol is used in leading hospitals and is prescribed by physicians throughout the world for the relief of faulty elimination in expectant and nursing mothers, infants and children and people of all ages.

Remember, continued youth and health depend upon internal cleanliness. Maintain it by taking Nujol as regularly as you wash your face or brush your teeth. For sale by all druggists.



"Regular as Clockwork"

Nujol

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

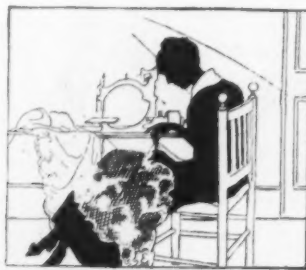
For Internal Cleanliness

Tested and Approved by the Good Housekeeping Bureau of Food, Sanitation and Health
Guaranteed by Nujol Laboratories
Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey)

FREE TRIAL BOTTLE!

Nujol, Room 812-4, 7 Hanover Sq., New York
For this coupon and 10 cents, stamps or coin, to cover packing and postage, please send me a trial bottle of Nujol and 16-page booklet, "Faulty Elimination." (For booklet only check here ☐ and send without money.)

Name
Address



Our Housekeeping Exchange

Conducted by Helen Hopkins

LACE CURTAINS DO NOT HOLD WELL when hems and seams are basted with thread. I find invisible hairpins far more stable and satisfactory to fasten the hems for the machine sewing.—Mrs. J. C. S., Mississippi.

A PRACTICAL AND INEXPENSIVE UNDERGARMENT can be made by adding eight-inch lace or embroidery to a gauze shirt. When sewing on the lace stretch the bottom of the shirt to its utmost capacity, and sew up the lace in the middle, thus making a "step-in" combination.—Mrs. D. R. S., Maryland.

A LOW FIRE MAY BE SAVED by sprinkling a few teaspoonfuls of sugar over the coals. The carbon in the sugar makes a quick fire that ignites new coals. This will often save time, labor and fuel.—Mrs. D. M., Illinois.



THE WOODEN HANDLES OF MY WAFFLE IRONS were soon burned off. I

replaced them with the ever handy clothes pin which fits perfectly and can be renewed often without expense.—Mrs. R. M., Minnesota.

PEELING NEW POTATOES IS A TEDI- OUS JOB which can be lightened by dropping several small stones in the pail with them. Cover with water and shake them around vigorously until the thin skins are rubbed off.—Mrs. J. F., New York.

SKIRT OR TROUSERS HANGERS are a convenience when airing rugs or pillows on a windy day. Attach as usual and hang on the line giving it one twist around the hook.—Mrs. S. P. W., Pennsylvania.



IN CUTTING BUT- TER into small pieces for the table, try wrapping the knife-blade with a single thickness of butter paper. This insures a neat, clean square without ragged or broken edges.—Mrs. J. W. B., North Carolina.

A BOOK OF MEASUREMENTS is a great sewing help. Have a page for each member of the family and enter length of skirt, waist measure, length of sleeve and size of cuff band, so no time is lost waiting for some one to come in to be measured.—Miss C. H., Indiana.

DEEP HEADINGS ON SOFT DRAPERIES may be kept from sagging by the use of fine millinery wire. Run the wire through the top of the heading, fasten at each end, and bend the wire to follow the folds of the material.—A. R. B., Minnesota.

WE want your best original suggestions for saving time, money and strength in housework of all kinds. We will pay one dollar for each available contribution. Unaccepted manuscripts will be returned if an addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed. Address: Housekeeping Exchange, McCall's Magazine, 232-250 West 37th Street, New York City.



Three Dangers defeated by MENNEN'S

Even when baby's skin seems free from blemishes or soreness—beware of danger! Three unseen enemies are ready to attack the delicate skin. If you do not combat them, they will cause great discomfort—even serious ailments.

You need not fear the destructive effects of these foes—*Moisture, Friction* and *Infection*—on infant skin if you use Mennen Borated Talcum regularly.

This soft pure powder combats inflaming *moisture* in the skin-folds (perspiration, bath-water, urine) by its unique absorbing action. Towel-rubbing cannot penetrate the folds, but Mennen Borated Talcum is like millions of tiny sponges that dry every trace of hidden moisture.

Then Mennen's prevents the effects of *friction* by covering the skin with a delicate protective film. This smooth, invisible film keeps the rubbing of clothes and bedding from affecting the skin.

The third effect of Mennen Borated Talcum is in defeating skin *infection*. In the powder are safe, tested ingredients of great therapeutic value. These mild, soothing elements are most valuable in preserving the health and beauty of infant skin.

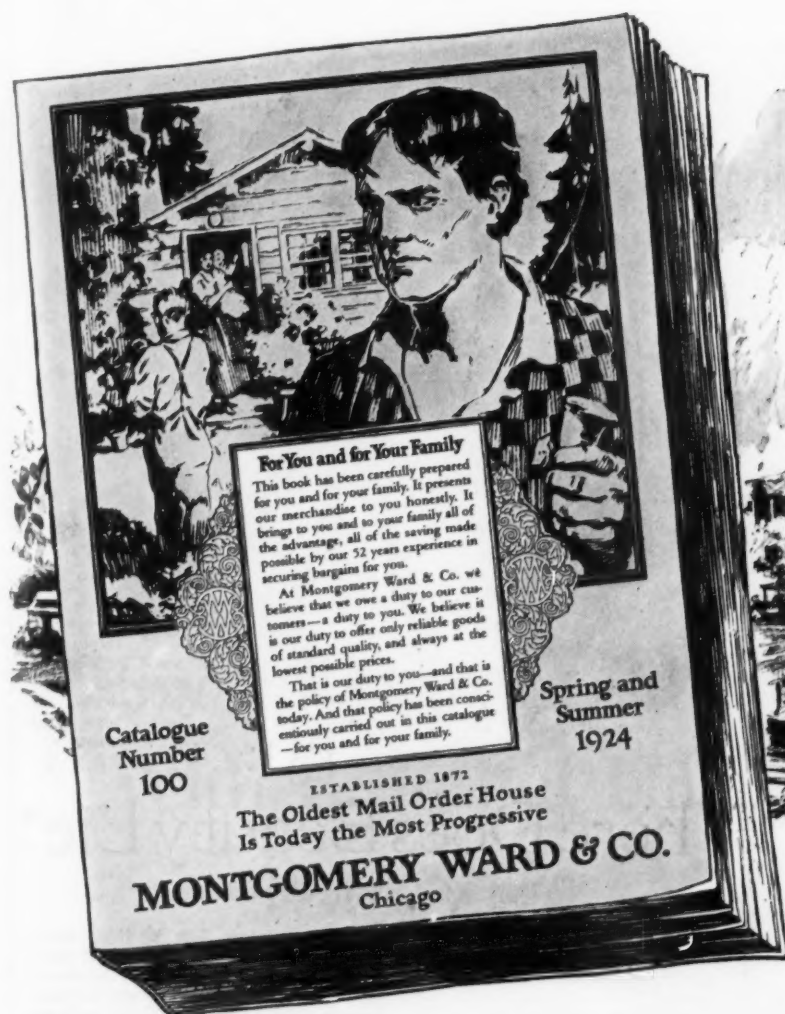
One of these elements affords cooling comfort; another is a splendid healing agent. One ingredient was chosen for its unusual antiseptic effect; while another helps in defeating friction. A fifth constituent increases the absorbency and counteracts acidity.

Baby specialists and nurses recommend that Mennen's be applied to the roly-poly body after every bath and change of diapers, before each nap, and whenever baby cries.

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N. J. U. S. A.

The Mennen Company, Limited, Montreal, Quebec





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A low price means nothing without *quality*. It takes quality—serviceability—and low price to make a bargain.

Ward quality stands for satisfaction in actual use. It stands for serviceability. It means the kind of goods that stand inspection and use.

We do not sell "cheap goods." We sell good goods. Our prices are low—but they are not price baits. We never sacrifice quality—serviceability—to make a low price.

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24-Hour Service

We have perfected our service for you. After much study and testing new systems and employing experts we have perfected a system that makes certain your orders will be shipped promptly.

Our records prove that during the past year most of our orders were shipped in 24 hours—nearly all of our orders within 48 hours.



FOR WOMEN AND MISSES: New York is the home of Fashion. Therefore, Ward's Fashion Experts live in New York to select all of the best styles for you. And when you buy your clothes at Ward's you get the newest, most beautiful styles without paying the usual "Fashion Profits."



HOME FURNISHING: It is a delightful task to select from Ward's Catalogue. Experts on beautifying the home, artists in the selection of furnishings choose everything for this big Catalogue. And the saving you make enables you to buy many more things than you expect.



FOR MEN AND BOYS: This Catalogue will interest you for hours if you will study the hundreds of articles for men, young men and boys. Everything you wear, or like, or use, from suits to sporting goods, from a knife to all kinds of tools are offered, always at a saving.



FOR THE HOUSE: Roofing, fencing, poultry supplies, plumbing, electric lighting, furnaces, stoves, and the most wonderful bargains in furniture, yes even to doors and mill work and the house itself. All can be bought at Ward's with certain satisfaction and at a big saving.



FOR THE AUTOMOBILE: Riverside Over-size Cord Tires, guaranteed for 10,000 miles and lasting longer than that, will save you one-third. Why pay more? The same saving is offered on tubes, batteries, radiators—everything for the automobile of standard make and quality, and with a big saving for you.



FOR THE FARM: For Fifty-one years we have studied the farmer's needs. For fifty-one years we have been friends with the American farmer. We have experts in every branch of farm work to study what lasts longest, what gives the best satisfaction in actual use. Quality first for the Farmer is our policy, but always we offer a saving.

Established 1872
Montgomery Ward & Co.
 The Oldest Mail Order House is Today the Most Progressive
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Lingette
Everybody thinks it's silk

THIS wonder fabric combines the beauty and caressing softness of silk, with cotton's sturdy resistance to wear and washing. It is without equal for lingerie, as well as for men's shirts, pajamas and underwear.

The genuine has the name Lingette on the selvage, or the label in the made-up garment.

FRED BUTTERFIELD & Co., INC.
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Lingette is a BUTTERFIELD QUALITY Fabric



Keep Clothing and Furs Safe From Moths

BRUSH well your winter clothing, blankets and furs. Dust with **BLACK FLAG** powder or spray with **BLACK FLAG** liquid. Then wrap securely in paper and pack in tight chests. Moths will not injure them when **BLACK FLAG** is so used.

You can now obtain **BLACK FLAG** in liquid form. Will not stain garments, furs or rugs. **BLACK FLAG** (powder or liquid) will kill flies, fleas, roaches, waterbugs, ants, mosquitoes, bedbugs and moths. Use **BLACK FLAG** powder for fleas on cats and dogs and lice on plants and feathered pets.

BLACK FLAG (powder or liquid) comes in red-and-yellow packages bearing the **BLACK FLAG** trade-mark and is sold by all druggists, grocers, department stores and hardware stores. Sent direct by mail on receipt of price.

BLACK FLAG, Smallwood and Eagle Sts., BALTIMORE, Md.

BLACK FLAG
The Nation's Insecticide



Liquid (4 sizes)
25c, 45c, 85c,
\$2.50. Except west of
Denver and
foreign countries



Is beauty a matter of personality—of intelligence and soul and charm? Madge Kennedy, the lovely star, gives her answer

Where Does Beauty Lie?

By Madge Kennedy

I BELIEVE that beauty is largely a matter of personality. And personality means intelligence and soul and charm.

A beautiful expression is the very essence of good looks. It is the interpreter of personality. Our faces express the pattern which is in our thoughts. If we wear a fixed frown, if lines are beginning to show under the eyes, if we have a droop at the corners of the mouth and an anxious, discontented, unhappy expression, then our minds have become trashridden and it is time to clean house. If we admit this and go honestly about the process of elimination, the frown, the drooping lines, the discontented expression will disappear as by magic, and our minds will become so beautifully clear that harmony, happiness and beauty will shine through.

Worry is a deadly foe to beauty. It takes possession of the mind and steals away every attribute of charm.

Many women worry about getting older—a silly attitude because, if they persist, they will get older in mind, spirit and appearance.

Every age has its compensations and the beauty belonging to that age. Youth is beautiful but unfinished. A little child is exquisite, but its development, its unfolding, is still more lovely. A young girl is beautiful in her very youth but who would want her to remain young? What kind of wife, mother, grandmother would she make? What real woman of forty would exchange the poise, assurance and wisdom of forty or fifty for the inexperience, the crudity and the turmoil of spirit of twenty?

Of course a great deal must be done in a practical way to obtain and to retain good looks.

Health is of vital importance to beauty. Good digestion, a well-balanced diet, sufficient sleep and relaxation, deep breathing and judicious outdoor exercise are the most wonderful cosmetics in the world.

Personally, I never have gone in for sports as many girls have. It is not my "line." I am a beauty lover and a nature worshiper and I find that if I am tired or nervous, just to be out-of-doors helps me more than exercises which take my mind from the beauty surrounding me.

One habit I acquired years ago has kept me serene through many hectic days. Unless I am rehearsing a play or

making a picture I make it a rule to spend my morning hours alone. Of course a business woman or a busy housewife cannot give her morning hours, but every woman should find some time to be alone.

ANOTHER rule I adhere to; if I am obliged to lose sleep or to work hours over time I make up for it as soon as possible by extra hours of rest.

If I were to lay stress upon one particular asset of woman's beauty it would be her hair. It is the keynote to her style and personality and is often her outstanding attraction.

Good health and grooming show quickly in the hair but no matter how abundant and shining it may be, it will detract woefully from one's appearance if it is unbecomingly dressed. The hair should be arranged to show its beauty to the best advantage and to accent the good points of the face regardless of the latest style of coiffures. Nine out of ten women look younger and prettier with waved or fluffy hair. And it certainly is a blessing that we have reached the point when openly to seek a permanent wave, a few extra curls, or even an entire transformation is not considered a disgrace. Now and then we see a woman whose profile and features are made classically beautiful by a plain arrangement of the hair.

In "Poppy," the play I now am appearing in, I wear period costumes, so I decided to depart from my usual style of hair dressing and dress it to correspond with my costume. I built up a wonderful coiffure with false hair and curls that was very stunning. I learned, however, that from "out front" it made my head look so large and my face so small that I, being rather small, was completely overshadowed by my coiffure. So I gave up my false hair and curls for my own hair and the close style of hairdressing that suits my small face.

As to make-up, I heartily approve of it. Many use it whether they need it or not. One girl I know who is naturally beautiful—she has a lovely skin, nice dark lashes and plenty of color—does not need any make-up; but she puts it all on—rouge, layers of powder, lipstick, eye-darkener—until she is a caricature.

If we cannot define beauty at least we can live it. All its components may be cultivated and together blend into that exquisite, indefinable thing called charm or personality.

Why You See Children With Beautiful Hair —everywhere today

YOU see children with beautiful hair everywhere today.

Beautiful hair is no longer a matter of luck.

Any child can have beautiful hair.

The beauty of a child's hair depends almost entirely upon the way you shampoo it. Proper shampooing is what brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When a child's hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because the hair has not been shampooed properly.

When the hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While children's hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, fine young hair and tender scalps cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating mothers, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your child's hair look, just follow this simple method.

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified coconut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and through the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the small particles of dust

and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

You will notice the difference in the hair even before it is dry. It will be soft and silky in the water, and even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch, and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water. When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, squeeze it as dry as you can, and finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

* * * * *

If you want your child to always be remembered for its beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coco-



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nut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified coconut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.



Mulsified
Cocoanut Oil Shampoo



Sunday Night Supper

MIX THEM SATURDAY— BAKE THEM SUNDAY



HAVE you tried the new way to have hot biscuits for Sunday supper? Biscuits as delicious and beautifully raised as any you ever saw!

*How to make hot biscuits—
in 10 minutes!*

Take time Saturday morning to mix and cut a pan of Royal biscuits. Slip them into the icebox or set them aside in a cool place. Sunday when supper time comes pop them into the oven and they are ready by the time the table is set!

Make your biscuits any way your family likes best—you can depend on Royal Baking Powder to give you beautifully raised, delicious biscuits!

Two leavening agents are combined in Royal by a special process. Immediately after your biscuits are mixed the dough begins to rise, and then in addition

to this there is a second action when the mixture is heated. This double-acting quality makes it possible for you to bake your biscuits immediately or to keep Royal biscuit dough ready mixed for days.

See the delighted faces when you serve a plateful of piping hot biscuits—*made the day before!*

2 cups flour; 4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder; 2 table-
spoons shortening; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk. Sift
together flour, baking powder, and salt. Add shortening
and mix in thoroughly with steel fork. Add liquid slowly
to make soft dough. Roll or pat out with hands on floured
board to about one inch in thickness. Cut with biscuit
cutter, first dipped in flour. Place on greased pan and
bake in hot oven (475° F) 10 to 12 minutes.

Send today for the new Royal booklet on biscuit-
making—free. The Royal Baking Powder Co.,
119 East 41st Street, New York City.

Contains no alum
Leaves no bitter taste



Lorinda

[Continued from page 52]

pleasant. I like to see a body once in awhile." She directed him to catch a hen while she attended to the milking. "Fried chicken!" he exclaimed, and dropped the wedge that he was about to force into an obdurate stump. But it was all right, he complained, to tell him to catch a hen, just as though there was no more to it than that. The hens were as wild as turkey any day.

With the streams of milk ringing against a copper pan she heard a scattering and squawking among the chickens; old Gethen's feet clattered here and there until a shrill outraged protest announced that he had been successful. This increased in volume and despair, it stuttered with hysterical terror, and then very abruptly stopped. Her father-in-law with the limp chicken, came around the corner of the cabin. It was all very well, he repeated, but he couldn't get it into his head why she'd have chicken and trout to once.

"We haven't got the trout, have we?" she demanded impatiently. "He's trying to catch them; but I could snare more with a bare hand in an hour than he would all Sunday."

"What do you know about him?"

"Nothing but what I told you. That's enough just to be friendly. And he's living in Greenstream with Mr. Shoemark's sister. He is all right even if you wouldn't take a fancy to his clothes. But then you can wear anything fishing. All I had against him was he wouldn't talk much and he wasn't comical. Not like the drummers Bart tells of. His hands don't show any work to speak of."

"Perhaps he's come up to cruise lumber. He might buy our hemlock and haul the bark to the tannery at Traveler's Repose."

"No, he don't want to buy a tree. I can make that out. There isn't enough life to him." The milking was finished, and chicken feathers were settling uneasily to the ground. "You'd need a week to stew this hen," old Gethen remarked, trying it with a thumb. "There can't a mark be put in it."

"It'll taste good enough in the fry," she answered; "and I'll open a jar of yellow preserves." But that, he declared, he wouldn't do; reminding her of what Bart specially thought of the yellow preserves. Why there was nothing he ate with such relish! She put them up, Lorinda calmly replied, and she grew the yellow tomatoes, so she reckoned when she wanted a jar. . . .

"Bring that hen in soon's you can and I'll try to tender it up." With the pan of milk in one hand and dragging Flora with the other, she went into the cabin. Flora, knocking an unprotected foot against the threshold, set up a cry of amazing vigor. Abigail woke with a wail, and Marsoe discharged his lump of bread on to the floor. Lorinda slapped her eldest child stoutly, returned the bread to Marsoe, and, putting aside the milk, took Abigail into her arms.

She sat by a window, with the baby at her breast, and Flora's crying degenerated into an irregular sniffling which she registered with a blackening thumb on her face. Marsoe contentedly returned to the bread. Through the window Lorinda could see the rough road that ran along the creek meadow, the meadow with its orange-colored lilies, and, against the mountain laurel, glints of the water. The sun was nearly behind the western range; twilight was already gathering above the creek. The tops of the mountains on the east were rosy against the sky. A whip-poor-will began its swift monotony of song in the pine trees.

LORINDA hoped the children would be asleep, or at least quiet when Mr. Argomast's friend came; it was hard to get the supper and tend to them all at once. And then she had to be dressed. She ought to do that right away, and she laid the tranquil baby back in the crib. If she hurried she

wouldn't have to light the lamp. A white dress with a blue satin sash, stockings and her black slippers, she took from a chest; the dress from the upper space and the stockings and shoes from a drawer underneath. She found appropriate underclothes, coarse with an edging of coarse lace, and quickly made the fundamental changes. Her hands and face and throat she washed from a tin pan in the farther room and returned to brush her hair. When that was finished she went to the door:

"Where's that hen?" she cried.

Her husband's father appeared then with the naked dangling fowl. "I just got it singed," he told her. "You can't pick a chicken as durable as that in no time. My fingers are sore with it. And you're all dressed up. I better fix a little, or what'll he think of us? I don't know what come over you to ask him. Not that I ain't polite," he was careful to explain. Lorinda was at the stove, and his trousers were half off. "There wasn't nobody went through the county didn't used to stop at our place. But that was when we were up Dry Run . . . a long piece ago. I suppose it wouldn't do a speck of good to speak again about a suspender button." Not, she called, if he put it off until she was cooking supper. There was a loud spattering of fat as he muttered that a piece of string would, once more, have to do. It was his querulous opinion that there just might as well be no woman around at all.

HE found, on the ledge above the fireplace, a necktie for which he had searched with a growing exasperation. It was a small bow of rusty black silk fastened to a cardboard base, and he was adjusting it beside the door when I came up to the cabin. I said good evening—all time past noon in Greenstream was evening—and held out the trout I had caught. "I think they were for supper," I told him. He regarded the string of fish with a practised eye. "They'll fry splendid," he assured me, and then he called to Lorinda. "Here he is with a whole lot of trout."

She appeared—she had changed her dress and put on stockings and slippers—tied around with a blue apron and her cheeks flushed from the stove. "I thought it would be nice to have some chicken," she explained. "Anyhow I went right ahead with it. But I can have these in the pan while you're drawn up to the table. Things aren't just ready yet."

I sat on the steps at the door, watching the day fade from the mountain. The light swept up and up, into the shining towers of the sky, and a cool gloom gathered under the trees. A bird cried "pokerchips, pokerchips"; another answered "where, where," and the whip-poor-wills by the stream filled the dusk with their desperate energy of crying. The old man came from within and sat beside me. "I'm Bart Gethen's father," he said; "I live here right along with them. But I don't give any trouble," he assured me; "and I reckon I do more than enough for my keep, with the wood I chop. I used to live up Dry Run, yes, and we grazed as high as ninety head of cattle, and pretty near everybody who came through Greenstream stopped over night. That is, if we knew what about them." He paused and subjected me to a long, dim scrutiny.

"Lorinda says you're a friend of the Sheriff's and Tom Manly," he continued, after a moment; "that's why she's doing for you like this. It ain't the chicken alone," he spoke solemnly, "she's settin' out the sweet yellow pickle. Bart would as leave have it as . . . I couldn't tell you. I can't call anything else to mind he'd as leave eat. Lorinda makes it. There are some dishes she can't seem to catch, like salt-raised bread, but the yellow pickle, yes." He dropped into one of the sudden withdrawn silences of the old; it was as though [Turn to page 90]

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The Man Eater

[Continued from page 9]

seemed, with great calm. As a matter of fact he was thinking quickly, and damning his luck. The raiders, with their hills less than ten miles northward, and a start of an hour, were clean away.

"Jemadar, get the fires put out." He turned to the headman again and asked to be shown the slain Waziri.

"A woman having been taken," said the little old weakened *moulvi*, "her husband fought for her. They shot him, but while dying he rose like a lion and took this one by the leg and slew him."

The dead ruffian, a youth with wild locks and ferocious brown face, lay staring up at them. He looked younger even than Morgan. The ruddy light flickered across him, moved shadows of cheekbone and of hooked nose like almost living passion at play and revealed on his chin a great black-haired mole.

"Her husband, dying," said the headman, "killed him with his own knife."

"Ugly customer," thought Morgan. He would have disliked the face alive, death made it worse. The mole gave it a sinister, burlesque touch.

DOES anyone know him? The two old men thought not. Morgan reflected. The scowling face might be his only help here. It was not much, but he was not going home beaten.

"Take good care of this," he ordered. "We shall consider it again by daylight." He moved on to see how his firemen were doing their duty.

"First thing next morning," said Morgan afterward, "we got the dead man lying in state on a *charpoy* outdoors, then had the entire village line up and march past. Not a soul knew him or had ever seen him before. It was not a face you'd readily forget."

"We went out from Ghazalwali to the next village, carrying our *charpoy* covered with a sheet. Nothing else to do but keep on till we found a place that did know him."

It was a hot journey, monotonous, every stage like the stage before. Over bare brown earth the troopers rode in a cloud of dust. Whenever they reached another village, another huddle of flat roofs and parapets behind mud walls, they drew a cordon round it, to let no one out while Morgan, the *jemadar*, and the dead man with his bearers entered and summoned the elders.

"Set him down here in the bazaar," said Morgan. "Turn back the sheet, uncover his face, march them past."

So the young bandit lay scowling while strangers by the hundred, men, women, and naked children, brushed along his cot and murmured at him. "Of course we watched their faces jolly close, but nobody knew our gentleman."

On the evening of the third day, Morgan came to the end of his hope. The body could no longer be carried about. He sat in a mud hovel acknowledging defeat, when a shadow darkened the opening and waited. He recognized the puttees and brown leather boots of his *jemadar*. "Come in," he called.

Afzal Khan bent under the doorway, entered, and stood before him, a bright-eyed, black-bearded man of war, straight and tough as lancewood. "Sahib, there are four villages we have not gone to."

"Yes."

"If we put this man underground, it is finished. Then let us take off his head, sahib, put it in *shrab* to keep, and carry it to those four villages." Afzal Khan's bright eyes questioned his master, hopefully. He smiled the quiet smile of one who disclaims any brilliancy of idea, knowing it to be plain common sense. Morgan looked at him as though unmoved.

"Go outside, go—I'll call you in a moment."

The *jemadar* turned, stooped, and disappeared into the sunset gilding the dust without. Even had he stayed, he would never have guessed what his words were doing, or why his captain sat motionless. A hard old boots Pathan,

he had tried, with his experience of hunting vermin, to help a new young officer whom he liked.

Morgan's brain reeled with revulsion. He tried to think, to remember that he had come to arrest robbers and murderers. He thought of the poor wretch of a husband who had risen to die like a lion, and the unknown women who were at this moment suffering in the hills, but he could not give the grisly order. Jumping up, he walked to the door and beckoned his *jemadar*.

"Come here," he called, "this thing—"

"It is done, sahib."

Morgan stared. "I did not tell you—"

"Then I misunderstood," replied Afzal Khan. "I am at fault, sahib." The gleam in the man's eye was hard to read; it did not spell dulness or misunderstanding.

"We shall not speak of faults. It is too late," said Morgan. "Your deed is now my deed." To himself he thought, "Here begins trouble!"

"Well, sahib, this thing being done," reasoned his helper, "I will go buy a jar."

During the time that followed, Morgan could not tell which was worse—by daylight to stand while another village moved past, and see a dripping head held aloft by its lank uncurled back hair; or by night to lie in his tent, and to know what was floating inside a brown jar of native wine that bulged in the opposite corner.

"Ghoulish either way," said Morgan. "The dab of beard on the chin, and all that. In your sleep you saw the thing rise out of the jar and begin bukkung away. It seemed a long affair. It wasn't, really. But, either way, you felt a bit of a ghoul."

At noon, in the last crowded village by the dry pebbles of what had been a ford, Afzal Khan was holding the head up in air, watching faces, when a woman dropped and grovelled.

"Ai, Ai!" She pulled over her head a dirty cloth, raked up dust to throw on it, and howled. "My son, my son!" At least they had found the raider's mother. She was an old woman, gaunt and spidery. Her grief halted the moving line.

"To see her, made us think we were the murderers in it," said Morgan. "She seemed a most pitiful old widow. About forty years of age, I suppose, but you know what that means; they always look well over eighty. We got her into the headman's house, talked with her privately, and gave her what loose silver a chap carries, which is not much. It sounds uncharitable, the head being the head of her only son, but it's true: the old body tied her rupees away in a rag, was consoled, and would gladly have marketed a few more children if she'd had more. This is a horrid yarn. The point is nobody cared a hang, not the mother, not any one but this lone lorn white man, rather nauseated. A life more or less means nothing to a Waziri, not even his own."

A week before, it appeared, she and her son had been at home together one evening when there came a knock at their door. The son opened it and let in one Asgar Ali, a well known border character. The two men talked, then they went outdoors together, and that was the last the widow knew.

"We got Asgar Ali, we got him and most of his gang. They came back down-hill with us to the station. Later had a fair trial before the Deputy Commissioner, and were shipped off to the Andamans, out of harm's way. The stolen women we took home, poor girls. A queer procession they made."

MANY weeks had passed, and Morgan, with many other things to think about, had forgotten this expedition of his, when at breakfast an orderly brought in a message. The colonel wished to see Captain Morgan at once. A punkah swayed lazily over the colonel's desk, like a loose flap of sail in a sleepy breeze. Three or [Turn to page 71]



Mrs. Cashman Doesn't Worry About Expenses

IN the little Kentucky town where Mrs. Cashman lives, the cost of living is just as great as anywhere else. Mrs. Cashman, however, does not worry, for although she is a busy mother and housekeeper, she also has an hour or two each day which she turns into money by the McCall Plan.

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2. Growing children.
3. Invalids or convalescents.
4. Dyspeptics.
5. Persons with "finicky" appetites.
6. Those who have any prescribed diet to follow.

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Sliced meat-loaf, baked beans, salad in a waxed container, or devilled eggs supply the



hearty part of the luncheon; a vacuum bottle of hot soup or cocoa is a wise addition

Children's Noon Meals

Lilian M. Gunn

Department of Foods and Cookery, Teachers College, Columbia University

IF A child is to be well-nourished, he must have a perfectly balanced diet—three well-planned meals every day, with plenty of protective foods to ensure proper weight, normal growth and good health. No one but his mother can see that he gets these.

You will find it easy enough to know what your child eats for breakfast and dinner, because he eats these two meals under your watchful eye. But the noon-day meal is a problem especially when he cannot come home to eat and the school provides no lunch room.

Spring is a particularly difficult time in which to plan lunches which will tempt the flagging appetites of little people who protest that they're "so tired of winter things to eat, Mother!" And it is hardly time yet for the fresh fruits and vegetables of Spring unless you are fortunate enough to live in the far south or near the great cities' markets.

You will find your problem much easier to solve if you do not leave lunches to a "last minute" choice. Don't depend upon scrapping together a hasty noon meal just ten minutes before the clock points to twelve. Plan lunches when you plan the other menus of the week and in relation to the other meals of the day. At mid-day, just as at the evening meal, the child should eat some hearty food, some that is filling and gives bulk, and a simple sweet, with, of course, a part of the day's quart of whole milk.

Fresh fruit should always be included if possible, since they are such an important part of a well-balanced diet.

Salads, such as potato, cabbage or fruit, with thick dressing are very refreshing, and can easily be packed in covered waxed paper containers if they must be carried in a lunch box.

Lemon or fruit jellies can be molded in wax containers to go into the lunch box, while custards baked in cups are attractive to the eye and palate. And for dessert, children will love nut or raisin cake, gingerbread, or cookies made of rolled oats or molasses; or layer cake if not too sticky. Vary these sometimes with a piece of sweet chocolate or a cake of maple sugar, one or two pieces of peanut brittle, fudge, hard candy or marshmallows.

Quick breads, such as muffins or biscuit, or baking-powder nut bread especially when made of the coarse flours are good for a change from plain bread.

Sandwiches are perhaps the most easily prepared food for lunch when the child carries it to school. The wise mother never allows them to become commonplace. You can easily vary the fillings if you give them a little thought. Here are suggestions for some novel sandwich fillings:

- Nut or raisin bread and pot cheese
- Baked beans with salad dressing
- Baked beans and chopped celery
- Minced fish with cooked salad dressing
- Fig paste and lemon juice
- Chopped dates and nuts
- Chopped or shredded cabbage with cooked dressing
- Potted meat, hard-cooked egg and butter
- Cream cheese with orange rind and juice to moisten, and a dash of cayenne
- Watercress and mayonnaise or butter
- Cream cheese with chopped nuts
- Brown sugar, chopped nuts and butter
- Chopped prunes and lemon juice
- Dates and marshmallows, chopped
- Hard-cooked egg, chopped onion and dressing
- Raisins and creamed butter
- Jellies and jams of all kinds
- Marmalades
- Chopped meats mixed with tomato puree

Cream or other cheeses whether in sandwiches or by themselves, add to the heartiness of the luncheon. Cold sliced meats are always welcome, and slices of well-cooked ham and bacon or chipped beef add variety. Hard-cooked eggs, plain or devilled, are relished. Nuts, when not used in sandwiches, may take the place of some other hearty food.

You will find a tin lunch box or a basket which can be washed and aired every day, or a pasteboard box which can be thrown away, the most convenient container for a lunch which must be carried.

There is always something so tempting about food daintily wrapped in wax paper that a child will find it hard to resist, so use it generously in packing a lunch. Waxed paper containers and paper forks and spoons add to the enjoyment of eating such a lunch, whereas paper napkins or a paper towel included in the box to be spread on the desk and to wipe sticky fingers, are a gentle reminder of good manners when Mother is not around.

Here are some recipes you will want to try if you have little folks to feed at noon time:

MOLASSES DROP CAKES

- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup molasses
- 1/2 cup warm water
- 4 tablespoons fat
- 2 cups flour
- 1/2 teaspoon soda
- 1 teaspoon ginger
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1/4 teaspoon clove
- 1 egg yolk

Put sugar, molasses, water and fat into a saucepan over fire and let mixture come to boil. Remove from fire and cool slightly. Sift together dry ingredients and add to cool mixture. Add well-beaten egg yolk. Drop by tablespoonfuls on a well-greased baking sheet and bake in moderate oven (350 degrees Fahrenheit) about 15 to 20 minutes. If mixture runs when dropped add a little more flour.

FRUIT ROLLS

- 2 cups flour
- 4 teaspoons baking-powder
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 3 tablespoons sugar
- 1/4 teaspoon cinnamon
- 3 tablespoons fat
- 1/2 cup raisins, cut fine
- 3/4 cup milk

[Turn to page 76]



For dessert baked custards, fancy cookies, several pieces of home-made candy, fresh fruit or iced cup cakes give the child the sweet he craves



A dessert that gives strength without fat

OFTEN the things we like best are not good for us—but here is a dessert that looks charming, tastes delicious—and is wholesome but *not* fattening! Really, it is quite the perfect dessert, as your family will vote unanimously, if you follow this simple and economical recipe:—

Snow Pudding

(Serves six people)

- 1/2 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 1 cup boiling water
- Whites of two eggs
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup lemon juice
- Few grains of salt

Soak Gelatine in cold water five minutes, dissolve in boiling water, add sugar, lemon juice and grated rind of one lemon; strain, and set aside; occasionally stir mixture, and when quite thick, beat with wire spoon or whisk, until frothy; add whites of eggs beaten stiff, and continue beating until stiff enough to hold its shape. Then put in a mold or dish, first dipped in cold water. Chill and serve with boiled custard or a fruit sauce.

Note: The quantity of gelatine left in the package will make three more desserts or salads, each serving six people.

KNOX

SPARKLING GELATINE

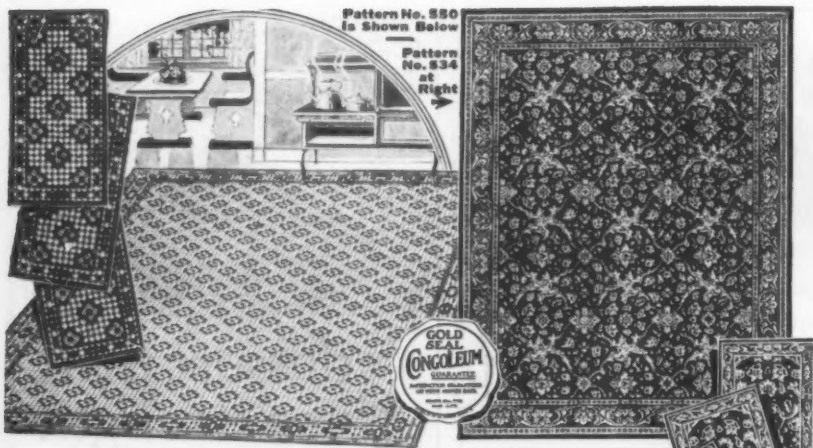
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Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co., Inc.
108 Knox Avenue Johnstown, N. Y.



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One full room-size 9x12 ft. Congoleum Gold Seal Art Rug and a gift of three extra small rugs to match. Your choice of two of the loveliest Congoleum patterns ever produced!

Each pattern comes in five sizes. With all the sizes our offer guarantees a lower price and one or more companion rugs included entirely as an extra gift.

Never has anyone brought you an offer like this. We may never be able to repeat it. We do not show this wonderful offer even in our own regular catalog.

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We will send you either pattern in any size you select for only one dollar pinned to the coupon below—on thirty days' free trial. We will include one or more companion rugs extra. Each companion rug measures 18x36 inches.

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Nearly everybody knows all about genuine Gold Seal Congoleum Art Rugs and every housewife is familiar with them and wants them.

They offer all the artistic and colorful beauty of woven rugs. You don't have to tire yourself beating dust and dirt out of them. Swish a damp mop over their smooth, waterproof surface, and in just a jiffy they are spotlessly clean.

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The Price of Genuine Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs Is Standard Everywhere

Go anywhere, look everywhere, in stores, catalogs, magazines and newspapers. The price of a Genuine Gold Seal Congoleum Rug is always the same. Our price on all sizes is lower than the regular standard advertised price. In addition, we give you small companion rugs to match without added cost. Each companion rug measures 18x36 inches.

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There is only one guaranteed Congoleum identified by the Gold Seal shown above on the rugs. This Gold Seal is pasted on all genuine, first quality Congoleum Rugs, even in the smallest size.

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This is the beautiful Gold Seal Congoleum Art Rug as shown at the top at the right. The richest blue color dominates the ground-work. Mellow ecru, old ivories, and light tans, set off the blue field. Mingled with these lovely tints are peacock blue, robin's egg blue and darker tones. Old rose, tiny specks of lighter pink and dark mulberry are artistically placed. Darker browns and blacks lend dignity and richness.

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<input type="checkbox"/> 7 x 12 x 9 ft. size, with 1 small rug extra. \$1 down, \$1.00 monthly. Price	\$10.95
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Be sure to write here the number of pattern you select.

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Also send me your latest Free Furniture Book

Do Ideals Pay?

By Sarah Field Splint

NOT long ago a letter came to me from an old friend whom I had not seen for several years. I have asked her permission to publish it because it describes an experience such as most of us must pass through at some time or other in our life.

"Dear Sally Splint: Perhaps you can help me. For two years I have been trying to drag myself out of a state of black despair. But my mind will only run around in circles and always brings me back again to the starting point. You know about the things that have happened to me—the loss of my husband; then the failure of the business in which he had invested everything we had, and as the result of that, separation from most of my friends because I could neither afford to give nor accept invitations.

"Then instead of being able to go out and earn my living at something, I was taken ill. When I could get around again my brother-in-law stepped forward and offered me an allowance until I should be well enough to make some plans. So last autumn I came up alone to this little village in the Vermont mountains determined to stay until I was physically—and spiritually—well.

"It has been a wonderful winter here, clear, cold; the snow up to our knees when we left the roads; days of bright sunshine; nights of indescribable majesty when the sky was so dotted with stars that if I could have touched it with my hand it would have given out a tinkling sound. And yet here I am, Spring almost upon us, and I am still groping for a religion to take the place of the one I lost when disappointment and trouble began piling up. The sense of being so utterly alone in the world, the feeling that perhaps after all I shall not be able to take care of myself and that I shall be a charge upon other people for the rest of my life, a suspicion that my old beliefs were all false; have shut me in a maze where I wander helplessly, finding not a ray of light to point the way out.

"Do you think that I shall be able to find something to do when I am well? When I observe how terribly hard everybody in business is I do not see how I can succeed. I just don't know how to be like that. Of course that's stupid. Ted says so. He tells me I must adapt myself to a practical world, and come out of the clouds where I have been living all these years. But if one can't make a livelihood without scrambling for oneself regardless of everybody else, then I'd rather die. It seems to me that we're too far from the cave days to hold on to our cave-day manners.

"Every great leader the world has had, has taught that we must 'love our neighbor as ourselves.' But almost no one pays attention to them any more. That's why I'm a misfit—and why I'm bitter. By every standard of civilization the world and the people in it just ought not to be as they are, materialistic, self-centered, their eyes on the ground.

"I try to think of all the lovely things around me; these mountains, the ex-

quisite Christopher Wren steeple on the little church across the valley, pointing these hundred years and more the way to Heaven, the kindness of the people with whom I board. My mind tells me there are lovely things everywhere, but I cannot

make my heart believe it. Only the memory of all the hateful things I have seen in the last

few years, all the revelations about people and about life and about the way the world is drifting stay with me.

"I feel there is no God either in Heaven or on the earth. Do you think there is? If you do, please help me to find Him." * * * *

Everyone who has been through trouble will sympathize with my friend.

It would be as senseless as it would be heartless to say to her, "Why, the best way out of your trouble is to forget yourself in doing things for other people." Just at present she is the victim of that rule rather than the transgressor against it. She must be told to find someone on whom she can lean, an understanding friend to whom she can pour out all her sorrow and bitterness, a friend who is strong enough and wise enough to give her back her confidence in herself and in the fundamental goodness of mankind. All her life my friend has poured out herself and her possessions on others. Now when she herself needs comforting she does not know how to go about getting it. The lesson she must learn is to take as generously as she has always given. However hard it may be, she must school herself to it because it is the only way in which she can learn again how much real kindness there is around her.

SUFFERING has only tested her ideals. It has not destroyed them, as is evident from her letter. If they had really perished she would not be conscious of their loss; she too would be out fighting and scrambling for herself. God has not gone; only His face has been hidden for a time.

It is by clinging to our ideals through all the ups-and-downs of Life that we save our souls from pettiness and hate. It is so easy to cry out that we are "downed", so difficult to believe and believe and believe against all odds. And nearly always our defeat is our own fault. We attempt more than we can carry out, then blame our failure on other people. The employer who doesn't advance us as fast as we think we deserve, the neighbor who invests our savings for us in a "sure" scheme and loses it, the friends who fail us when we most need them are not so often violators of our faith as illustrations of our own bad judgment. It is not fair to blame them for our shattered ideals. We had much better ask ourselves whether we were not in error.

Each of us has certain limitations and we must model our lives within the lines they lay down. To be a perfect homemaker is as noble an ambition as to be a master pianist. Each of us must patiently work the little patch of ground in which [Turn to page 83]



Next morning both had Wheatena!



Try Wheatena Muffins

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup of cooked Wheatena
1 cup of sour milk
Stir well together and let stand half hour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking soda dissolved in 1 teaspoon hot water, add to Wheatena and milk
1 egg, well beaten
2 tablespoons melted butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ saltspoon salt
1 tablespoon sugar
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sifted flour
Bake in muffin pan twenty minutes

Sample package free, and book of recipes showing many dainty and economical ways in which Wheatena may be served. Write today!

The tempting aroma of delicious whole wheat has started more grown-ups eating Wheatena than even the advice of thousands of doctors and dieticians.

Children don't know why Wheatena makes them look and feel so healthy and strong. They only know it tastes so good that they want more—and more—and more.

Grown folks immediately appreciate the important reasons. The *real* heart of the wheat—the most nourishing and appetizing part of Nature's perfect food for ages, gives Wheatena that delicious nutty flavor and attractive nut-brown color.

Wheatena is whole wheat at its best. Carefully selected winter wheat roasted and toasted by the exclusive Wheatena method. All the flavor and nourishment is retained—the *real* heart of the wheat, the vitamins, the carbohydrates, the starches and the bran. All for the definite purpose of making a perfectly balanced food.

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Everybody likes Wheatena, and should eat it regularly. All good grocers have it or will gladly get it for you.

Get the yellow-and-blue package today—for breakfast tomorrow.

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and remember, girls, Jell-O, so easily made, is always welcome and in good taste."

JELL-O

America's most famous dessert



SCIENTISTS, through intensive research and countless experiments, have discovered long since, that sweets are essential and important factors in the well-being of every normal human being; that to them the body is indebted for its inner heat, its energy, and its activity. Nutrition experts and dietists are agreed that the dessert is of as great value as the more hearty dishes, in the perfectly balanced meal.

The GENESEE PURE FOOD COMPANY, LE ROY, NEW YORK
Canadian Factory at Bridgeburg, Ontario

The Man Eater

[Continued from page 66]

four paper slips, weighted by a bright burnished horseshoe, fluttered rhythmically. Near them stood a photograph in an oval silver frame. The colonel's room, clean, bare, was always quiet to the point of drowsiness; the colonel himself today looked wide awake but gloomy.

"Mornin', Morgan."

The young man clicked his heels, and stood ready.

"I believe it was you," grunted the colonel, "who caught Asgar Ali."

"Yes, sir," replied Morgan.

DAMN it," said the colonel. For a time the punkah-pulley in the ceiling trindled gently.

"Damn it," said the colonel again. Morgan prepared himself for the worst.

"You did well," declared his chief suddenly. This incredible song of praise overcame the youngster. He could not believe his ears.

"But—" The colonel pushed away the silver oval of the photograph, and raised his bright horse-shoe, from under which he drew fluttering strips of newspaper. "Seen these?"

A CASE FOR INQUIRY.

"Several letters have reached us giving further particulars of the mutilation perpetrated on the dead body of a Musalman at Ghazairwali last month. The main facts are as follows. The man, a poor but well known member of the Musalman community, was killed during a street riot at which he had the misfortune to be present. We are informed that a police officer, whose name is known to the authorities, gave order that the body of this unfortunate man should be decapitated, and after plunging the severed head into wine or spirits, exposed it repeatedly to public view, even before the eyes of sorrowing relatives. Are the souls of unfriended Musalmans to be thus capriciously defiled for all eternity? The native press teems with these and other questions . . ."

Morgan replaced the papers on the desk, and looked up.

"Well?" said his colonel. "How much of that Eurasian style is true?"

Words came slowly to Morgan. He could not understand this attack. "Why, sir, nobody cared," he answered. "No one but me. The local *moulvi* didn't. Not even the chap's mother."

Bang went the colonel's horse-shoe on the desk. "I'll tell you how much is true," said the colonel. "Four words. 'The native press teems.' Remember that, 'the press always teems.' Now look here." Morgan saw kindly anger in the blue eyes which held his own.

"You're not a politician." The colonel came near to smiling but avoided that fault and wound his blunt gray moustache like the stem of a watch. "Nor am I. If you're in the habit of thanking God, an eligible opportunity now offers. But look here. As I told you, 'the press teems.' There is just now in politics a gentleman who sits up all night hearkening to cries let off by the downtrodden. Don't ever quote me, Morgan. He may be all right, but if so, he has a leg like a lazy-tong for pulling. Now here."

The colonel bent forward and let his voice drop to a rumble. "If you go saddle your mare now, you can catch a train for Simla and tell the Commander in Chief just what did happen. Good bye."

Morgan rose. "I don't like to run away, sir."

The colonel shoved his chair back. "My boy," he said, "to-morrow I may hear officially, and then it would be my duty to keep you. Arrest, eh? Do you want to be dismissed the service? Get out. Run. Tell the C-in-C your story in full. Saddle that damn pie-bald mare, and go. Or stay to argue religion if you prefer. It's your career, not mine."

Morgan acknowledged the wisdom of this world. "Thank you, sir," he began; then stopped as though hit between the

eyes. From the oval silver frame, pictured as he always remembered her, that girl who had dazzled him in the Red Sea looked straight up with friendly but disconcerting humor.

"Move out," said the colonel. "Good-by. Good luck."

The journey by train was doleful. Mile after mile, alone in his compartment, Morgan went rattling on toward a new, formidable world. To go up and beard a Commander in Chief single-handed, was a job that frightened him; to advance his own affairs by talk, a form of sport he loathed; and to find himself embroiled in both at once—

Two facts kept him steady: he could not bear a hint of dismissal from the service, let alone disgrace; and second, he must back up that man of little speech, his colonel.

Highly polished furniture in a broad antechamber, where he signed a visitors' book, had time to impose on Morgan a discouragement that grew. Then a door opened, and there drifted in a highly polished young man, rather pale, who looked across the room and smiled.

"Why, Adam Khor as I live, Good morning, Man-Eater!"

The Captain started, hearing his outdoor nickname so readily shot off by an utter stranger.

"Good heaven," said Morgan, "you're not Arthur Gresly. Where's the hair gone?"

Mr. Gresly went on shaking hands. "Years," he said, "grief, hallooing and singing of anthems. But really, are you this Morgan, 'The Morgan,' with whom all Asia rings from side to side? Hair? You don't look a day older—or wiser. What can I do for you?" Here was a schoolmate who had gone aloft in the world.

"I only want—I have to go see the Commander in Chief."

"Is that all, my babe in the wood?" Arthur Gresly drew out a large conservative gold watch. "Don't do it. I've a better plan. Be on hand, the Vice-regal Lodge at quarter before one o'clock, and you shall eat of the vice-regal lunch. But Pelly—"

A red-coated servant appeared at his elbow, salaamed, and offered a document. "Oh, the devil," murmured Gresly, "just as we begin to talk. Never mind, I'll arrange it, come to lunch."

In a short though varied life Morgan had already eaten bad food, but never did he make so wretched a meal as on that noon, at a great man's table. His appetite was a hollow fraud, poorly enacted. Strangers on either hand found him dull, gave him up, and talked easily past him of unknown matters. He sat there an ignorant lump; and later, being withdrawn to a window apart, he came before his host awkwardly, heavily, a man with an ax to grind.

"Ah, yes; jugged head," said the Vice-roy. "How did it come inside your jar, Captain Morgan?" Morgan faced this judge. He told the facts badly, but in less time than a man takes to cook an egg.

"It's unfortunate," said his hearer. "The press is keeping such an uproar about you. Will you wait till you hear from me? Religion, of course, is always the stick to make the mare go."

THE sun had left Annandale, and begun to set, when he walked alone up a shady winding track, where gay creatures from a picnic rode by him laughing, without care. Morgan halted, waited to give their horses a long lead, then climbed slowly after. His own kind, being happy, seemed foreign. Twilight overtook him, a twilight among evergreens pierced by rays of dusty gold. Another band of laughers cantered by, then more, and then the road grew still.

Coming sadly round a bend, later, he overtook a roan horse and his rider.

"Can I help you?" said Morgan.

"Oh, will you please? He's gone lame, and I can't [Turn to page 73]

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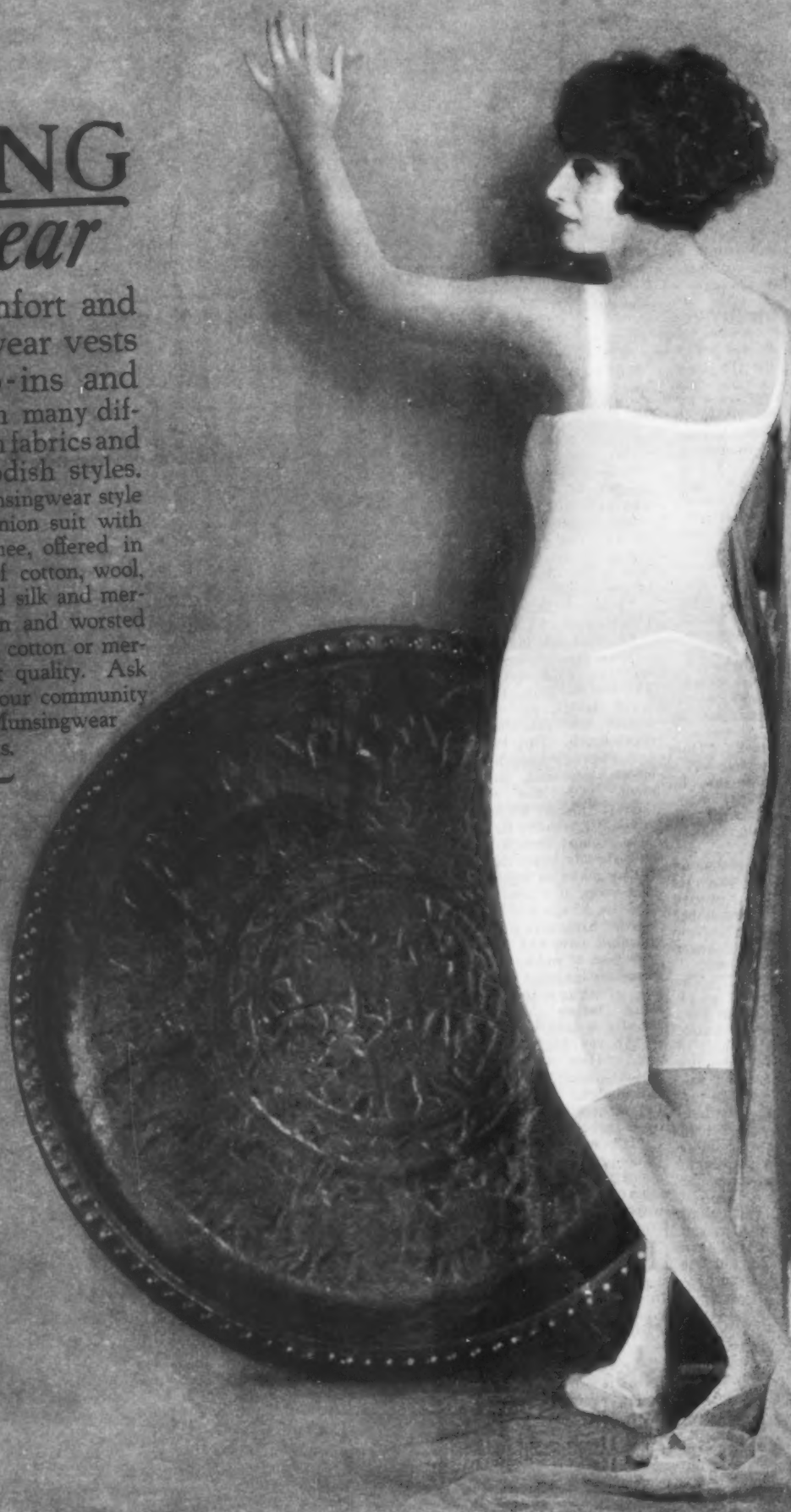
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The Man Eater

[Continued from page 71]

budge it." The woman spoke without looking up. Over her shoulder Morgan saw the frog of the hoof and a pebble wedged there. He carried always in his pocket a good stag-horn knife with a farrier's hook.

"Wait." Stooping, he jerked the pebble out, then patted the roan. "All clear." He rose, to be thanked by the girl of the Red Sea and of his colonel's desk. They saw each other, as before, in common surprise; but a noise of horses and riders descended on them, parted them, a cavalcade of merry-makers who had missed her and come back down-hill. They laughed and called out; they all knew one another, these carefree beings, and their young men buzzed round her. She was in saddle, away, up the woods, yet not without a look and a private farewell: "Thanks again, Captain Morgan. You'll hear good news."

Uncertain that he had caught the words right, he climbed on, gained the top, and entered the Mall, the evening crowd there. She had known his name; but everybody no doubt knew such a public fool, even if he slunk along on foot.

In the club that night Arthur Gresly appeared, hunting him down. "Hallo! Here you are," cried the secretary, and hauled him into a corner of the billiard room. "Sit down. Cast your eye on this."

IT was fourteen pages of type-writing which his old schoolmate laid before him. "The report against you. It came yesterday morning."

Morgan turned the leaves in despair, without trying to read. He looked up from them, over the lamp-lighted tables of green cloth, and down again.

"Like the king in Huckleberry Finn," said Gresly, "you ain't done nothing and they're chasing you for it. Read my chief's endorsement, it's worth a glance, his reply."

Morgan turned the mass of pages over and saw: "I consider that this officer, Captain Morgan, acted under trying circumstances in accordance with his best judgment, which had for result the capture and conviction of criminals. Captain Morgan will return to his post."

To his post as the Viceroy bade him, Captain Morgan returned on the next day, rushing down the cart road from Simla to Kalka behind wild ponies that galloped on the edge of woodland precipices to the musical clanking of tonga chains. Green forest shadow-dappled with mountain sunlight, air made sweet by pine and laurel, poured in his face like one exhilarating breath for curve after curve, mile after mile downward. Mingled with the descent were two gay thoughts for company.

"Your colonel will be all right now," ran one, which looked forward. The other reached back. "You saw her again and she knew your name and told your fortune."

He could see her face quite clearly, full of fun, good sense, liveliness; and while his mind's eye dwelt on this friendly phantom, some other irrational part of him registered a vow. "You're going to meet her, in time, somewhere ahead. The world's wide and all that, but never fear. You're going to."

Morgan's work swallowed him. In the saddle by day, in his tent at night, he worked through one or another problem, sometimes beaten, sometimes moderately successful. A village intrigue, a riddle of topography, a guess at what unknown persons would do: these or like matters employed him, often to no apparent advantage, often to the limit of boredom, relieved perhaps by a spatter of bullets from a blank-faced rock in a gorge that, when taken, harbored no one.

"Not good sniping," said Morgan, after another of these disappointments.

"No, sahib," replied Afzal Khan, beside him. "Not good, but the man will go on trying."

The jemadar laughed silently, with a flash of teeth in his curly black beard, while his keen eyes distrusted every

boulder up the ravine, and hunted along the sky-line. "Gulab Din."

"Ah?" said Morgan. "Who is Gulab Din?" The native officer continued to watch.

"Asgar Ali's brother," he replied. "The brother of the raider whom you caught. It is you he aims at. His family and mine are neighbors. He means to kill you, sahib."

Along with the words, and another pop of the rifle softened by distance, a bullet struck the crumbling rocky soil just overhead. "Nearer, that time."

BOTH men moved behind the corner of a crag. The sniper, firing down hill, had overshot them by the usual error; he left no smoke in the air to betray him; and therefore, his target knew, he carried a good stolen rifle with proper ammunition.

"He goes," murmured Afzal Khan, pointing. "There." High in the point of the ravine, down which flooded the western sun to baffle their sight, they detected an almost imperceptible movement. Morgan saw nothing move afterward, but his companion spoke. "He has gone. I saw the rim of his head sink over the hill. Gulab Din has finished for the day. He runs home up Zulfikar's Tangi, then through the Snake's Belly, where a man must go sideways in the dark, then mount his pony at the bottom of the Boiler, and—*hrrri!* He is quick, sahib. No fool, Gulab Din."

The speaker smiled with vicarious enjoyment, if not admiration. Morgan, glancing at him, nodded in sympathy. They were friends; he could trust Afzal Khan, could give his life or even his honor into the man's keeping; and yet the tawny, hook-nosed jemadar remained at heart, as by birth, a Pathan from over the border who knew all the secret ways and liked a good enemy that used them to escape. It was right, it was well. This outlaw would be true while eating the bread and salt of the Law, but not a moment more.

"What profit to Gulab Din," asked Morgan, "if he kill me? Another will do my work."

The Pathan laughed silently. "Another, but not so good. Our people call you *Adam Khor*, the man-eater, already. They are afraid because you are young, sahib."

Here was an old nickname following him, but it did not surprise Morgan for nicknames of every kind had clung to him since boyhood, changing a little now and then. "Afraid of what?"

Afzal Khan looked him in the eye. "You are young and growing therefore it is better to kill you now. They fear you will be like Balbutton Sahib, down below, who came and took here a man or there a man and behold that man would never be seen again on earth."

It was too hot for blushing or Morgan might have blushed. To be compared with Balbutton Sahib, the great Warburton!

"No man," he retorted, "ever disappeared who was not a *budmash*, an evil-doer."

"We," answered his friend calmly, "are all *budmash*. Gulab Din or another will kill you sahib, so that you may never grow up." The old border rascal grinned like a father warning a son of tricks in this naughty world.

One fact as days passed grew evident: not only the jemadar's paternal manner at times but the behavior of all the troopers gave their captain a most welcome assurance. They were with him quietly but surely in the bond of good will. Things moved like clockwork. Men tired by long duty jumped at the chance of more—as though it were sport; and even during slack moments when this or that affair had gone dull their eyes waited to catch Morgan's with expectancy, an amusing readiness, a spirit of "What

Next?" Morgan enjoyed their company, and felt a little honest pride.

In the cool of an early morning, they rode up a narrow trail. The shelf, up which the horses climbed in single file, bent round a nose of black rock. Morgan, riding foremost, halted before the turn to breathe his piebald mare. As he waited, there came to his nostrils a whiff that seemed foreign to the morning air. A faint burnt smell, it reminded him of Chinese fireworks.

Morgan looked back. His troopers, one below another in the path, were leaning out from their saddles, each brown face intent, watching him. He gave them a sign with his hand. He knew the smell now. Round the bend, hidden, a matchlock was burning.

The captain slid from his mare, ran the looped thong of his revolver up his wrist, beckoned the nearest men, and quietly climbed the side wall above the ledge. Instead of rounding the little promontory nose, he would crawl over its bridge, and take this ambush in the rear. As he rose to his feet, a watcher bounced from the scrub, flew at him with a *chura*, the hillman's long straight knife, but tripped on the shale and fell. Morgan shot him and jumped over his turban in the dust. Ten feet down, where the ledge widened, a knot of crouching figures beneath the black rock leaped up with yells. A tall hook-nosed man, his beard stained bright purple, his face all aglow with the joy of combat, raised a pistol in each hand, and fired. Morgan replied. At the same time spurs jingled beside him, loose rock rattled, three or four troopers began to empty their carbines, and the ledge lay bare. Down the slope, running, rolling, sliding head first over green scrub, went the Waziris.

His left hand was wet. He found, with surprise, that it ran red, and that a bullet had torn his sleeve. Far down the ravine, the fugitives were mounting ponies that looked no larger than sheep, and galloping breakneck where it seemed that a man could hardly climb. They vanished among the dark crags with a whoop of laughter.

Morgan wiped the blood from his watch. The affair had lasted one minute and a quarter. It left him nothing but a scratch on the forearm and a wounded prisoner, the young man whom he had shot, a nuisance to be doctored, and carried along.

"Who was the big chap with his beard colored like a peacock?"

"He," replied Afzal Khan, "himself, Gulab Din."

"Ah?" said Morgan. "We have barked each other's knuckles, then."

The jemadar nodded at their captive, who was now sitting up, more dazed than hurt.

THIS, he declared, "is Gulab Din's nephew. I think, sahib, you have won the first *chukker* in the game." His look signified that play had only begun. When, far below where a notch cut a vista, sunrise reddened the edge of the gray plains, Morgan's troop rode on their interrupted mission. On the whole, it seemed rather pleasant to adopt the custom of the country, and have a private feud, fun by the way, a side-show that lent gayety. Two nights later, he had reason to doubt the fun of this quarrel.

Their camp stood on a platform of living rock, which before darkness came had overlooked heights and deeps, bent ridges and crooked valleys. They were homeward bound to-morrow, having done their errand. Morgan, just returned from a round of the sentries, halted before his tent which glimmered gray as a rock for neither inside nor anywhere on the platform was there a light. The hills might be silent, but he would provide no lamp unto the feet of any wandering sniper.

"Too hot for bed, yet," he considered.

A voice broke it. "Sahib. There is trouble, sahib." The voice, lowered and anxious, was that of a Pathan, who hovered as a shadow three or four paces away. "A man sick."

"What man?"

"Fatteh Ali Shah. He rose to drink water, he has fallen and cannot speak."

In their late skirmish, Fatteh Ali Shah, trooper, had got a scalp wound and been tottery for half an hour, then brisk as ever. Morgan blaming himself in advance if the man were now ill moved toward the speaker. "Where is he, then?"

"This way, sahib," came the reply. "Near the horses." Morgan followed at once where the shadow led him, past a darker clump which he knew to be the horses, and beyond, till of a sudden he paused. The edge of the rock platform could not be far off. True, their sick man might have wandered here, but—The captain felt an odd cross-current of suspicion.

"Where is he?"

"Here, sahib," murmured the voice, eagerly. The doubt passed. To right and left within call stood a pair of sentries whom he had visited a moment ago. He moved forward again and overtook the shadow of his guide who was kneeling or squatting near an object, a blur, the shape of a man on the ground.

Morgan bent toward this. He had time to guess that it was no trooper, when it bounded up and with hard, muscular arms clutched him round both knees, hard hands pinioned him from behind, another pair caught his throat like an iron ring, and something warm, thick, damp, smothered him in a reek of sweaty horse. He tried to call out, but the effort only choked him still more with horse-hairs and lint. While he fought blindly, the arms became rope, cutting him, tying him like a bundle. He felt himself thrown from hand to hand roughly down a steep place. The drop and tumble down a ladder of straining bodies, ended in a crash, a pain, a sheet of fire.

THEY dropped me," he lay thinking. Years after, or was it but next moment? "Who dropped me? What?"

He roused and sat up in the dark, his head aching. If not in camp, not just waked from a dream, he could recall as by obscure glimpses a long continuation of this ache, mingled with other discomfort, some pounding motion, the beat of hoofs, Pathan voices joking, starlight that swam dizzily and rushed away. Morgan put a hand to his head. Over one ear was a lump, doleful to the touch. He let it alone and explored elsewhere. They had taken his sword; or no, he remembered leaving the sword on his bed, but revolver, watch, compass, matches, pipe, all were gone.

A man snored not far away, and a quiet breathing of other sleepers gradually made itself heard. Roundabout the captain felt nothing but a floor of hewn stone, which, as he crawled on hands and knees to explore it, ended in a corner so that his head came sorely against walls.

"In safe keeping," he told himself. "They've put you in a tower, very likely." He tried to think, but found his wits were dull, baffled by pain. He drowsed off to sleep. Light woke him.

One glance about him showed that this prison was not one of the many old watch-towers in the hills but a house, a Pathan dwelling.

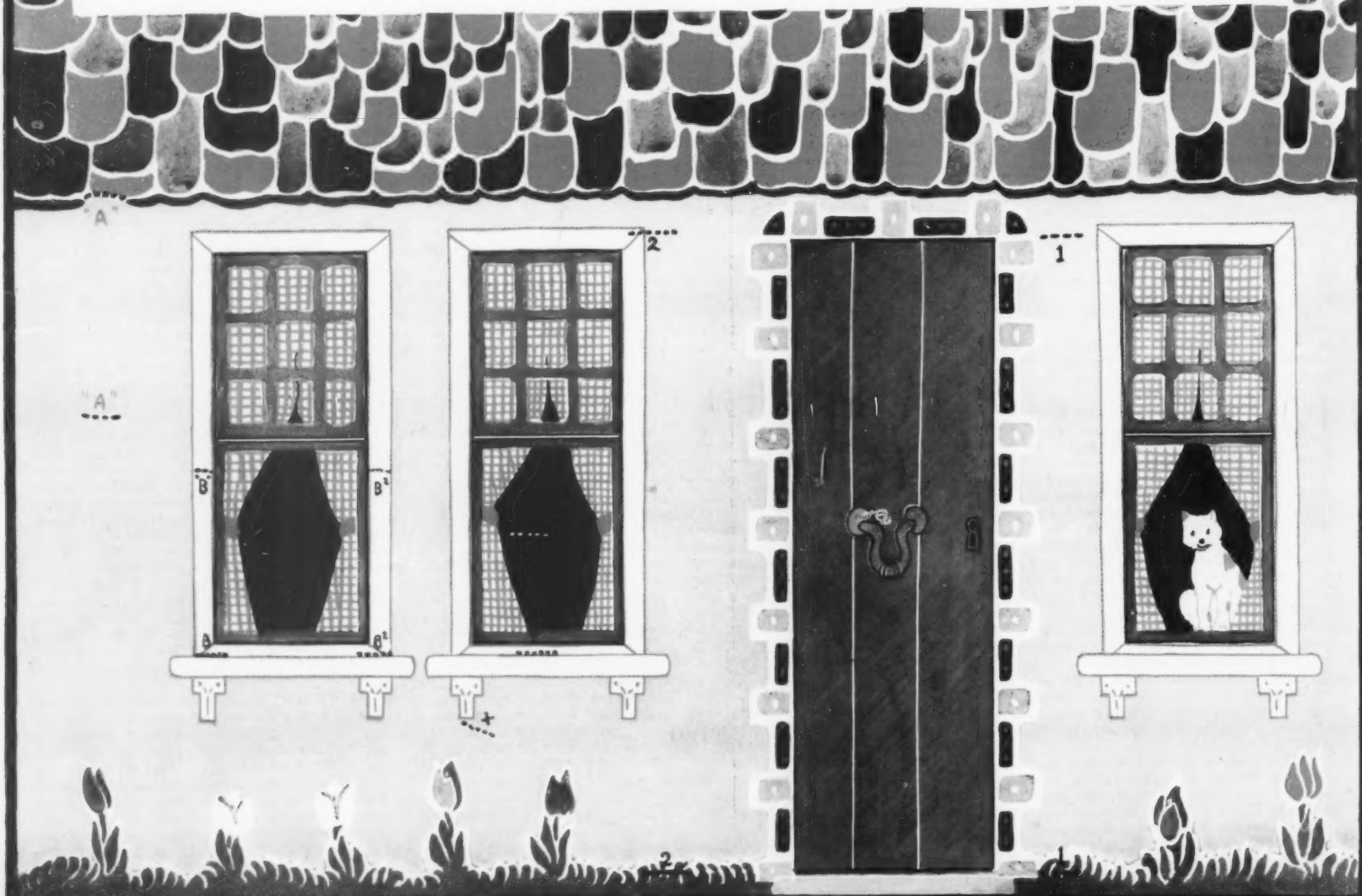
Returning to his loophole at the rear of the house, he looked out there. "A village!"

By jamming into the embrasure he could get his head through, with not much to spare. It would have taken drill and crowbar to enlarge this opening, but indeed the captain had at present no thought of escape. "A village. They carried me all the way home."

Up and down its length, nothing moved, no man was abroad; but as he leaned watching he discovered one human figure motionless, quite near. Below his window the ground fell away, so that the roof of a house [Turn to page 77]

Sunshine Cottage, the Children's Happi-House

By Berta and Elmer Hader



Directions: Cut out the front of Sunshine Cottage carefully. Then cut out the rest of the figures on the page paying particular attention NOT to cut off the lettered tabs. Cut the slots and slip the correspondingly lettered tabs into them and you will see what a cheery place Sunshine Cottage is for Pansy and Peter to live in.

Before you attach Pansy and Peter to the house, insert the bouquet of flowers in slit in Pansy's hand and the watering-pot handle X in the slit X in Peter's hand. The page will be stronger if mounted on another sheet of paper before cutting out.

Next month we will show a room in Sunshine Cottage so keep this and watch your house grow!



Patent pending

What Happened to Ruth

By Beatrice Imboden

Illustrated by WILL GREFE

IT WAS spring on the campus! But there was no spring in the heart of a slender, dark-eyed girl crossing the quadrangle. Her sombre expression caught the eyes of a friend.

"Cheer up, Ruthie! Maybe it's not so bad as you think," laughed this rosy-cheeked maiden, slipping her arm through Ruth's. But there was no answering railery.

"Dot, what's the use of it all?" passionately burst out Ruth. Dot looked startled.

"I'm going to give up—quit college! I'm young, alive! I don't want to grind away three more dull years!"

"Why—gracious me!—college is just the place where one can have good times!" began Dorothy.

"You know it is not—for us!" Ruth repressed her almost sternly. "Let's be frank, for once. You and I don't have good times. We just study, and go to poky lectures, and slip into the back seats at concerts so no one will notice our clothes, and study some more, and go to classes. I wouldn't care if I could have just one new spring suit—I wouldn't ask for many clothes!"

"Oh," murmured Dot, knowingly. For a couple were approaching—a tall, laughing boy with an attractive girl who wore jauntily a pretty spring costume.

"Why, hello Ruth!" exclaimed the boy. "Say, I had a letter from home yesterday. Want to hear the news?"

"I—I haven't time now." Ruth hurried on, dragging Dot with her.

"Why won't you let Alex talk to you?" reproached Dot. "He's a dear—and about the most popular boy in the University."

"In my old blue suit—and Grace Morrison all toggled out?" demanded Ruth icily. "A lovely contrast!"

"She isn't as pretty as you," declared Dot, with warmth. But Ruth's gloom was compliment-proof.

"Well, good-bye; I'm going upstairs to study," she said as they reached their boarding place. In her room at last, the books lay untouched. She was wistfully recalling a moonlight night last August when she and Alex had planned to spend this spring together.

THEY were from the same little town, and for years Alex had sent her wonderful valentines and deserted his fine, big home on the hill to spend evenings in Ruth's rather threadbare little sitting room, where her school-teacher father and dear mother made him welcome. But in Millersville it had been different! There everyone knew and loved the Allison—clothes didn't count.

Alex had tried his loyal best to take her into the circle where his good looks, good clothes and good car had quickly placed him. But after one or two unhappy evenings, she had refused his invitations. Finally, cut by her refusals, he had ceased to see her.

"I don't care!" muttered Ruth. To prove it she flung herself on the couch and sobbed. Saturday, Ruth's Aunt Susanna ran down from the city to see her.

"She's wonderful!" Ruth told Dot. "Uncle Harvey lost his money three years ago, but she manages to dress even better than before. She's so clever!"

Aunt Susanna proved chic and fashionable—and wise. She attended a lecture or two, visited classes, and eyed Ruth critically.

"Where are the parties and athletic events and such?" she asked. "I thought college nowadays was one glad dream."

"Not for me," said Ruth shortly.

"Well, well, I must look into this when you come to visit me in June." And Aunt Susanna deftly turned the subject.

College dragged out to the year's end. Ruth left, declaring she was not coming back.

Dot heard little from her that summer. A mysterious card came in June bearing the word "Eureka!" Then one in August. "Meet me at the train in September," which Dot did eagerly one crisp fall morning.

"Where is Ruth?" she was wondering

Ruth's eyes grew dreamy. She saw herself in a rose-and-flame dress which turned her into a vivid, glowing gypsy, transformed her lips to scarlet petals and eyes to deep dark pools of allurements, listening to an ardent question.



as passengers filed off the train, not recognizing a smart, slender figure in a blue traveling dress whose tailored touches and good lines simply cried "Style!" Then Ruth hugged her.

"You dear, to come back!" cried Dot. "Why, how stunning you look—and how happy!" Yes, Ruth was more than pretty, she was beautiful now! Some miracle had touched her.

AFTER lunch, two trunks came for Ruth, much to Dot's amazement. Last year one small one had sufficed.

"I'm dying to know what's in them," Dot said. "May I see? I scent a surprise—you seem so mysterious!"

At once Ruth unlocked one. Then she drew from its tissue-paper wrappings a miracle of a three-piece costume—soft, lovely cloth in leather color, Frenchly set off by a tiny vest of gold and brown brocade. With this went a tan georgette blouse, embroidered in gold, leather color, and old blue.

"Where in the world did you get that beautiful costume?" Dot was wild-eyed now. "It's too lovely to wear, almost!"

Ruth smiled, then lifted out an evening dress, crimson silk covered with petal-like tiers of tulle, ranging from rose to flame color, shoulder-strapped with tiny hand-made silver roses.

"Ruthie Allison, you don't mean that dream of a gown is yours? Haven't you gotten Miss Vanderbilt's trunk by mistake?"

Not answering, Ruth took out another party dress, with plaited tiers and quaint peasant bodice. "Corn color! The color I always said you should wear!" exclaimed Dot.

"Here is my favorite," smiled Ruth, calmly, displaying a dainty creation of cream-colored canton and silver lace. Dot gasped again.

"But who made them? Has a Fifth Avenue modiste adopted you?"

"Why, I did!" came the astounding reply.

"You!" was all Dot could utter.

"Yes. You see, Aunt Susanna told me her secret. She learned to sew wonderfully right at home, and she insisted that I could too. And I did! Why, it seemed I had hardly started when I made some dear 'undies,' two waists, and this crêpe kimono!"

"How did you learn all this at home? Who taught you? I'm breathless to know!"

"Why, the Woman's Institute, of Scranton. I was soon able to make really elaborate things, so I took a trip to the city and copied some of the beautiful new things, models that were priced at three or four times the cost of my whole outfit. Dad and Mother were wild with delight. They had guessed my unhappiness. During Christmas vacation I've promised to help on a bridal trousseau—and thereby earn my spring suit!"

"DO YOU think I could learn to sew too?" Dot's voice was unsteady now and Ruth knew that underneath her friend's saucy manner all the while had been the hurt a normal girl feels when wearing shabby clothes.

"Learn!" exclaimed Ruth. "Why, you couldn't help learning! The text-books seem to foresee and answer every possible question. The pictures are simply marvelous and the teachers take just as personal an interest in your work as they do here in the college classrooms!"

"It isn't necessary to know anything at all about sewing—the instruction is so complete! And the course can easily be completed in a few months by studying an hour or two a day. You see, it makes no difference where you live, because all the instruction is by mail. And it is no disadvantage if you are employed during the day or have household duties that occupy most of your time, because you can devote as much or as little time to the course as you wish."

"I know that the Woman's Institute has really made me as capable as many professional dressmakers—after just these few months of study at home! I really feel able to undertake the most difficult things and I know just how to get any style effect that I want to create or copy."

"Well, you won't be able to keep Alex away now," said Dot meaningly. Ruth's eyes grew dreamy. She saw herself in a

rose-and-flame dress which turned her into a vivid, glowing gypsy, transformed her lips to scarlet petals and eyes to deep dark pools of allurements, listening to an ardent question. And she knew her dream was really a prophecy!

For a sequel to Ruth's story, peep into a sorority house the following spring.

There are Ruth and Dorothy in a group of girls. They had "joined" in the fall.

"And it should have been a year earlier!" exclaimed one girl. "But we never would have known what darlings you two are had we not been attracted first by your delightful clothes! What are you going to do this summer, Ruth?"

"I won't tell," she laughed. "But just you girls bring back all the feathers and scraps of velvet you can!"

"I know," said one wise maiden, "the Woman's Institute teaches millinery too. Going to make us some bridesmaid's hats, Ruthie?" And Ruth's blush was no denial.

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Children's Noon Meals

[Continued from page 67]

Sift flour, baking-powder, sugar and cinnamon together. Cut in the fat and sprinkle in raisins. Add milk and roll out dough on floured board. Cut into biscuits and bake in quick oven (about 450 degrees Fahrenheit) for about 12 minutes.

GINGERBREAD (with sour milk)
¼ cup fat 1½ cups flour
¼ cup sugar ½ teaspoon soda
1 egg ½ teaspoon cinnamon
½ cup sour milk 1 teaspoon ginger
½ cup molasses ¼ teaspoon salt

Cream fat, add sugar and well-beaten egg. Then add milk and molasses. Mix and sift dry ingredients and add slowly to first mixture. Bake in a sheet in a moderate oven (360 degrees Fahrenheit) for about 40 minutes.

PLAIN CAKE
¼ cup fat 2 teaspoons baking-powder
¼ cup sugar ½ cup milk
2 egg yolks 1 teaspoon flavoring
1½ cups flour 2 egg whites

Cream fat, add sugar gradually, then egg yolks well beaten. Sift baking-powder with flour and add to first mixture alternately with milk. Add flavoring and fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. One-half cup raisins or nuts added with the flour give variety. Put mixture in well-greased loaf pan. Bake in moderate oven (340 degrees Fahrenheit) for about 45 minutes.

QUICK SPONGE CAKE
3 eggs 1½ teaspoons baking-powder
1 cup sugar ½ teaspoon salt
½ cup cold water ½ teaspoon vanilla
1½ cups flour

Beat eggs until light, then beat in sugar and water. Sift baking-powder and salt with flour and add to first mixture, beating well. Add vanilla. (All beating should be done with a Dover egg-beater.) Bake in moderate oven (from 350 to 360 degrees Fahrenheit) for 20 minutes. Invert onto a cake-cooler and do not remove from tin until cold. This makes nice cup cakes also.

ROLLED OATS COOKIES
½ cup fat ½ teaspoon cinnamon
½ cup sugar ½ teaspoon soda
1 egg 1 cup rolled oats
1½ cups flour ½ cup raisins
½ cup milk

Cream fat, add sugar and well-beaten egg. Mix well. Sift flour, spice and soda together. Mix with oats and raisins and add to first mixture alternately with milk. (More flour may be added if mixture seems too thin.) Drop by tablespoonfuls on to a buttered baking sheet and bake in a moderate oven (about 360 degrees Fahrenheit) 15 or 20 minutes, or until brown. Nuts, dates and chopped figs may be added if desired.

LEMON JELLY
1 tablespoon gelatin ½ cup boiling water
½ cup cold water 1 cup sugar
½ cup lemon juice

Soften gelatin in cold water. Add boiling water to dissolve. Add sugar and lemon juice and strain into molds to harden. Wax paper containers may be used for molds, and mixture cooled before pouring it into them.

COOKED SALAD DRESSING
2 tablespoons flour 1 cup milk
1 tablespoon sugar 2 egg whites
½ teaspoon mustard 2 egg yolks
½ teaspoon salt ½ cup vinegar
Few grains cayenne 2 tablespoons butter or salad oil

Mix dry ingredients together. Add milk slowly and mix well. Cook until thick, stirring constantly. Beat egg-whites stiff, add egg-yolks and beat again. Stir in vinegar. Add first mixture slowly to egg-mixture, stirring all the time. Cook over hot water until mixture thickens. If butter is used, add it just as dressing comes from fire. If the oil is preferred, add it when mixture is cold.



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The Man Eater

[Continued from page 73]

basked in the sun at his own level. A girl stood there by the parapet. Slight, rather tall for a Pathan woman, she wore a gray silk robe—Bokhara stuff, no doubt the loot of a murdered caravan—and on her upraised forearm carried lightly as for ornament a gray falcon.

The girl did not stir. If she were come upon the roof to give her pet an outing, she had forgotten, and become lost in thought. The sun glistened on her black hair, as on the silk. "Extraordinary," the captain reflected. He had seen Pathan women before, and never one who called her soul her own. "Hasn't moved a finger. Yet I'd swear that girl's highspirited."

As though feeling the presence of a watcher, she turned slowly. Her face was delicate in feature, and in complexion of that golden clearness which, better words lacking, is called wheat-color. Her dark eyes glanced up and about, until meeting his at the window, they seemed to enlarge with amazement, alarm, then a spell-bound look, almost comic, of horrified curiosity. An instant later she had flung one end of gray silk across for a veil, and balancing her falcon high, moved with a lithe, swimming gait to the head of some ladder or stairway, and gone down into the house.

Morgan lay down on the floor again, and composed himself to sleep. The voices beyond the door were gone. No one came to disturb him but expectation kept his mind on the alert, weary, until drugged by the growing heat of mid-day.

NOISE woke him, noise and red flutterings in the gloom. He had slept heavily. It was night or evening, the archway before him shone with fire-light and in the outer room there were men talking, laughing. "No, I looked at him," said a voice. "He is asleep, the man-eater."

"That?" cried another. "That a man-eater? A child you mean, a puny thing."

"Not so. His fist broke my nose when we bound him. The man's all hard bone."

"Bones? You'll see how they break, to-morrow!"

A laugh followed this retort, then a sudden voice croaked, "Why to-morrow? Let's kill him now."

Morgan rolled over cautiously, got on one elbow and peered. He knew these fickle minds, how they might jump at the proposal. "No, not to-night. It was not so agreed."

"Six of them," counted Morgan, "and more round the corners."

"I say to-night. Kill him now, and over with," repeated the croaker. "Tie his head in a bag of hot ashes, pound him on the back till he breathes them all down."

A late-comer heaved into view, a jovial man with his beard stained a bright purple fading into heliotrope at his mouth. "What's all the noise?"

His laugh, though good-natured, brought silence. He was Gulab Din, the head of these cousins. Morgan recognized his own belt and service revolver buckled round the fellow's waist. "Well!" he crowed, "what's all the *jagra*?"

Contending voices replied to him. "Let us kill the *shaitan* of an Englishman tonight. Come, do it now!"

Gulab Din's big eyes roved round the company, droll and scornful.

"Tomorrow, when my bride's father comes home, we kill him. Here, Miriam Bibi, food and drink!"

Out of darkness came a woman who bent over him with a platter, set it down, disappeared, and as quickly returning with an earthen jar poured his cup full.

"Your father gives you to me for catching and killing the Man-Eater!" he said.

She was the girl who had aired her falcon on the roof. Her face had something fatal in its calm. "It is so," she said.

[Continued in May McCall's]



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Ready!

[Continued from page 54]

we had built up, that it took a fight. I cannot recall at this instant which of us spoke first. I do not know whether I said: "Bill, you must go," or whether he said: "Mrs. Porter, I have got to go," but I do know that he went to Fort Wayne and enlisted. Then he explained the situation to the powers that were and asked for six weeks' time, which they gave him. He came back to the Cabin and there was not a shingle loose on the roof or a pane that needed putty in a window, or a broken board in the dock. He fixed the place up wherever it needed repairs and then he put in a couple of weeks providing against the future. Our last day's field work together consisted of setting a big basket of painted trilliums and making and sowing a bed of their seed. We used particular care for the basket had been sent by a flower worshipping parson of Pennsylvania, the Reverend Frick. I had, at his written request, done all I could to help him interpret the Grace of God through flowers to his parishioners; he in turn sent me baskets of rare specimens for Wildflower Woods. Incidentally, he sent me a fine, upstanding, human photograph of himself in his uniform.

SO Bill and I planted with care. Dusk was on us when we finished. Bill was to start in the morning. Both of us knew it was our last work together, possibly forever. As the last seed was smoothed over and autumn leaves scattered, Bill lifted a deep spade full of earth, slipped from his hands the soiled field gloves that registered his degree of fastidiousness, and dropped the worn things in the hole, covering them over. Then we both gathered up our personal paraphernalia—but I was slow. Every nerve in me ached. I could give money, any degree of talent I possessed, cheerfully, but not the boy. Silently Bill gathered up shovels, rakes, baskets and climbed the hill to the garage. When he was gone I laid my head on the tiny grave and almost cried myself to death.

He had gotten the best man he could find to take his place and coached him carefully in his duties, so in the morning I went down to Fort Wayne with him and saw that he had the proper equipment in his kit, that he had a watch that told time at night on his wrist, took him to his train and put my arms around him and kissed him for the mother he had lost in babyhood. So Bill went to war.

It was small comfort to me that he was assigned to driving trucks to deliver supplies at the front. Every day, for the duration of his absence, I saw Bill being blown to mince meat by a stray shell. All I could do was to knit his socks, send goodies, and write such letters as I should have written had he been my boy by blood. He was a good man, and of course they kept him to the last minute they dared. When he was discharged he wrote me that he was coming straight to me after he had paid a short visit to his father. It was one of the best days of my life when Bill came back to the Cabin—the same Bill, and yet an entirely different man. He had grown and taken on quite a bit of flesh. He was straight as a ramrod; he held his head high and stepped out with a quick, military air. He had learned to be even more efficient than he was to begin with. He had no kick on his government or the officers he had been under in the war. According to Bill, they were fine and it was a great war. He had done his best in it and instead of celebrating, he had wept at its close because as Bill understood the situation, he had been stopped at his work before he had finished his job, a thing Bill hated; so he took no joy in the armistice.

Before the war Bill had been shy and self-deprecating. Now he was confident. He took prominent part in the work of his lodge and the Legion.

From his return on I made no pretense of telling Bill what to do. He

knew what needed to be done and he did it thoroughly and effectively, systematically and on time, while there was that streak in his soul that made him take off his hat when he came down through the woods in May under the little tender gold leaves of Spring, when every foot of the forest floor was covered with spring beauties and snow boys, with adder-tongue lilies and blue-eyed Marys, and violets, gold, white and yellow, a glowing carpet his own hands had helped to weave.

Of course, Bill knew about the mantel Bates and I had planned more particularly than we ever had planned before, a wonderful white mantel for the library of the baby mountain that I had bought on Madrona Lane in the Bel-Air tract of Los Angeles. During the drilling of this biggest, finest stone of all, I had walked back through the woods, kodak in hand, picking up bits here and there that I thought might some day come into use in my work. When I returned I found Bill sitting astride one end of the great stone with a hammer and drill, working very nearly as efficiently as Bates. It was not the first time that Bill had found a spare hour and had voluntarily come on to the stone job and helped Bates and me with his skill and his good taste.

I climbed into a field car that was standing near to wait until the stone should be broken, and as I sat watching them, I realized that Bates was working with a hammer that was very loose on the handle.

Studying the situation, I cried to him sharply: "Bates, your hammer is loose! You may hit Bill squarely on the forehead!"

It was characteristic of these two men that Bates pounded away without a quiver and Bill never lifted his eyes to see whether the hammer might be safe or dangerous. Steady as clock work his sure stroke fell on the big steel chisel he turned in the hole he was drilling and what he said was: "Make a tidy job of it, Bates. I don't want to be mangled."

I watched them in dumb amazement and then I said: "Bill, don't you care whether that hammer hits you on the head or not?"

"No," said Bill tersely, "I don't care. I am ready."

It was almost too much for me. I could not fathom his philosophy. I had to ask questions.

"What do you mean," I asked, "by being ready?"

"I mean," said Bill, biting off the words almost in a measured meter with the hammer strokes, "that I aim to live my life so that every night when I lay my head on my pillow, if the call comes, I am ready."

I THOUGHT that over a second and then I said: "Well, Bates, it may be that Bill's ready to go, but I am not ready to spare him. You stop using that mallet until you have driven a good stiff wedge in the handle."

Then I climbed out of the car, went back in the woods and sat down alone to try to figure out exactly what a man under thirty meant when he did not even look to see if he considered dangerous what he had been told was danger. I was trying to fathom this take-it-as-it-comes philosophy of a man whom I had thought I knew very well, and I learned while I sat there in the dim greenness, companioned by the big beeches and the wild cherries and the blue ash, that I did not know Bill at all. He was a stranger to me. I commenced to figure on how close I came to being "ready." There was a lot of mistakes I had made for which I needed to atone. Yes, and by gracious, there was a lot of mistakes other people had made, for which they needed time to atone to me! There were times when I had been unkind and when I had not done many of the things that I should have done. My business was not in proper order. The only thing that I could truly give myself credit for was that in the [Turn to page 83]



Look well to the lunch of the school child



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The most difficult meal to handle is the mid-day lunch. If carried from home it must be simple and compact. If the child buys the lunch, there may be unwise selections. And here is where Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is so valuable. All children like it, and because of its flavor, they will eat it often without tiring of it.

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LOGANBERRY BREAD PUDDING
Soak 2 cups bread crumbs in 3 cups hot milk 10 minutes. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 beaten eggs and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Pour into greased custard cups or small individual molds and bake in slow oven until firm. Turn out in glass serving dishes and pour DEL MONTE Loganberries over them.



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There were more than \$300 worth of uncut coupons on those bonds!



The Woman Who Wouldn't Be Poor

By Mary Harding

THREE years ago, I visited my sister in a Middle-western town. Her husband—let's call him John—is a good doctor but he is a poor collector; and as for his business sense it would be accurately represented by a large round zero.

Now here's a curious thing. Most people think a man knows how to handle money—just because he is a man; and that a woman is next door to an imbecile in money matters—just because she is a woman.

I have heard women say, "Of course I'm a perfect fool about business! It's all Greek to me!" And they say it *complacently*—especially if a man is present.

But it isn't true. You are not a fool about money matters. The chances are that you are just as smart as the average man and when you pretend that you're not, you are robbing yourself of a mighty fascinating interest.

This was exactly what I said to my sister when she got off the old "blurb" about not understanding money matters. But I didn't stop there.

"How much money have you and John saved?" I asked.

Why—she didn't know. Being a particularly brutal sister-in-law, I asked John himself . . . why—*he* didn't know . . . "Five thousand dollars?" I persisted. "Ten? Fifteen?" . . . He looked so pathetically hopeless that I shooed him back to his office.

"Well," I said to my sister, "both of you ought to be ashamed of yourselves. We'll leave John to his job of earning the money. But you are going to begin this very day to learn how to handle it. Put on your hat. We're going to the bank."

Half an hour later we returned, carrying a hand bag and a new blank book. In the handbag were the papers we had extracted from John's safety deposit box. They included the deed to his house, all his insurance policies, and some stock certificates and bonds.

My sister didn't know a bond from a stock certificate; she didn't know one kind of a bond from another; she didn't know the difference between preferred stock and common stock. Do you? Does your husband? John didn't. Why, there were more than \$300.00 worth of coupons on those bonds that he might have cut off months before and have had the money to invest. We cut those coupons, drew out most of his cash balance in the bank, stirred him up to collect some fees that were due him—and the next week they bought another \$1000.00 bond.

The day we got those papers out of the bank my sister learned two things. She learned exactly how much they had saved. They had been married forty years. In that time they had acquired a home and had put by, in investments, about ten thousand dollars. At six per cent that would give them an income of

\$600.00 a year. If John had to give up his practice, that would be every cent they would have to live on.

Do you say that money matters are Greek to you? Well, you know at least that two people can't keep up a large house and be fed and clothed on \$600.00 a year. My sister, like nine women out of ten, had been going blindly ahead without knowing whether her future was safe and without realizing that she could do anything about it even if it wasn't safe.

The first thing she learned that day was that her future was *not* safe. And the second thing she learned was the satisfaction and the fascination of trying to *make* it safe. She began to find out that day that any woman of average intelligence can understand the *necessary* things in regard to handling money. She spent the most interesting three hours she had enjoyed in many a month. And I want to add, right here, that as a result of that beginning, my sister and John have saved, in the three years since that day, almost *six thousand dollars!*

IN the previous forty years they had saved—counting the cost of their home—twenty-five thousand dollars. John's income is less now than when he was younger; and all his expenses are much higher. Yet his rate of saving in these past three years has been more than three times what it used to be.

How have they managed it?

In the first place, "they" haven't managed it—my sister is the one who is responsible. She has her own account at the bank. Into it she puts all the interest and dividends that come from their investments. She runs her house more economically and puts into this account whatever she can save from her house-keeping allowance. When she has accumulated, say \$400.00, she says to John: "Can't you manage to collect some of the money people owe you? If we can scrape up \$100.00 more we can buy a \$500.00 bond."

Then John gets busy with his collections, and prads his slow-paying clients, and behold—the bond is purchased! Every new investment increases the income available for more investments. And so it goes on and on.

Last summer my sister said, "Now that the children are married and have homes of their own, this house is too big for us. It costs too much for

THIS is a story for every woman who doesn't want to be poor. If you really like skating on thin ice, close to the danger sign of poverty, don't read this. But, of course, you don't like it!

Women have, in reality, amazing financial power. They control the spending of money in this country—they make, it is estimated, at least 89 percent of all purchases; fifty percent of the money in the savings banks of America is in women's names; women are important holders of investment securities and in rapidly increasing numbers are branching out as purchasers of such investments.

How are women to administer this tremendous power? This month we open the discussion. Next month we shall tackle the alleged mysteries of money. Every month we shall take one more step forward.

heat and light and repairs. Why can't we make it pay its own upkeep?"

Now please remember that less than three years before this my sister was one of the women who claim that they can't understand business matters. If anybody had talked to her about "maintenance charges" or "the cost of upkeep" she might have listened politely but it would have gone in at one ear and out the other. Yet now she herself saw that the cost of upkeep—the maintenance charges of her own home—were a burden which it was "bad business" to try to carry.

AFTER thinking it over, she got a contractor to inspect the house and to figure on the cost of making a three-room apartment out of some of the waste space. He estimated that it could be done for fifteen hundred dollars.

Then she did some figuring herself. If she and John should invest that amount, the interest from it would be \$90.00 a year. If they should spend it in making the apartment, the rent from it would be perhaps \$500.00 a year. However, some expenses must be counted against this; a somewhat higher coal bill, for example; also a higher insurance rate and an inevitable increase in the cost of repairs. But after a thorough investigation, she estimated that the rent of the apartment would pay the cost of repairs for the entire house and leave a balance which would pay all their lighting bills and something toward the heating.

The work was done. They can continue to occupy their home—which they did not want to give up—and it doesn't cost them as much as a small house would. They are therefore saving several hundred dollars a year which will go into investments. Moreover if they should want to sell the house, it will be easier to find a purchaser; for it is now practically a self-supporting proposition.

I figure that, five years from the day my sister took her first "business lesson" from

me, she and John will have added ten thousand dollars to their savings! Their income then from their total investments will be \$1200.00 a year; for the average rate from the securities they buy is six per cent. You can see for yourself how fast their savings will pile up when \$1200.00 a year is coming in regularly in addition to what they can [Turn to page 83]



She has her own account at the bank



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A white spot in the distance is an old Spanish mission that harks back to the heroic padres who first brought civilization to this land. And dotting the entire scene are towns and cities that are new and progressive but different in many ways from the ones to which you are accustomed.

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Come this summer. The trip through the historic West to this land of strange sights is rich in the lore of hardy pioneers. Your children will get more from it than from a year's study of geography in school.

And awaiting them is Southern California, land of complete change—real rest. An ideal summerland where delightful days and cool nights contribute to your fun.

Yes, it is cool here in summer, though you may never before have realized it. Note the forty-four year records of the U. S. Weather Bureau which give these average mean temperatures in a great central city in this district:

44 June	66 degrees
44 July	70 degrees
44 August	71 degrees
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Special round trip summer railroad rates, effective from May to October, make it more than ever easy to come this summer.

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Come this summer and discover an ideal vacation-land, just the kind you have long sought.

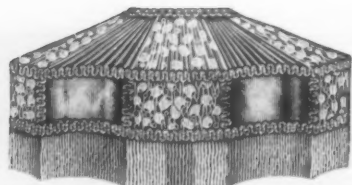
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Standard is 69 inches high, 3 inches in diameter. Highly polished French mahogany finish.

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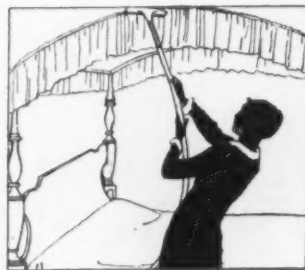
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Spring-cleaning need no longer be as strenuous as in former days, but every real home at this season shares in the general renovating process. The house is made spick and span; bright-colored hangings take the place of heavy draperies and the sunshine is reflected indoors in shining mahogany and in immaculate, re-decorated walls.

With all this in mind, we are offering you, this month, without charge, our leaflet and booklets on Household Management and Interior Decorating—the first five listed below:

HOUSECLEANING MADE EASY, by Lillian Purdy Goldsborough. Modern methods of standardizing and simplifying each process.

THE MODERN HOME, by Lillian Purdy Goldsborough. Telling how to equip your home with mechanical servants and manage it wisely.

THE HOUSE OF GOOD TASTE, by Ruby Ross Goodnow. Lovely photographs of still lovelier interiors to help you beautify the rooms of your home.

ENTERTAINING WITHOUT A MAID, by Edna Sibley Tipton. To serve the meals correctly, easily and beautifully.

SPENDING THE FAMILY INCOME: Why true economy means living by a plan. **A LITTLE BOOK OF GOOD LOOKS**: All the methods used in New York's most famous "beauty salons." Approved as scientifically right by Dr. Fred Wise, Adjunct Professor of Dermatology, College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University.

A BOOK OF MANNERS: Etiquette for every occasion.

THE BRIDE'S OWN BOOK: For weddings in church or home.

PARTIES ALL THE YEAR, by Claudia M. Fitzgerald. Costumes, stunts, invitations, contests, "eats." How to give a party.

MORE PARTIES, by Claudia M. Fitzgerald. Just that—more parties and different ones.

WHAT TO SERVE AT PARTIES, compiled by Lillian M. Gunn, Department of Foods and Cookery, Teachers College, Columbia University. Delightful recipes and menus.

TIME-SAVING COOKERY, prepared under the direction of Sarah Field Splint. Menus and recipes for the wise use of package and prepared foods.

SOME REASONS WHY IN COOKERY, by May B. Van Arsdale, Head of the Department of Foods and Cookery, Teachers College, Columbia University; Day Monroe and Mary L. Barber. Recipes for delicious candies, cakes, frostings, salad dressings, leeks, ice-creams, and chocolate dishes.

MASTER-RECIPES, by F. G. O. Can you believe it?—one hundred and sixty perfect dishes made from 16 master-recipes!

MENUS FOR TWO WEEKS, by Doctor E. V. McCollum, School of Hygiene and Public Health, Johns Hopkins University. No charge for this leaflet.

THE FRIENDLY MOTHER: A Book of Prenatal Mothercraft, by Helen Johnson Keyes; approved by Franklin A. Dorman, M.D., Head of the Maternity Division of The Woman's Hospital, New York City. For the expectant mother.

THE FRIENDLY BABY, by Helen Johnson Keyes; approved by Charles Gilmore Kerley, M.D. On the care and feeding of children.

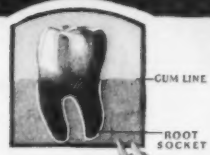
A GROUP OF LITTLE HOMES, compiled by Robert Cummings Wiseman. Photographs and plans of twelve charming small houses—to be built at a cost of \$6,000 to \$12,000.

DOWN THE GARDEN PATH, by Dorothy Giles, of the Garden Club of America. How to make your vegetable and your flower gardens.

If you would like to have "House-cleaning Made Easy," "The Modern Home," "The House of Good Taste," "Entertaining Without a Maid," and "Spending the Family Income," just send us your name, address and four two-cent stamps for postage. The other booklets cost ten cents apiece. Address the Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

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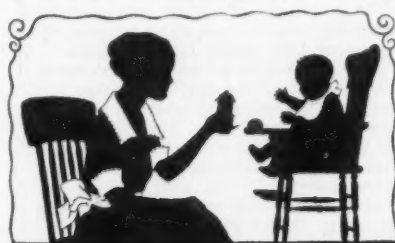
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ROBINSON'S
"Patent" Barley

The Woman Who Wouldn't Be Poor

[Continued from page 81]

put by out of the husband's earnings.

This story is absolutely a true one. I don't say that every woman could save, or could help her husband to save, as much as my sister has managed to accumulate. John has a better income than many men earn. But the *principle* is exactly the same. Every woman can learn to spend money carefully, to save it by watching the leaks, little and big, and to invest it wisely, so that it will "grow while you sleep."

I don't care whether you earn the money yourself or your husband earns it. Perhaps somebody has left you some money which is already invested and which, nine chances out of ten, some man is handling for you because you believe you do not understand business!

When you think of what money means to you—comfort, pleasure, independence, safety as you grow older—how can you be indifferent and careless? Begin today to be *interested in your money*. Not because it is money but because it can help to make life richer and more beautiful to you.

Don't think you have too little to learn on. A savings-account can be started with pennies. A check is drawn the same way whether it is for one dollar or a million. You can buy a "baby bond" or a single share of stock; and you can learn as much concerning what to buy and how to buy it as if you were investing thousands. You will find the whole thing simple but fascinating.

Do Ideals Pay?

[Continued from page 68]

our natural abilities have placed us. When we have gotten the small patch to blooming, it may be that we shall be able to reach out to a wider territory. But to feel that life has treated us badly in not putting us there at once, is simply courting failure and spiritual disaster.

My friend's misfortunes have forced her back into a smaller sphere than that to which she has been accustomed. Here she will have to stay until she has gained experience in the practical side of life. Part of that experience will be to learn to accept the less lovable qualities of humans with the same serenity as that with which she now views their courage and unselfishness. I think she will find as time passes that her greatest happiness still lies in doing things for other people. If that is so, she must face the fact fairly and squarely and recognize that she may sacrifice material rewards—money, position—by placing first the service for others. But if that is the ideal dearest to her she will make her life harmonious by being true to it.

I think my friend is coming back to a happiness almost as great as she knew a few years ago. Because she has character and intelligence and goodness, she will, like the sculptor, work and work until she has shaped her life into a form that satisfies all her loveliest thoughts.

Ready!

[Continued from page 78]

work I had done for the public I had given my best; I had given all I had and however poor or faulty it might be, it did represent honest, sincere work that had been unsparing of self, and I had divided the financial returns with my family and friends while I lived to see their enjoyment of it.

Almost every hour of every day since that time that one word looms big on my horizon. I find it influencing my whole life and thought. I find myself each day trying to shape my affairs and my life so that, like Bill, when I lay my head on my pillow at night I can honestly and happily say: "Ready!" Can you?



You've Never Tasted such Pie

GOLDEN-BROWN, flaky and tender—so appetizing that it just makes your mouth water. And it tastes even better than it looks. The crust is light and crisp—the filling is simply luscious—custard, chocolate, lemon or coconut, each one flavored just right. You've never tasted such pie.

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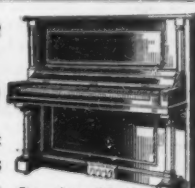
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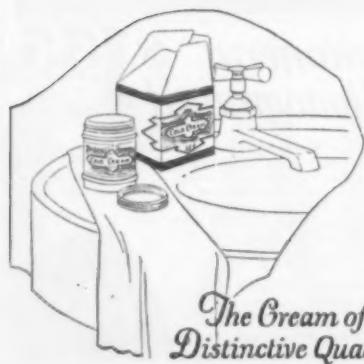
Each night before you tumble into bed, give your skin its daily cleansing. Cover your face and neck with "D & R," putting it on with your finger tips or with cotton wrung out of cold water. Don't let one pore escape from this beauty-giving cream. Leave the cream on a few minutes so it

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Devil's Dust

[Continued from page 24]

see—what should I receive from life that I have overlooked: a new complexion, a dauntless lover, a—"

"Not that sort of thing. Won't you understand," Nancy began in a very passion of sincerity, "when you helped me, I began adoring you and Peter as deities. Then came another change. I realized you had done a courageous as well as a splendid thing when you helped me."

"Why courageous?"

"You best expressed it yourself one day in Lausanne. You had asked me to call you Daphne—it was done in a fever of generous affection. Then I began to see you and Peter as human beings rather than lavish deities . . ."

"You mean you saw our clay toes—?"

"It is hard to say it in so many words, to tell you as once you told me."

"Say what?" Daphne's voice became metallic.

Nancy's lips quivered. "Would you understand?" she said wistfully.

"Could deities fail to comprehend?"

Daphne's mocking voice seemed like a stiletto in the fragrant June air. "Do you want to tell me I am too fat, too idle, my hair badly tinted, that my husband and I are out of love, that I am too passé to have affairs? Do tell me!"

Nancy sprang up in protest. "I should not have spoken as I did—only, you asked me. I should have remembered how you confuse flattery with frankness."

Daphne had risen with an extravagant disregard of her chiffon draperies. From out the shadows, Anne Vier, silent, yellow-faced, came slipping in to lead her mistress to bed.

"Madame is excited," she told Nancy in soft, displeased tones. "She has very sensitive nerves, so few can understand." Daphne gave way to noisy tears.

Nancy was undecided what next to do. Should she go back to town, make an issue of Daphne's periodical rudeness or ignore it, as usual? Should she speak to Peter? As this last thought crossed her mind, she walked impulsively toward his chair. "Oh, my dear," she whispered brokenly. "If only I could help you—nothing else in the world would matter."

She went out to wander about the grounds. Hilary's and Madge's cars had left. Peter in his roadster, with Leslie beside him, whirled out of the main drive. Nancy felt a discordant stranger. In a flash of resentment, she thought to herself that she might have done worse than to stay with Barney and eaten at a tourist inn. What use was she at Hidden House?

An hour later, she was discovered by Peter. She was sitting upright listening as his step crunched the gravel path, dreading lest he discovered her—fearful that he might pass her by.

"This is a charming form of moon madness," Peter began, throwing a cape about her shoulders. "I am delegated to bring you in to Daphne. She says she was rude and at a tension, not herself."

"What a night," Peter was saying, as they neared the house, "I'd like nothing better than a ramble around Spirit Lake, wouldn't you? By the way, what do you think is Hilary's latest tangent?"

"Buying jewelled gardens, isn't it?"

"No, a black-eyed Russian. I've come to realize there is but one person who could make Hilary live up to what he ought to be. Try, Nancy, to see it that way, to realize that in Hilary, as in his father, lies the undeveloped genius."

Nancy winced. If only Peter had not said it so willingly!

Within a fortnight, Daphne and Madge left for Newport, Victor followed to exhibit at a local show. Daphne had been restless in Brighton. Peter was unusually exasperating, she complained, and she had avoided Nancy as studiously as she had apologized.

Nancy had the maternal sympathy which can disapprove yet comprehend. And it had led her to terminate a reserve of many years, when Hilary came begging for her friendship. He had disposed of the Russian woman and

had decided to settle down and work on a play. From now on, he was to be a sobered man of affairs. Impulsively, he turned for approval to Nancy, who had shared his mother's tragedy.

"Help me find myself," he begged.

"You have lost yourself too successfully," she had retorted. "It is no go, Hilary. Start something worth while and then seek me. And you would better begin by going to see your mother."

FOR the remainder of the summer, Hilary was reported first as yachting, now moose hunting in New Brunswick, now giving out a New York interview in which he hinted that a workshop was being fitted up at Sevenoaks; at last, he intended following in his father's steps, perfecting the elder Morse's inventions to a great extent!

Now, it was November! Hilary was back at Sevenoaks, his stepmother had fled to Lakewood in company with Daphne. Hilary was entertaining another relay of disreputable, thoroughly fascinating friends, the workshop was a forgotten plan, the play manuscript long ago reached the fireplace. Nancy had been greeted with an aggrieved nod. Poor, subtle Hilary!

Nancy, glancing through the glass window-walls of her office, caught sight of Gemma Strozzi, who had invaded the offices to sell tickets for a musical comedy presented by town amateurs for a lodge sick-benefit. Gemma had just waylaid Barney, to his impatience. She was holding out tickets, her dark eyes most appealing as she stated her case. The tortoise shell velvet gown—bought on the pay-as-you-wear-them plan—the black velvet hat, the cheap fur coat and the unbuckled, flapping arctics with their red leather heels—what did all this typify?

Barney entered Nancy's office, banging the door behind him. "She's a cheeky kid," he complained, "if it wasn't for being Victor's sister, I'd have told her she couldn't go through during office hours. Now, I don't say there is anything wrong about this girl's—"

"There is not," said Nancy serenely, "that is—nothing wrong in the one, limited way men always mean. That, my dear Barney, is one sort of American progress."

An opportune telephone call saved Nancy further controversy. Barney left her office banging the door again behind him.

At five-thirty, the girls' club met for a weekly plate supper, to be followed by a sewing bee, Nancy reading aloud.

She was relieved when the club meeting ended and the last interesting but somehow disconcerting girl had said her appreciative goodnight. The club rooms, on the top floor of a downtown building, had a certain soothing effect now they were deserted. "I'll lock up," Nancy had told them, "I want to go over our accounts undisturbed."

But when the girls were gone she reached for her wraps rather than linger in this neutral territory and examine petty accounts.

"Planning some daring feat?" she heard Peter's voice asking. "Why not let a fellow in on these secret meetings?"

"Did you want me for something?" she tried to say casually.

"Of course. Glad I caught you before you left," he came into the center of the room. "Daphne's had a trying day—she's all in a mental black knot. She wants you to come out for the night, incidentally, to straighten out her accounts and answer some twenty odd letters. So I came in to get you—but I didn't tell Daphne my own and most important reason. Hilary has had an auto smash and is laid up with a few fractured ribs. He wants you—he needs you, please be nice. You don't mind our stopping in to see him on the way to Hidden House?"

So it was for Hilary he had come to plead!

[Continued in May McCall's]



SUN-MAID RAISIN NUT CAKE— $\frac{3}{4}$ cup butter; 1 cup brown sugar; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup molasses; 2 eggs; 1 cup sour milk; $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour; 2 teaspoons baking powder; 1 teaspoon soda; $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons cinnamon; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cloves; $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups Sun-Maid Raisins (cut in pieces); $\frac{1}{4}$ cup walnuts. Cream butter with brown sugar; add molasses, beaten eggs and milk. Mix and sift dry ingredients and combine with first mixture. Then add raisins and walnut meats. Bake in moderate oven.



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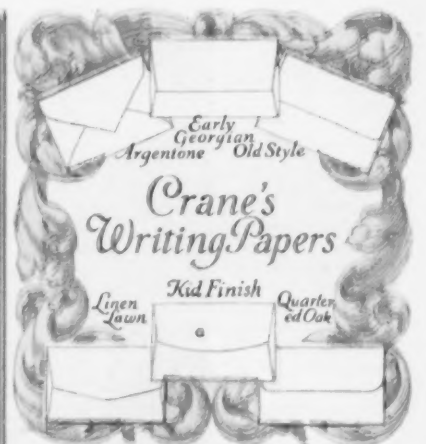
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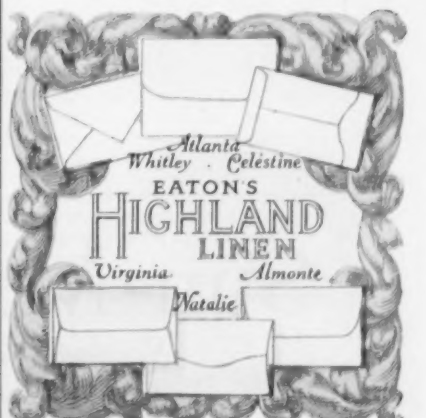
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The Bed by Night and Day

By Ruby Ross Goodnow



The bed should be simply and smoothly covered. It is distinctly "bad manners" to lay a folded down quilt at the foot of the bed—as shown in circle

THE misuse of everyday things often betrays one's bad manners more surely than any breach of etiquette. Small things wrongly used convict one of a total lack of knowledge of good taste. Every normal woman has a horror of doing things that might seem vulgar to her neighbors. She may be proud of being "old-fashioned" but she is sensitive to accusations of having bad taste or no taste whatsoever.

How often we hear "Mrs. A is a sweet little woman but she has no taste whatever" or "Mrs. B really gives one wonderful food but she doesn't know how to serve it, and her dining-room is as depressing as the grave." Or, we may as well be brutal, "Mrs. C is a good golfer but there must be something wrong somewhere because her bedrooms are intimate to a degree of embarrassment."

For instance, the making of a bed would seem to be the simplest thing in the world and yet how frequently we are shocked at the bad taste revealed by the bed coverings of our acquaintances! The exposure of a shabby down quilt at the foot of the bed during the day is just as offensive to the fastidious eye as a soiled nightgown hanging over a chair would be.

To keep the same spread on at night that is used all day seems unbelievable but from the rumpled coverings one so often sees it seems to be done by many persons.

The bed, during the daytime, should be a complete and finished piece of furniture. It should be smoothly and carefully made and covered with a bedspread which has some relation to the furnishing of the room during the daytime. Old-fashioned white counterpanes are all right in certain rooms but in others they are just as flagrantly out of place as a display of underclothes would be. For instance, on a four-poster mahogany bed a counterpane of white candlewick or an old knitted coverlet would be suitable. In a white painted nursery where there are simple white beds, plain white striped dimity counterpanes would be suitable; but in a bedroom where the curtains are of chintz or silk and where there is no other display of white, the white counterpane hits one in the eye unpleasantly.

A bed should not be used as a table where any parcel or magazine may be

dumped temporarily, or as a chair with a constantly sagging side. It should always be an object of dignity.

THE proper way to make a bed is to place first a quilted white cotton pad on top of the mattress, then the first sheet is put on and tucked snugly at the head of the bed so that it may not be pushed down during the night. Then the second sheet is put on, its top hem being brought as nearly as possible to the head of the bed and its bottom hem being tucked snugly under the mattress. Then a pair of blankets is placed smoothly on the top of the sheet. Over the blankets there should be an additional bedspread of plain white muslin, striped dimity, or even a pale colored silk which will be left on the bed at night when the main bedspread is taken off and folded away. The wide hem of the sheet is folded back over this night spread, and tucked in smoothly. Then a pillow, or pair of pillows, is laid at the head of the bed. On a double bed, a pair of pillows may be used; but on a single or three-quarter bed if an ordinary pillow is too small, a bolster just the width of the bed is often used. When a bolster is used, the extra pillows are kept in a closet during the day. Whatever additional cover may be needed at night, a down quilt, extra blankets and so on, should be kept in a convenient closet dur-

What constitutes "good manners" in decorating? Shall we display the family silver on the buffet, and adorn the living-room with photographs? Is it good taste to use filet lace lavishly? Shall we sprinkle small rugs over the floors, and have many gorgeous cushions on the divan? Our homes reveal our good breeding—or lack of it. In a new series, beginning with the present article, Mrs. Goodnow will discuss good taste in decorating

ing the daytime. It is disturbing to see a beautifully covered bed with a huge fat eiderdown quilt folded in a large mass at the bottom. If there is no closet space for this additional quilt it should be placed on top of the blankets under the bedspread.

At night, the top bedspread is taken off and folded away, leaving the thin protecting cover over the blankets or quilts, and the cover turned down at an angle from the side of the bed. If on removing the bedspread at night the box-spring is exposed it should have a white linen cover basted around the sides so that the ticking will not show.

I HAVE an old Spanish bed which is very large and which has an elaborately painted headboard and no footboard. I cover it during the daytime with an enormous spread of old strawberry-colored, figured silk, which is finished with a nine-inch ruffle of plain silk of the same color round three sides. This spread is so large that it hangs almost to the floor but at night when it was removed the worn old side-rails showed and a part of the spring which drops beneath them. I therefore made a simple slip cover of pink silk as nearly as possible the shade of the old bedspread, which is placed between the mattress and the spring and which hangs straight from the top of the spring almost to the floor. This flat silk valance is sewn on to a plain white [Turn to page 89]



Don't make a wardrobe of the bed by dropping parcels and umbrella on it. Good taste in decorating does not permit the bed to be a catch-all for miscellaneous articles

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Great works of art, the authors say, help us to solve many problems of home-furnishing

The Home Beautiful

By Willard Huntington Wright

THERE is no more important factor in life than the home—that one place of all the million places of the earth in which we spend our lives.

The houses we live in, the clothes we wear, almost every object of our daily existence, is a result of long artistic endeavor. For instance, there is your chandelier, the pattern of your wall-paper, the design in your cravat, the molding over your door, the facade on your front porch, the arrangement of your flower-beds, the handles on your bureau drawers, the links in your watch chain, the shape of your chafin-dish—in fact, almost anything you touch or that touches you, in the routine of your daily life, has in it the evidences of art, or esthetic science.

There is no surer way to make a serious attempt at comprehending the laws of esthetics than in relation to the home and its furnishing.

The first thing we must learn is that there is nothing mysterious or incomprehensible about art and the laws of esthetic beauty. Do not let any artist or critic confuse or frighten you by vague references to "organization," "perspective," "chiaroscuro," "technique" or "composition." After all, these are merely high-sounding words for commonplace things.

For instance, when you put an extra leaf in the table, move it toward the sitting-room door so the maid can pass easily between it and the sideboard, and arrange the chairs so that those occupied by the ladies will not come in front of the table-legs, you are indulging in "organization" of very much the same kind that the painter indulged in when arranging the objects in his landscape.

When you set the larger pieces of furniture in a corner or against a blank wall-space, and place the tabourette and tea-table near the piano where they will not be obscured, you are indulging in "perspective."

When you adjust the shade on the center-table lamp so as not to have a harsh illumination on your guests, and turn out the overhead lights, or place candles on the mantelpiece because of their soft effect—you are indulging in "chiaroscuro" of the identical kind made use of by the painter.

When you plan a dinner, keep it going well, entertain your guests and look after the numerous little details that arise—that is "technique."

When you hang pictures on your walls, and arrange the furniture, place vases and flowers about the room, and put up your draperies, you are composing your room exactly the way the painter composed his picture.

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The Bed by Night and Day

[Continued from page 87]

muslin sheet. The white part, of course, does not show. When the bed is opened at night it is still a finished piece of furniture.

Many people like to cover their mattresses and springs with a pale pink sateen instead of the old-fashioned striped ticking, because pink is always so fresh-looking under white linen. Pink is a better color than blue because blue looks dingy under linen, whereas pink always has a rosy, clean tone. I know one woman who likes pink so much that on her gray painted wooden bed she has not only the mattress and spring covered with pink sateen but her sheets, pillow cases, and blankets are dyed to exactly the same pale pink. This is not at all an extravagant thing to do because it is as easy to dip sheets into a pink wash fluid as into old-fashioned bluing. Certainly this bed is very delightful in a soft gray bedroom with all its coverings of the same delicate pink.

A HEAVY oak bed may have a heavy cover of roughly woven linen with machine-embroidered design, or a heavy damask or silk. This same rule applies to heavy walnut beds. Painted wooden beds are usually covered with plain or striped silks, flowered chintzes or the simple striped or sprigged linens that may be used elsewhere in the room.

Old-fashioned mahogany four-post beds always seem to demand valances, because their mattresses are so high from the floor. As one material used all over a bed of this kind would be heavy and monotonous, we often make the valances of chintz from the side rail to the floor and use an old-fashioned white bedspread with a fringed border to cover the mattress and pillows.

The canopy of the bed may be of plain white organdie with outside ruffles of the chintz. Maple or pine beds may have bedspreads and valances of calico, checked gingham, or simply figured printed linens. Extremely simple white beds of wood or iron should have very plain white spreads finished with fringes if they are to hang outside; for unless a bed has a valance below the rail it is usually better not to tuck in the spread.

Lace bedspreads are decidedly out of fashion although occasionally on a white French bed or on a simple bed in a white room, a lace bedspread may be used. A lace bedspread is ostentatious and lace should be kept for more intimate uses. Many women I know have the top of the top sheet of their beds bordered with lace eighteen inches deep, which is turned back at night over the thin covering, but no lace shows during the daytime. Use as much lace as you like on your sheets and pillow cases but cover it during the day.

A chaise longue or couch in the bedroom may have lace and linen pillows and folded covers because it is ready for use by day.

A BED that has a side rail sufficiently deep to conceal the mattress and spring may have a bedspread which comes just to the top of the rail but when it is necessary to drop the box-spring beneath the rail of the bed in order to keep the mattress in the proper place, there should be a valance from the side rail to the floor. This valance may be of the same material used in the window curtains, and the bedspread may be the same; or if the valance is a figured stuff of some kind, the bedspread may be of a plain material of some medium color. Too dark a bedspread is just as disagreeable as a dead white one.

When there are few or no servants, the outer bedspread should be of some soft material that will stand daily folding without frequent pressing. Taffeta silk is all right for a guest room but for a bedspread that is used daily it is too perishable. A mixture of linen and silk in an invisible pin stripe is very good to take the place of taffeta.



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WILDROOT HAIR TONIC

Lorinda

[Continued from page 65]

the edge of the wing of death, like the night, had fallen over him.

I could hear the cool, faint voice of the stream. The stars were white in the east. A chorus of frogs filled the low meadow.

"Ninety head of cattle," he repeated; "and now you'd have a hard time to find the old cow Bart keeps. But it isn't his fault no more than it's Lorinda's. It's the times." Lorinda Gethen came up at our backs.

"Whatever he's telling you I can't think," she proceeded. "But if he gets on the times the supper'll spoil twenty times over. You had better come out before he does."

THE table was a board hinged to the wall and propped up at need, and we drew from their various places a hickory chair, burnished with age, and a short bench—a roughly shaped log on pegs. There was no cloth, but Lorinda had put at my place a small napkin, red and fringed. The tin coffee pot and cups stood at one end, there was a fresh pie, a bowl of translucent quince jelly, a brimming gravy boat, mashed potatoes, a platter of soda biscuit and the chicken, fried the darkest possible brown.

I was new to Greenstream then, and instinctively I waited for Lorinda to sit down, but instead she occupied herself with the trout at the stove; and old Gethen, with a precision remarkable for his clouded vision and the dimness of a room lighted only by a single kerosene lamp, removed to his plate, with one sweep of his knife, practically all the best of the chicken. Lorinda saw this from across the room.

"It's too bad," she declared, "there he's gone and got all the white meat. I don't know where your manners are," she added. This, he replied, was my plate; he was just filling it nice for me. He made a perceptibly delaying motion to pass it to me, but, naturally, I declined, and at once, without suffering the dangers of waiting for the gravy, he began to eat. In consequence of this I got a leg beyond all my efforts to cut, and Lorinda Gethen put before me the first two trout cooked. Her father-in-law reckoned audibly that she didn't think he could see the bones.

"I've brought a million trout into this house," he asserted, "and when I could have been lawed for catching them, and now it's doubtful if I get as much as one."

"You know you will," she reproved him; "and you wouldn't talk like this if Bart was home. You'd think we led him a terrible time," she turned to me. She waved a dried branch over the table to drive away the flies. The lamplight wavered and I ate firm pink trout and soda biscuit. The stove was but a short way from the table and Lorinda brought the fish over in the pan. She turned them from the pan, the fire, directly into my plate; and when there was danger of the coffee growing cold she moved that to the back of the stove. Fresh hot biscuits she carried from the oven.

When her father-in-law and I were done she put together what she wanted on a plate, poured out a cup of coffee, and took the place old Gethen left. I was expected, I saw, to join him in the doorway, where he stood ramming tobacco into the bowl of a red clay pipe with a reed stem, but I determined to stay beside Lorinda. I found her immeasurably peaceful.

Did she dance, I asked her, and she said yes, that was—she had before she got married. Of course, she had no time after that. There was a platform in her father's big sugar grove, and there had been more than one who could fiddle. But they never waltzed, she gravely answered to a further question; they just danced square dances; and some of the older people—standing up by themselves—knew steps nobody could remember the names for.

"I met Bart an evening like that,"

she went on; "he had been away rail-roading. We danced together right often and he came to see me the next Sunday and we got married." The wedding was at the Union Church and she had made her own dress. "This is it," she said of what she was wearing. "It's right pretty material, but I'm afraid it's getting a little yellow. It ought to be freshened up."

She ate quickly, inattentively, with her perceptions constantly strained toward the front room where her children were sleeping. They were mostly good, she explained, after a little dreaming whimper had sounded from a trundle bed; but sometimes she could slap them sideways. Bart had no patience with them—not even with Abigail, who was ailing—at all. If they cried and worried him he cursed and swore something awful. She laughed charmingly, illuminated by her instinctive maternal philosophy, her feeling for her babies and knowledge of men.

Lorinda Gethen advised me to stay in Greenstream and get married. She knew three or four nice girls. "—And pretty." I could see them Wednesday evening at prayer meeting. They would do me right, she continued, and not like the ones in cities she had heard about. She'd been told the "Trumpet" could be bought—

THE whole vision possessed me of the life I might, with the greatest ease, have in Greenstream. There were, I recognized then—other girls like Lorinda, girls as strong in simplicity and habit, like the young straight trees of their forests. I had heard, too, that the "Trumpet" needed capital for improvements—five thousand dollars would be impressive—and I saw myself tending the clanking press and going home, up one of the two village streets and down the other, to a small frame house painted white with a row of geraniums at the steps. What Lorinda I should be so fortunate as to secure would be in the kitchen, moving about the supper table. Yes, she would be strong and quiet and uncomplicated, with a laughter easily stirred and a quick temper soon cooled.

Through the summer, in the evening, we'd sit on the portico and watch the stars gather like fireflies over the mountains, hear the whip-poor-wills and the frogs in the meadow.

There was very little left in the existence I had fled—no one, then, I cared for; nothing, it began to seem, that I could do. Its rewards were far away, its responsibilities immaterial. . . . I could see the girls Lorinda spoke about at the Wednesday prayer meeting, walk slowly home with one, carrying a lantern, linger at a gate while she pulled the petals from a rose—

"Stay here and get married," Lorinda repeated. She was seated darkly in the dark frame of the doorway, and I was below on a step. Old Gethen had wandered away into the night. I could think of neither reasons nor people to take me away. I didn't want to go back to where I had been so sick and failed. A low wind came to me from the mountainside, drawing over the spruce and hemlock, the juniper and laurel. Suddenly the sound of the stream seemed loud.

"Suppose you had gone away?" I questioned her as indirectly as possible. However, the introspection I looked for was, happily, beyond her, and she made a vague reply undisturbed by any curiosity. She thought she did well enough where she was. I agreed with her. Sitting on the step, in the cool of the evening, I thought I had a choice—it seemed to me that I could either stay in Greenstream or go. But that, of course—so much is hidden from the young—was no more than folly.

It wasn't the place but the magical warmth and vitality of Lorinda that lulled and charmed my senses. Three or four more girls like her! That was long ago. I would, I realized, be criticized by women [Turn to page 95]



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Among the requests from readers in answer to our questionnaire on home building published a year ago in *McCall's*, was the demand for a two-family house to cost about \$13,500. Here it is—"The House of Thrift"



A Two-Family House You Asked For

By Marcia Mead

McCall's Consulting Architect

THERE is today a hopeful glimmer of sunlight through the clouds of self-interest in the seeming desire to do the right thing for its own sake. The burden of public opinion is that one should extend a hand to his neighbor in this arduous task of living. Even New York, which some old-timers call the wickedest of cities, is actually living up to its zoning law, which says that every man has an equal right to light, air and sunshine and a stable investment in his home.

The zoning of our cities is going far toward solving the housing problem by providing proper surroundings for homes, but the building of houses lies with the people themselves. Everyone has a personal responsibility in this matter.

In December last the National Housing Conference held in Philadelphia, the City of Brotherly Love, was attended by a large group of people anxiously looking for some honest solution for their housing problems. Ancient methods were revived, new methods were proposed and a searching plan of standardization of materials, fittings, and so on, was started on its devious way. All good, all necessary—but nobody sug-

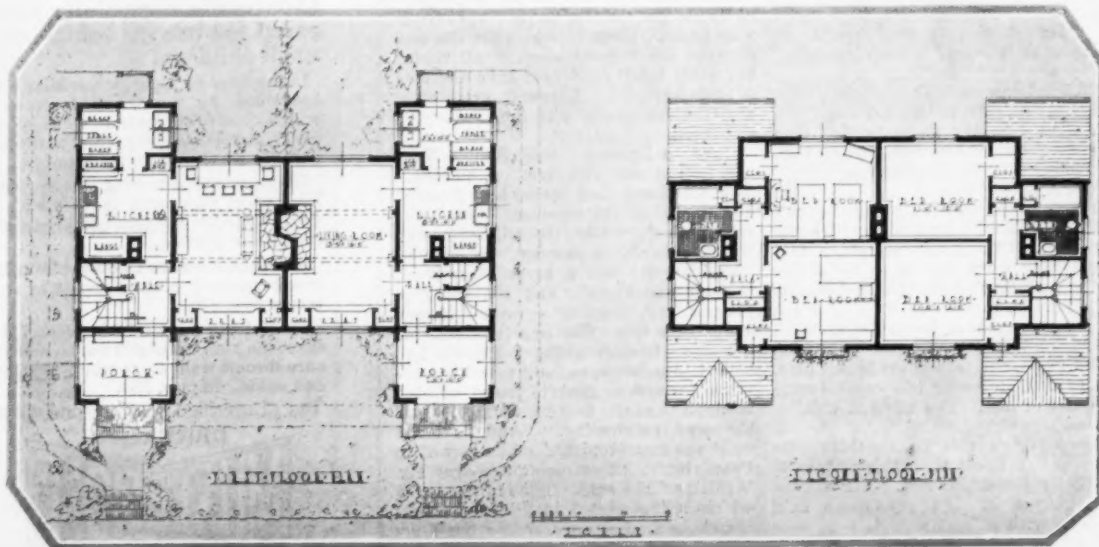
gested that if each person who built a house should build one for his neighbor, it would be a real factor in the solution!

This may sound millennial, but I present the idea to you in the form of a two-family house as a simple thrift proposition. The principles which teach us to "love our neighbor as ourselves" also lead us to believe that "charity begins at home." The thrifty man with a good heart is a good-enough citizen for any country.

There is a real place for the two-family house in our scheme of things. Our city planner suggests the way when he introduces connecting streets, fronting which such houses as this should be built. Not a mansion-like building with two or three irate housewives wrangling over the polishing of the doorstep, but a cottage of low proportions possessing a sense of repose, with two inviting entrances leaving no doubt as to the individuality of Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Brown, who at reasonable distance from each other will live in harmony.

The plan is particularly adapted to suburban life; a hurried breakfast with the simplest of service, a leisurely meal in the long evening in the garden end of the living room, a fireplace and books and music withal. The convenience of the kitchen you have heard described before, but not of the breakfast room which on one day a week does double duty as a laundry after the breakfast things have been cleared away. In the second story are two sizeable bedrooms, a bathroom and plenty of closets.

THE size of the house has been kept rigidly in hand, all but the essentials being eliminated. The cellar is excavated only under the service portion and hall, providing a heater room, coal room, store room and fruit closet. It totals up to less than 27,000 cubic feet which at fifty cents per cubic foot tells us that we can build this income-bearing home for \$13,500.00. An honest day's work for an honest day's pay will do the trick and the result will represent one hundred percent of individual housing responsibility written off the books.



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By Mme. Maree

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Mme. Maree

703 Thompson Bldg., 350 N. Clark St. Chicago, Illinois

The Saving Sin

[Continued from page 39]

a lot to say." The girl's eyes were clouded with worry. "I don't know just how to say it. Will you please listen, though?" She moved a step nearer, and her gaze held Bonnie's. "I know what you think of me," she went on. "I know what I'd think of another girl who did to me what you think I've done to you. But, honest, there's another side to it; really, Miss Tanner, there is. It's my side, and you've got to let me say it."

"Well, say it," Bonnie snapped. Within her was rising the wave of knowledge that this girl before her, Peter's wife, was not, had never been, and could never be her rival. Pretty she was with a certain wistfulness of youth, a certain softness of line; but she was common of type as a yellow poppy. "Ordinary," Bonnie told herself, and knew her judgment to be true. "She can't hold Peter, not if I want him," she exulted.

"I suppose you think," she declared, her head flung up a little, "that I stole Peter from you. I didn't, not deliberately. I loved him a long time before he ever looked at me, but I never once thought of marrying him until he began to come to me. Then he said—he said that you were nothing to him but an actress for whom he was writing a play. He said that you really didn't care for him any more than he did for you. He said it was all art between you—I believed him. I believed that when I wrote you about the money I thought you owed him. I'm sorry I did that."

"Is that why you've come—just to tell me that?"

"That's the beginning of it." She twisted her hands nervously. "I don't know whether or not you'll believe me, but I'll tell you the whole truth. I wouldn't have married Peter if I'd known he'd loved you. Do you think I'm that kind of a fool? Don't I know how women like you can hold on to men? Why, you're holding him now without even trying. He's mooning around about you. That's why he isn't working or even trying to work."

"But what can I do?" Try as she might she could not keep the joy from her voice. "I have sent him away."

"I know you did. I knew when he went out that night that he loved you."

"Why shouldn't he love me?" The tension snapped. "Hasn't he loved me for three years? Haven't we worked together, played together, dreamed together? Haven't I given him everything of understanding, and encouragement, and hope he's had? Haven't I helped him over one stile after another when he'd lost heart? Haven't I given him strength and courage? Can you give him all that?"

"No," said Peter's wife, "I can't. That is, I can't while you feel that way." She flashed forth an anger of her own. "But you're not playing fair."

"Fair?" Bonnie's voice rose to a cry. "Isn't it fair to send him away from me? Isn't it fair to keep him out?"

MAYBE you can't do anything," the girl said with sudden sadness. "We none of us can. It's all so tangled that I guess there's only one way out of this, and I'm the only one who can take it."

"You mean—"

"They've sent you his script, haven't they?" Peter's wife demanded. "I know they have. Creighton's secretary told me so today when I went to the studio for it. And they've put it up to you. If you'll take it, they'll use it. You've got the power to make or break Peter. Well, I wouldn't blame you if you broke him. He hurt you, and turn about is fair play, they say. Only—only it'll crush everything out of him. You know it will."

"Yes."

"He couldn't rise to anything else like that. I know it. He put into it all that's finest in him. He staked everything on it. If it goes down, he'll go down with it."

"And you think that I—"

"Not unless—unless you could see

something for yourself in it, too. But can't you see that? Have you read it—this last draft? Can't you see what the part would do for you?"

"I don't need it," said Bonnie Tanner. "Not the way he needs it, but—oh, I can't blame you altogether—but I thought that if you'd really loved Peter, you'd help him. You wouldn't—"

"Do you think that any woman can love a man enough to do that for him?"

"Well," said Peter's wife, "I suppose not. Only I'm willing to give up Peter if it means success for him. That's what I came to tell you. If you can't take Peter's play while I'm his wife, you needn't hold back on that account. For if you'll take it, and give him the chance he'll get, then I'll leave him."

"You'll—what?"

"I'll go away. I'll stay away. He can get a divorce after awhile, and then—then you can both of you forget that I was ever here. Will you do it?"

FOR a moment the world bloomed in resurrected hope. Everything—love, pride, fulfillment of art and of life—shone before her out of the low words of the other girl. She could have Peter! By taking his work, by giving him his chances, by doing no more than she would have done had he never gone from her, she could bring him back to her. Life would be triumph after triumph, summit above summit. That would be living! To them would come the happiness of a great love that had suffered to win its crown. In the thrill of the thought she held her breath.

"Will you do it?" asked Peter's wife.

"Why, of—" began Bonnie, then paused, staring into the face of the girl in front of her. Why was she doing this? Why was she giving Peter his freedom? Why was she denying herself what she had won, however casual the victory had been? "Why?" The question rose to her voice.

"Because I love him," said the girl.

Through Bonnie's brain rushed the memory of the night of her homecoming. In the light of this other girl's sacrifice she saw the clear motive of her own. She had really sent away Peter not to lose him—but to hold him. This girl, though, whom he had deceived quite as surely, was offering him from no such subtlety of motive. She was giving him up in the knowledge that his going would end all. Quietly, almost coldly, Bonnie's eyes appraised her. Ordinary, yes; but with something magnificent in her gesture of renunciation before which the other woman who loved Peter would not bow. Not even in generosity could Bonnie Tanner be second. "If that's the way it is," she said, "I can't see why you should go."

"Don't you love him?"

"Not enough to take him as a gift!" It was the rock-hard soul of the Bonnie Tanner who had whetted her saving sin of pride on the crusts of dependency who spoke. Even to win what she had thought she wanted most of all things her rebel spirit could not take the dole of charity. Too poignant, even after the climbing years, was the memory of childhood.

"I'm no Lazarus," said Bonnie Tanner. "It's all with me, or nothing." The telephone bell near her jangled, and she lifted the receiver. "Yes," she said into it while the other woman watched her with wonder. "I have it. I've read it. It's a great play, Tom, this play of Peter's, and I'm going to play it." A surging sense of victory swept over her. She was free, free for the first time since Peter Marvin had looked into her eyes, and marching onward toward a goal of more shining triumph than she had known in the love she was renouncing. "And, Tom, I must see you—tonight." She turned to Peter's wife, "I am going to marry Mr. Williams," she said. Then to the query which still brooded in the girl's eyes she made final answer. "Because I am going to love him," she said, and hoped that she spoke the truth.



Freckles GROW WORSE

The longer you wait, the more you will regret. Nothing ruins ones appearance like freckles.

Start using Stillman's Freckle Cream now, and make them fade away! Double action—not only are your freckles dissolved away, but your skin is whitened, refined and beautified. Guaranteed to make every freckle fade away or your money back. Most widely used preparation in the world for this purpose. Snowy white, delicately perfumed, a pleasure to use. Two sizes, 50c and \$1 at all druggists.

Write for "Beauty Parlor Secrets" and read what your particular type needs to look best. Full of beauty treatments, make-up hints, etc. If you buy \$3 worth Stillman toilet articles in 1924, we will present you with beautiful, large size bottle perfume, free! Send for booklet now.

Stillman's Freckle cream

Freckles Fade Away
Whitens the Skin

Write for
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Aurora, Ill. Please send me "Beauty
Parlor Secrets" and details of your
perfume offer.

Name.....
Address.....

Delivered to you Free

For 30 days trial on approval. Your choice of 44 Styles, colors and sizes of the famous **Ranger Bicycles**. Express prepaid. Low Factory-to-Rider Prices.

12 Months to Pay if desired. Many boys and girls easily save the small monthly payments.

Tires half usual prices. Write for remarkable factory prices and marvelous offers.

Mead Cycle Company
Dept. T-25 Chicago

Write us today for free catalog



Milder Musterole for Small Children

Thousands of mothers tell us they would not be without **Children's Musterole**, the new and milder form of good old Musterole especially prepared for use on babies and small children.

In the dead of night, when they are awakened by the warning, croupy cough, they rub the clean, white ointment gently over the child's throat and chest and then go back to bed.

Children's Musterole, like regular Musterole, penetrates the skin with a warming tingle and goes quickly to the seat of the trouble.

It does not blister like the old-fashioned mustard plaster and it is not messy to apply.

Made from pure oil of mustard, it takes the kink out of stiff necks, makes sore throats well, stops croupy coughs and colds. In jars, 35c.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio



stains vanish



Sani-Flush cleans the toilet bowl without scrubbing, without putting a hand near the water. No hard work. Simply sprinkle Sani-Flush into the bowl, follow directions on the can, and flush.

Spots and stains vanish. The porcelain glistens. The hidden, unhealthful trap, too, is cleaned, purified and made sanitary. Sani-Flush destroys all foul odors.

Nothing else can do the work of Sani-Flush. Always keep it handy in the bathroom.

If not at your grocery, drug or hardware store, send 25c for a full-size can.

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio

Sani-Flush

Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

Double the Family Income

selling the well known Lange line of toilet articles, extracts, spices, pure food products and household necessities. No experience needed. High quality and low prices make sales easy and assure repeat orders. Mrs. J. Brown, Sr., of Michigan made over \$800 clear profit working spare time only, during the past 7 months. You can do as well or better. Beautiful easy-to-carry sample case. Shows goods temptingly. Let us tell you about it. Write today.

THE LANGE CO., Dept. B De Pere, Wis.



Makes Any Hat Fit Any Head

Try a DeLeon Bandeau and learn real hat comfort. Does away with hat pins yet holds hat firmly in any desired position. Dress hat—sport hat—it's all the same to the DeLeon Bandeau. Adjustable to any size hat and inserted in a few seconds. No sewing—no stitching.

If your milliner or dealer cannot supply you, send us 25 cents with dealer's name and we will send one promptly, postpaid. State color, black or white. 35 cents in Canada.

DeLeon Bandeau Co.
2125 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

Dealers: See your jobber. If he can't supply you, write us, giving jobber's name.

"Comrade Man"

[Continued from page 12]

all the splendid energy and ability that women possess is a menace to the proper order of things.

But just as the pioneer woman of a century and more ago saw no reason why she should not take a man's place in the fields, or at the mill, when her work was sorely needed, so the modern woman has made a place for herself in the home or outside in political or business activity, as her circumstances or need dictated.

Let us take a specific instance or two, from widely different spheres. There is a certain well-to-do woman in a Western city who wearied of the local social life and went off to a state agricultural college, where she took a hard one-year course, working with fiercely concentrated energy. Then she went back home and began a new existence which has been of inestimable benefit to herself and her community.

Incidentally, she has not neglected her family, and her husband, who was at first somewhat skeptical of her ultimate success, even while he sympathized with her desire for useful work and helped her in every way to gratify it, is now fairly bursting with pride of her. Can you imagine how much response any appeal for sex antagonism or any fulminations against tyrant man would find here?

Best of all the women of today want homes as they never did before. They know the value of homes, as they never did before. They want children. They want to bring up those children under good conditions for healthy minds and bodies. They have come to realize that it is not enough to live for the present generation—but that the next generation, and the next, and the next have their claims. I do not believe that there ever was a time, since the days of the pioneers (when each child was a distinct asset to the family, and the community) when children were so much wanted, and valued, as now.

And make no mistake about it—the men want it so. There may be a few poor-spirited creatures who still talk sentimental bosh about woman coming from her pedestal, and there may be a few who grudge the honest acknowledgment of woman's power and ability. But they are very few.

Remembering the American men who fought as ardently and as whole-heartedly for suffrage as any women in the movement; remembering the appreciation and the gratitude with which every extension of woman's work has been greeted by men in general; knowing well the innate decency and fair-mindedness of the American man, we may feel sure that partnership with his woman is what he wants, and nothing less. Which definitely writes "Finis" to the career of the feminist, both male and female, and leaves them without a reason for existence. There will be no tears shed for their passing.

Lorinda

[Continued from page 90]

now—a girl with no clothes, no horizon beyond a close circle of mountains, without what the present, the feminine present, could regard as ambition; a girl who had no more than her children and her kitchen, and with only one man, so often away, to cherish.

"I ought to be going," I said at last. But she told me that there was no need for hurry, and I rolled another cigarette. I asked her, out of my special interest in all that touched her, when she had breakfast. At six, mostly, she replied. Sometimes, when Bart was going hunting, it was at four. It was apt to be cold then . . . in turkey-shooting time. Yes, he nearly always brought one home and one day he had shot four. Bart was tolerable good with a rifle. Once he had been too good, and he had had to stay back in the mountains for near a year. But that was before they were married.



She has just made—
A
STARTLING
DISCOVERY

Ingram's Fascinating DERMASCOPE has shown her
what only beauty specialists know

How can you expect to gain or preserve an attractive, youthful complexion unless you understand your skin and know the real danger signs that you must heed?

Mr. Ingram has devised a fascinating test you should make in your own boudoir. It will show you the causes of unhealthy skin conditions, and how to scientifically remove and correct them. Most important of all you can instantly see in a convincing way *how* and *why* Ingram's Milkweed Cream develops the firm, clear, youthful complexion that you rightfully deserve.

The One Cream Perfect for Every Use

Ingram's Milkweed Cream is a real beauty cream and the only one you need use to develop and keep a clear, soft, smooth skin. It is heavy enough to be a thorough cleanser and yet light enough in body to form a comfortable and effective protection and foundation for powder. But it has an

exclusive feature—certain remedial properties that relieve redness, roughness, tan, blotches and slight imperfections. *No other cream is like it.* No matter whether you use it as a cleanser, a protection or a powder base—its nourishing and healing properties will bring fresh beauty and new life to your skin.

Buy a jar today and see the immediate improvement it brings. \$1.00 and 50c jars at all drug and department stores—the dollar size contains three times the quantity.

Frederick F. Ingram Co.

Windsor, Ontario, Canada

Established 1885

61 Tenth Street, Detroit, Mich.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

Ingram's American Blush Rouge

Applies so evenly and smoothly, its effect can only be a natural, healthy glow. It does not clog the pores and because its coloring matter cannot be absorbed it is recommended particularly for a delicate and sensitive skin. In thin metal vanity box with mirror and pad—50c. At your dealer's or by mail from us. Next time be careful to get *Ingram's American Blush, The Delicate Rouge for the Delicate Skin.*

Send for this interesting test today

Mail coupon below with 15 cents for new Beauty Purse containing Ingram's DERMASCOPE; a liberal sample of Ingram's Milkweed Cream; two filled purse puffs of Ingram's Face Powder and Rouge; instructions for using DERMASCOPE, and valuable hints for the care of the skin.

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F. F. INGRAM CO., 61 Tenth Street, Detroit, Mich.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find fifteen cents. Please send me Ingram's Beauty Purse including DERMASCOPE described above. Please print name.

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Per Week

Brings you this beautiful combination coal, gas and wood Range—direct to you from manufacturers. Think of it! Only small amount down—then pin-money payments. A real beauty—luxuriously finished in gray or blue porcelain enamel—200 other styles and sizes, too. 30 days' free trial. Quick safe delivery guaranteed. Write for free stove and bargain book.

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New Way
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Direct from Tea Garden to Tea Pot

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When Friends Say "Such Beautiful Windows!"

And More Beauty Comes to Curtains
Draped on Bluebird Flat Curtain Rods

Pretty, artistic effects for all curtains and drapes are assured with Bluebird Rods. Their efficient design makes every delightful effect easy to attain—for Plain windows, Bay windows, French doors, or Casement windows.

Sagless, economical, easy to put up, "Bluebirds" come single, double and triple in rustless Satin Gold and White Enamel.

Ask for the rods with the stiffening ribs. The ribs identify Bluebird Rods and protect you from accepting an inferior article.

H. L. JUDD COMPANY, Inc., New York
"Makers of Home Accessories Over 50 Years"



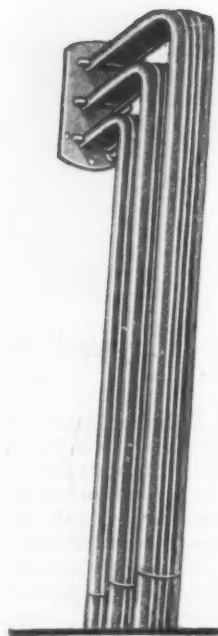
Ornamental
Stiffening Ribs



Gracefully
Curved Ends



Simple Bracket
Easily Attached



"Bluebird"
FLAT-Extending
CURTAIN RODS



This handsome Methodist Episcopal Church at Westwood, New Jersey, has already received a number of gift checks from McCall's, amounting in all to more than \$500.00.

\$100 For Your Church

McCALL'S MAGAZINE will give your church \$100—or more—by a plan that is easy, quick and pleasant; a plan under which more than 10,000 churches of all denominations have secured the extra funds needed to meet additional expenses.

During this year, McCALL'S will distribute more than \$60,000 to churches. Send the coupon below to find out, without any obligation, how *Your Church* can have a share of this money.

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250 West 37th Street, New York, N. Y.

Please tell me about the McCALL \$100 offer to churches.

Name.....
Local Address.....
City and State.....
Name of Church.....

The Ship of Souls

[Continued from page 28]

talking and weeping both. "I have the shadow—ay, I read about it all, but I have naught in my heart, in my arms, sir. Why couldna ye hae left me alone to count my clock, all my life alone!"

AT the instant the door was flung open once more. It was Annette. The half breed girl never was riper in devil-beauty than now. Her oval face was framed by curtains of night black hair, her black eyes, larger than those of any Indian maiden of her tribe glowed with the smouldering fires of savage beauty. She found him now alone with the one rival she knew—her half sister.

"So, here!" she exclaimed. "You kiss her, too, eh—Christine?"

Barnes rose, sternly, and shook the half breed girl by both shoulders, in the one argument she could understand. "Annette!" he cried "Stop that. You know the things you say are lies. Now out with you!"

"What's that row about?" he added. "Some one coming?"

"Dawson Patrol come. Three men, two sled. I come to tell you."

He stepped out. In the main room of the post, he met old Angus Garth.

"Tis the Patrol!" he said. "Two weeks late."

"Christine! Christine!"

The call brought Christine from her inner room. The old man was feverish. "Quick!" he said. "My best! Hurry! I must have my best wear—new moccasins, mind ye. And find Marie and tell her to uncover the bottle of Scotch I know she's hid."

He walked up and down, excited, his eye wild, the fever of his mad fit still upon him, his hands trembling. For very relief from these sordid affairs, Barnes threw on his coat and went out into the clear air. For a long time he stood watching the Patrol's approach.

Of the cold, Annette—who joined him here—seemed insensible. An excitement of hate, a flush of female eagerness at sight of approaching men, stirred additionally the animal-like fires of her bodily vigor.

They came slowly, wearily, literally hour after hour, though now they had but five miles to do. At times the vague procession stopped, again to resume its plodding. They saw a man, sledge line over shoulder, at the head of each team. Two dogs only remained to each sledge now. There were three men. There should have been five, and the teams should have been full.

Indians and breeds gathered along the rim. The thin fusillade of welcoming rifle fire began for the Dawson Patrol, eight hundred miles out from the Yukon town. But the hearers hardly raised

their heads. Leaving a trail of red behind them from the feet of dogs worn to the bone, they crawled on, reached the foot of the bluff. The dogs refused the incline, began to lie down. The men cut them free and they fell in the last gasps of their splendid brute heroism. The sound of a pair of merciful revolver shots came up the bluff. Their sledges abandoned, the Dawson Patrol, gaunt, smoke-blackened, methodically plodded up the steep path, never quite stopping, even now. Their black lips hardly answered greetings.

Of the three, only one had strength enough to turn a head and look over his shoulder at Annette; and that was a man she never had seen. On the breast of one, under his opened parka, shone the ribbons and metal of military decorations.

The men stumped along the trodden path to the door of McTavish, gaunt, hollow-eyed. Barnes saw Angus Garth meet them at the door; saw Christine run across the floor and take off the parka of a man with the decoration, who was in advance. A hot wave of wrath swept to his heart. He knew who that man was!

Garth spoke first: "Back again, from the wars and all! I'd not thought to see ye in the North again, Captain Churchill."

"You may call me Major now, I presume," said the new comer, falling into a seat, wearily. "I came in by Skagway into Yukon district last season. Better if I'd stayed. The patrol's broken again. Calkins is gone! But for these two men who picked me up when I was alone. I'd be dead with the others."

His voice sounded hollow, broken. He stood shorn of his furs, straight enough, but gaunt, smoked black by camp fires. Yes, Barnes knew him now.

"The second to be lost! Man, that's hard. Your old barracks are not ready. Stop here with us—ye maun be warm, ye maun eat, ye maun drink. Christine!"

The factor turned to Barnes, and in curt words made the men acquainted.

"Mr. Barnes is a new man at McTavish. My son-in-law he is. He and Christine were married two months ago. He's to succeed me. Forty-five years at McTavish, 'twill be and this season's the last."

The two, Barnes and Churchill, looked one another in the eye and nodded; but they did not shake hands.

And Barnes saw the man's eyes full on the face of Christine again, as the girl pushed glasses across the rude table. He drained his glass of the fiery liquid, pushed the bottle to his companions.

[Continued in May McCALL'S]

Doc Queer

[Continued from page 49]

"All right," approved Doc Queer. "We'll give him more quinine pretty soon . . ." A listening look came to his face and he added, "Sounds like voices down the trail."

I went to the netting and stood there while an almost indistinguishable sound resolved itself into voices.

I had reached the edge of the jungle when the approaching party emerged into the clearing. First two native boys, then Morton's superintendent, beside whom walked a woman in linen riding coat and breeches. She spoke in a voice that tried valiantly to hide its tremor: "The one they call Doc Queer?"

"Yes," I answered, then as I saw her more clearly. "Why . . . you . . ."

"Oh! It's the man who was interested in prehistoric lizards," she recognized me as if with a portion of her brain, the remainder straining ahead. "I didn't know it was to Pedro I should go," she added in mechanical explanation. "At David they told me there was no doctor in Monte Blanca. But—" Her

voice broke in a little sob, half fear, half joy. She broke from me and ran across the clearing. As she sprang up the steps, she cried, "Paul! Paul!" as only a woman may cry the name of the man she loves. There was a mist before my eyes. For her joy showed as her sorrow had shown, a prescient grandeur.

From within I heard the answer. Not the sober voice of Doc Queer as I knew him, but the cry of a man who looks on God and fears the vision may not be true. When I reached the door he had stumbled erect and stood there, looking uncertainly at her. Then they rushed together and I heard quick-drawn sobs—hers, perhaps his as well. I turned away, ashamed of my presence, but the Desmond boy recalled me.

"I'm coming outside. Help me down." As I guided his trembling feet down the steps I heard Doc Queer's first intelligible words. "Just a few minutes ago . . . All right now. But, if it hadn't been . . . Lord! that's queer!"



The Enchanted Breakfast!

Fairy grains with the flavor of nut meats—

HERE is lightness and brightness—food enchanted—in the form of a breakfast dish. Grains of rice steam exploded to 8 times their normal size, crisp and flaky, more enticing than you ever dreamed a food could be. All the nourishment of *whole grains*. Quickly digested, assimilated—turned to strength and vigor in a few minutes.

Serve with sugar and cream. Or in bowls of milk. And for a special treat, a morning's adventure, try with fresh or cooked fruit.

Don't deny yourself this delight. Go today, ask your grocer for Quaker Puffed Rice—the supreme grain food.

At night—Puffed Wheat—Quaker Puffed Wheat—steam exploded like rice. Whole wheat in its most digestible form, containing 16 body-building elements. Supplies the minerals and bran growing children need. The milk, the vitamins. A rest invoking bed-time dish for brain workers which imposes no strain on digestion.



Quaker Puffed Wheat



Quaker Puffed Rice

THE QUAKER OATS CO.

Professor Anderson's Invention
Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are the famed inventions of Professor Anderson—foods shot from guns, the most thoroughly cooked grain foods known.



FREE

"Baby's Layette"

How to prepare the nest for the little stranger

Send for this little book of friendly advice to mothers and expectant mothers about clothing and other necessities for baby's comfort and health. A complete list of everything you need for baby. It will save you much time, worry and shopping about. Answers the important question: "What shall I buy for baby?" Written by authorities on the care of young babies. Every mother ought to read it. The coupon brings it in a plain envelope.

Baby's Health is Priceless

Doctors and Nurses advise protection and warmth for the little body

Now is the time to think of baby's future welfare. Now is the time to prepare for the helpless little one who depends upon your every care.

Doctors and nurses agree that 80% of baby's ills develop from minor ailments of the chest and lungs, due to improper protection during the first four or five years.

They also suggest the remedy—adequate protection and warmth at these vital spots. The leading Lying-In Hospitals and Baby Specialists have endorsed Rubens Infant Shirts because they are scientifically designed to give the greatest protection.

At the change of seasons particularly special care is urged. Rubens Infant Shirts, made doubly thick across the chest and stomach, specialists say, solve the problem.

They slip on and off easily like a coat. Easy for baby—easy for you. No tapes, no buttons

to fuss with. And the adjustable belt, fastened with one safety pin, always fits snugly the growing little body.

Knitted in 12 fine materials, all sizes from birth to four years, for all seasons. Simply made and easy to wash. All sizes in each material the same price.

Only one Rubens

For thirty-one years we have made Rubens Infant Shirts—nothing else. We specialize in infant shirts. And, no matter what you hear, there is only one Rubens Infant Shirt. Protect yourself by looking for the name on the shirt itself. And for the striped box with the two-babies trade-mark, as illustrated here. Then you can be sure.

At good stores anywhere. If any store can't supply you, write us.

Look for this box, with the two-babies trade-mark, and "Rubens" on the shirt.



Rubens INFANT SHIRTS

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RUBENS & MARBLE, Inc.
2341 CROMWELL STREET
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Send the coupon for our attractively illustrated instructional book—"Baby's Layette." Yours for the asking.

RUBENS & MARBLE Inc.
2341 Cromwell Street, Chicago, Ill.
Please send me without charge a copy of "Baby's Layette," in a plain envelope.

Name.....
Street No.....
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Homemakers Chose This Equipment

Would It Make Your Household Run More Smoothly?

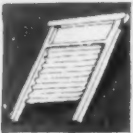
Lucy A. Studley

Assistant Professor, Home Management Section, University of Minnesota

List I



Cleaning supplies on each floor (to save steps)



Generous supply of cleaning cloths

Small wash board in kitchen (for washing dish towels and other small articles)



Special place for paper, string, etc.

Sprinkler top for bottle (for sprinkling clothes to be ironed)



Ironing board covers fastened with tapes (easy to remove)



Apron bag for clothes pins (to wear when hanging out the wash)



Light-weight bed spreads (for ease in laundering)



Faucet in wash boiler near the bottom (for convenience in draining boiler)



Individual place doilies instead of cloth for dining table (for ease in laundering)



Barrel for rubbish



Laundry bags as needed (one for each bedroom, bathroom and the dining-room desirable)



Scissors large enough for general utility



Door springs or hinges for tight closing of doors (to exclude flies)



Button hook for removing lint or hair from lavatory drain



Flannel or flannelette covers for brooms when cleaning



Spring clothes pins (to fasten back window draperies when windows are open)



Waste baskets wherever useful (fruit or vegetable containers will do)



Old gloves to wear when cleaning

Hose for laundry (attach to faucet when filling boiler or washing machine)

U. S. Government publications (free pamphlets on household subjects)

List II

Cleaning equipment on each floor (to save steps)



Clothes hampers

Carpet sweeper



Plumber's friend (a suction cleaner for sink drains)

Electric iron



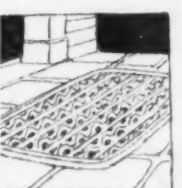
Step stool

Carpenter's kit



Wire basket (for burning waste)

Clothes line reel (indoor drying)



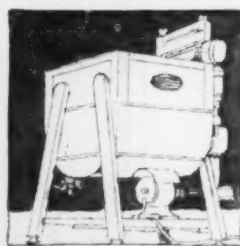
Door mats

Reference books



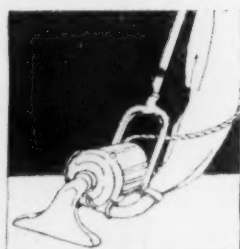
List III

Electric washing machine



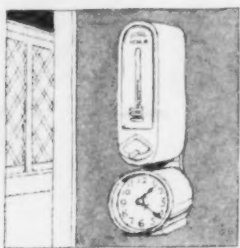
Electric ironing machine

Electric vacuum cleaner



Electric heat regulator for furnace

Hose reel

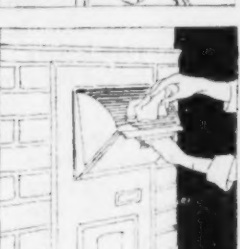


Incinerator

Automatic gas water-heater



Oil heater for furnace



NOTE:—This is the third labor-saving list Miss Studley has prepared for homemakers on McCall Street. Here is equipment which women have found useful in keeping their homes clean and comfortable. Devices in first column, cost little or nothing. Those in second column cost from twenty-five cents to a few dollars. In third column are more expensive articles which save proportionately more time and labor.

Sliced Peaches and Cream!

—why not have some today?

Yes—today! It is sliced peach time any time—if you know DEL MONTE.

Serve them just as they come from the can!

Try them for breakfast with cereals. Or tonight—for dessert! They offer uses without end—peach tapioca, peach betty, peach pie and many other simple dishes.

Royal treats, all of them—so good you will want sliced peaches often!

DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches are California's finest Yellow Clings, especially prepared this way for convenience and economy. Packed in three sizes of cans—to fit the needs of large, medium and small families. A supply on the pantry shelf will help you meet many a menu emergency.

For Free Recipe Book, Address Department 55

California Packing Corporation
San Francisco, California





"GUIMPES—

the newest way to wear Dress Shields"



465

FASHIONS with wide armholes, small sleeves, and no sleeves at all made dress shields a problem but now Kleinert's have designed dress shield garments to wear with every style.

Kleinert's Dress Shield Guimpe, in the illustration above, is a slip-over model of fine, white net with the shields stitched in just the right position. This is very convenient with almost any sort of dress with sleeves.

The owner of a sleeveless gown will rejoice in the Camisole of novelty voile with a half shield (465) cut well away under the arm, but running up into points front and back.



461

For the gown with sleeves slashed at the shoulder, there is the Camisole Garment Shield (461) of novelty voile.

The Camisole for evening wear (463) is made with a body shield, cut straight to conform to the usual line across the back.



463



415

Josette (415) is an attractive bandeau, well fitted, fastened at the back, and equipped with shields. For the woman of full figure this is an ideal combination.

For extreme decollete, Kleinert's have designed an Evening Garment Shield of Satin (448) with body shields and no shoulder straps. The top is held snugly in place with elastic—just tight enough to be effective and comfortable at the same time.

The Brassierette (845) is a dainty little garment of fine white net, shirred wide over the bust and into a narrow band low across the back. The shields are cut square at the bottom and held in place by a narrow elastic cord over the arms.



448



845

All Kleinert's Dress Shield Garments may be washed as often as you like. Use warm water and white soap and press the shields with a warm iron.

Remember to ask for Kleinert's—it means "guaranteed protection" for your gowns.

The I. B. KLEINERT RUBBER CO., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City, cor. 41st St.—opposite the Library

Kleinert's

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Baby Pants — Dress Protectors — Household Aprons — Shirlastic Ribbon — Rubber Sheeting

Paris Declares In Favor Of Sport And Tailored Costumes



3628 Blouse
6 sizes, 34-44

3654 Blouse
7 sizes, 34-46
Emb. No. 1267

The Outlook

By
Anne Rittenhouse

WE are running right into spring. That means new clothes. We can't boastfully follow the Quaker, Benjamin Franklin, whose anniversary has recently been celebrated, in his stern precepts of thrift when the warm winds blow. In snow we can cover the old with the new. We can muffle ourselves with the pelts of beasts as did our first ancestors when they went to the "squatting place" in the clearings of the forests. We can put on the leftovers from summer under the warm top garment of winter, saying as we do so, that we want to keep cool in our overheated houses. Good reasoning, that, but not always strictly the reason for our act.

But when the days lengthen and the cold ceases to strengthen, to transpose the old rhyme, it's time in a woman's mind to conserve money—to coyly lift it from the house-keeping allowance, possibly, in order to buy the new so that she may throw away the old.

Now she has a reason, a dire necessity for things new, so she goes to the work quite merrily. The shop counters are as colorful as an exhibition of cubistic pictures. Fabrics have lost the influence of Tut's tomb. Thank the designers for that much. But they have not lost the touch of the Orient. Indian prints, Chinese flowering, Persian and Arabic letterings and patternings are offered. Roman striping and Venetian blossoms cover the silks and cottons. Whatever is old in art is modern in its application.

Silk fabrics are plentiful for spring clothes, and well they should be—they suit our climate. Tub silks come to us for simple frocks, via Paris and Cairo. Cotton crepe is to be fashioned into frocks for hot days. Ginghams take their established place for morning gowns. Dimities, with their ancient patterns and some new ones, are to be worn by youth and middle-age. Piqué is struggling for importance in sport skirts and sleeveless jackets. Silk alpaca is accepted at last. Nursery flannel, plain, also striped like cricket blazers in England, is so highly sponsored that none can resist it. It goes into frocks as simple as monastic robes, and monks are the source of this inspiration. It goes into tuck-in shirtwaists with rolling collars held up with a wide cravat of soft silk, in orange, Chinese blue, jade green.

By the way, such shirts, made by a firm who leads the style [Turn to page 102]



3655 Dress
8 sizes, 14-16; 36-46
Emb. No. 1267

3631 Dress
10 sizes,
14-16; 36-50

3648
Coat
10 sizes,
14-16; 36-50
3562 Skirt
9 sizes, 24-40

NO. 3655, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material. Width 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Embroidery No. 1267 will supply a Chinese monogram for the scarf.

NO. 3631, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; three-piece wrap-around skirt. Size 36 requires 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material, 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch for skirt. Width, 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards.

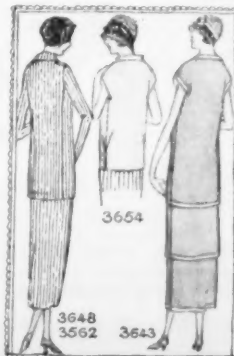
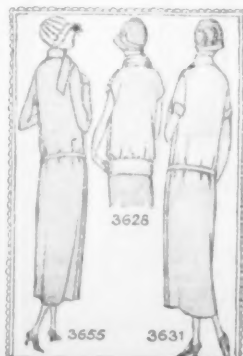
NO. 3648, LADIES' AND MISSES' SUIT COAT. Size 36 requires 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material.

NO. 3562, LADIES' THREE-PIECE SKIRT. Medium size, coat and skirt, requires 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material. Width, 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards.

NO. 3643, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. Width, 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards. Tiered and beltless, this ultra-smart model may be further enhanced by a flower motif on the blouse worked from Embroidery No. 1288.

NO. 3628, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36- or 40-inch material; 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 12-inch for collar.

NO. 3654, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36- or 40-inch material. A Chinese monogram from Embroidery No. 1267 would be a smart finish.



Patterns may be bought from all McCall Pattern dealers in the United States and Canada, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, 232-250 West 37th Street, New York City.

3643 Dress
6 sizes,
14-16; 36-42
Emb. No. 1288

For The Easter Parade



No. 3635, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material; foundation, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 32-inch. Width, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

No. 3633, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. The Chinese touch in a monogram from Embroidery No. 1267, is suggested to trim.

No. 3622, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material; sleeves, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 40-inch. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 3630, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. Width, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards. Small block initials from Embroidery No. 1049 would be smart on a ribbon tie.



3635 Dress
7 sizes,
14-16; 36-44

3633
Dress
8 sizes,
14-16; 36-46
Emb.
No. 1267



3623 Dress
7 sizes,
14-16; 36-44
Emb. No. 1352

No. 3623, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards. A striking motif outlined in chain-stitch is offered in Embroidery No. 1352.

3630 Dress
8 sizes,
14-16; 36-46
Emb. No. 1049

The Outlook

[Continued from page 101]

for open air raiment, are adjuncts to a most beguiling and original camping, fishing, hunting or boating costume. It is of orange colored rubber, fine and silky, but sturdy. There are knickers, a short coat with several pockets and an optional belt. The accessories are a high crowned cap, a muffler of white and orange wool, a shirt-waist of white flannel with its Byronic collar encircled by a soft cravat of orange silk that drops to the waist. Orange and white wool stockings are rolled above an almost knee-high pair of rough leather boots with thick laces and extension soles.

"Going rattlesnake hunting?" asked one woman of another who was being fitted in an adjoining room with these shoes.

"How did you guess it?" was the astonished answer.

"Been in the Florida swamps and Georgia thickets after partridges myself. But in my youth we had not such glorified equipment as that." So does the modern sportswoman turn hardship and danger into splendor and laughter.

That was merely a parenthesis, that description of the sensational orange rubber sport costume, "going rattlesnake hunting", but you want to know the smart and the new thing in clothes as I do, don't you? Such knowledge tickles our imagination, it strokes our vanity the right way.

But let's be terse after being loquacious. Let us be direct after going off on a tangent.

What of the line from head to heel?

There are three lines to follow in spring clothes. You should choose the one that suits you best, or

A Choice Style Selection



3638 Dress
7 sizes,
14-16; 36-44

3655 Dress
8 sizes,
14-16; 36-46

No. 3638, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36 or 40-inch material; foundation, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32-inches. Width, 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

No. 3655, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; three-piece wrap-around skirt. Size 36 requires 2 $\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 54-inch material. Width, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 3643, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. Width, 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards. A suitable decoration for the blouse is a Chinese monogram such as Embroidery No. 1267 provides.

No. 3632, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; straight lower edge. Size 36 requires 4 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material; yoke, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 36-inch. Width, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards.



3638

3655

3637

3643

3632



3637 Dress
6 sizes,
14-16; 36-42
Emb. No. 1350

No. 3637, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width, 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Groups of flowers in various colors may be worked in buttonhole-stitch as suggested in Embroidery No. 1350.

3643 Dress
6 sizes,
14-16; 36-42
Emb. No. 1267

3632 Dress
8 sizes,
14-16; 36-46

take all three. The first and dominating one is straight with the suppleness of an eel. The second is wide below the hips and tightly trig above the waist. The third is flexibly circular, its movement achieved through the cut of the fabric, not the insertion of godets.

Remember these are the basic facts on which the spring fashions are reared. If you accept these without worry, you can do what you will with the fabric. Next to this fact in importance is the elimination of gewgaws. It is the art of leaving off, not putting on that again confronts us. It is the manipulation of the material that counts. It's where the tucks, the flounces, the edges should be placed, that makes the vital problem.

There is an insistence upon sacrificing the back width of the skirt when there is to be a deviation from the straightness of the morastic robe. A few gathers, the extension of a circular apron or tiers from the front, the loosely held fabric into a loosely arranged belt, is the better part of discretion in making new frocks.

In comes the coat suit

The cry of "the suits are coming" is an old one in the spring. It is the annual clarion call from designers when the sun begins to stay up a little later in the afternoon. Sometimes the call is true. Again, its enthusiasm and prophecy are born of hope rather than truth. This spring there is really every reason to believe that the suit will go far in its effort to replace the frock. But why not have one suit and several gowns? That is wisdom in our climate.

The interesting news attached to the incoming suit is that the blouse [Turn to page 104]

Diversity of Style

The Outlook

[Continued from page 103]

to match may have to give place in a measure to the wash shirt waist. The latter may be in the shape of an overblouse or it may revert to the familiar fashion of the tuck-in.

No need to hide the arms

Go bare-armed if you will. Stick to your attempt at wise thrift if you wish, by following the French fashion of owning several sleeves for each frock. Attach them with snaps, when required, to a short armcap. The latter may be an extension of the shoulder line or a set-in sleeve. Long sleeves do not widen at the wrist as often as they close in on it. The Mandarin sleeve which has served as a substitute for a muff in the winter, gives way in milder weather



3547 Dress
6 sizes,
14-16; 36-42
Emb. No. 1332

3526 Dress
8 sizes,
14-16; 36-46



3630 Dress
8 sizes,
14-16; 36-46
Emb. No. 1049

3558 Dress
10 sizes,
14-16; 36-50

3515 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Emb. No. 1109

Patterns may be bought from all McCall Pattern dealers in the United States and Canada, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, 232-250 West 37th Street, New York City.

No. 3630, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1¼ yards. The initials may be carried out on a ribbon using Embroidery No. 1049.

No. 3558, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 36-inch material, 1¼ yards of 36-inch contrasting. Width, 1¾ yards.

No. 3515, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch material, ½ yard of 9-inch for vest. Width, 1¾ yards. Dainty sprays from Embroidery No. 1109 are suggested to trim the vest.

No. 3547, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material, ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width, 1¾ yards. A touch of color may be introduced in the motifs, Embroidery No. 1332.

No. 3526, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards of 36-inch material; sleeve puffs, ½ yard of 36-inch. Width, 1¾ yards.



3630

3547

3526

3558

3515

For Sunny Days



The Outlook

to the string cuff which ties at back, to the narrow turn-over cuff with or without link buttons, the elongated hem which fits the top of the hand and gives an air of distinction to the sleeve. The simpler the sleeve, the better. Such is the present creed.

Muffler substitutes Deauville handkerchief

Even collars, simple ones, grow into mufflers under the influence of the fashion for a bit of floating color about the neck. The plaything of the French Riviera went to Cairo, the smart winter resort across the ocean this season, then it flew across the continent. We want mufflers, no matter how warm the weather. The New England farmer is our source of inspiration. One end down, one end around the neck. That's the way to wear it.



3623 Dress
7 sizes,
14-16; 36-44
Emb. No. 1253

3631 Dress
10 sizes,
14-16; 36-50

3566 Dress
7 sizes,
14-16; 36-44

Patterns may be bought from all McCall Pattern dealers in the United States and Canada, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, 232-250 West 37th Street, New York City.

NO. 3623, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 4½ yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1¾ yards. Embroidery No. 1253 in cross-stitch and outline would be attractive trimming.

NO. 3631, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; three-piece wrap-around skirt. Size 36 requires 1½ yards of 36-inch material, 2¾ yards of 40-inch for skirt, collar and cuffs. Width, 1¾ yards.

NO. 3566, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1¾ yards.

NO. 3565, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; with vest. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards of 54-inch material. Width, 1¾ yards. The dress may be smartly trimmed with braid and the popular Chinese monogram from Embroidery No. 1267.

NO. 3549, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; two-piece straight tucked skirt. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards of 36-inch material. Width, 1¾ yards.



3565 Dress
10 sizes,
14-16; 36-50
Emb. No. 1267

3549 Dress
7 sizes,
14-16; 36-44





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you are wearing

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texture is—how evenly they're
knitted and shaped for slender
ankles.

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judge until you've had new
stocking on are there too. Wear-
ing and washing Ipswich De Luxe
hosiery will prove what an ex-
traordinary value these stockings
offer you at \$1.00 a pair.

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Size..... Color.....

Name.....

Address.....

Spring
Party
Frocks



3513 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

3 2 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Emb. No. 1317

3469 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20



3570 Dress
8 sizes,
14-16; 36-46

No. 3513, MISSES' DRESS.
Size 16 requires 3½ yards
of 36-inch material, 1½
yards of 12-inch flouncing,
¾ yard of 27-inch lace.
Width, 1¼ yards.

No. 3122, MISSES' DRESS.
Size 16 requires 2¼ yards
of 40-inch material, 1¼
yards of 40-inch for tunic.
Width, 1¾ yards. Chrys-
anthemum sprays from Em-
broidery No. 1317 may be
used for trimming.

No. 3469, MISSES' DRESS.
Size 16 requires 5¼ yards
of 36-inch material. Width,
1¾ yards.

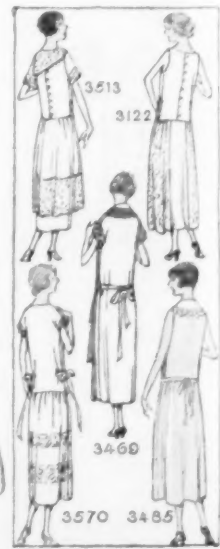
No. 3570, LADIES' AND
MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS.
Size 16 requires 3½ yards of
40-inch material, 3 yards of
lace banding. Width, 1½
yards.

No. 3485, LADIES' AND
MISSES' DRESS. Size 16 re-
quires 3¾ yards of 40-inch
material, ¾ yard of 36-inch
for collar. Width, 2¾ yards.



3485 Dress
6 sizes,
14-16; 36-42

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Canada, or by mail,
postage prepaid,
from The McCall
Company, 232-250
West 37th Street,
New York City.





Spring
Dance
Frocks

3637 Dress
6 sizes,
14-16; 36-42
Emb. No. 1351

3171 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

3409 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20



NO. 3637, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 16 requires 2½ yards of 40-inch material. Width, 2½ yards. Beaded butterflies as furnished by Embroidery No. 1351 would be most effective trimming.

NO. 3171, MISSES' DRESS. Size 16 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, 1½ yards.

NO. 3409, MISSES' DRESS. Size 16 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material, ½ yard of 36-inch lace for yoke, 2¼ yards of 32-inch flouncing for tunics. Width, 1½ yards.

NO. 3424, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 36-inch material. Width, 2½ yards. Embroidery No. 1210 may be used for the beaded design.

NO. 3402, MISSES' DRESS. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 36-inch material, 4½ yards of 12½-inch lace flouncing for side ruffles. Width, 1½ yards.

3424 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Emb. No. 1210

3402 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

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Name

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3572 Coat
9 sizes, 34-50



3209 Coat
7 sizes,
14-16; 36-44
3519 Dress
5 sizes, 12-20

3358 Coat
10 sizes,
14-16; 36-50
3480 Skirt
7 sizes, 34-46

3649 Coat
18 sizes,
14-16; 36-46
3533 Dress
8 sizes, 14-16; 36-46
Emb. No. 1257

New Street Wear

No. 3209, LADIES' AND MISSES' SUIT COAT. Size 16 requires 1½ yards of 54-inch material, 2 yards of 36-inch for lining. Worn with a dress to match, this coat forms a delightful three-piece suit.

No. 3519, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' DRESS; Jacket with pleated skirt attached to camisole lining. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards of 54-inch material. Width at lower edge, 2½ yards with pleats drawn out.



3209
3572 3519

No. 3358, LADIES' AND MISSES' SUIT COAT. Size 16 requires 1½ yards of 54-inch material, 2¾ yards of 36-inch for lining. The strictly tailored coat has been revived this spring and is well received.

No. 3480, LADIES' CAMISOLE SKIRT; in three pieces. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards of 54-inch material; camisole, ¾ yard of 32-inch. Width, 1¾ yards. A tailored version of the popular camisole skirt.

No. 3572, LADIES' COAT; convertible collar. Size 36 requires, 41-inch length, 2½ yards of 54-inch material, 3 yards of 36-inch for lining. For spring woolsens is this easily fitted, straight coat which is appropriate for sports wear.

No. 3649, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLEEVELESS COAT. Size 16 requires 1¾ yards of 40-inch material. The sleeveless jacket is attractive not only for its effectiveness but for its simplicity. Bright materials, flowered or plain, are usually chosen.

No. 3533, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards of 36-inch material. Width at lower edge, 2 yards. In linen, ratine or flannel, this model would be most attractive with an embroidered monogram in front for which Embroidery No. 1257 is suggested.



3358 3649
3480 3533



3619 Coat
10 sizes,
14-16, 36-50
3220 Skirt
6 sizes, 34-44

3648 Coat
10 sizes,
14-16, 36-50
3562 Skirt
9 sizes, 24-40

3649 Coat
8 sizes, 14-16, 36-46
Emb. No. 1252
3538 Blouse
6 sizes, 34-44

3440 Skirt
7 sizes, 34-46

Patterns may be bought from all McCall Pattern dealers in the United States and Canada, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, 232-250 West 37th Street, New York City.

The Spring Suit

NO. 3619, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT. Size 36 requires 2 yards of 54-inch material, 2½ yards of 36-inch for lining. The short hip-length coat is one of the smartest models shown for spring.

NO. 3220, LADIES' PLEATED SKIRT; attached to camisole. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards of 40-inch material, ¼ yard of 32-inch for camisole. Width at lower edge, 2½ yards with pleats drawn out.

NO. 3648, LADIES' AND MISSES' SUIT COAT. Size 36 requires 1¾ yards of 54-inch material, 2 yards of 36-inch for lining. This tailored model may be developed in fine twill, tweed or homespun.

NO. 3562, LADIES' THREE-PIECE SKIRT. Size 28 requires 2¾ yards of 48-inch material. Width, 1¾ yards. With coat No. 3648, size 36, the suit requires 3¾ yards of 54-inch material.

NO. 3649, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLEEVELESS COAT. Size 36 requires 1¾ yards of 40-inch material. For additional smartness, the pointed monogram, Embroidery No. 1252, may be used on the scarf.

NO. 3538, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 40-inch material.

NO. 3440, LADIES' CAMISOLE SKIRT. Size 36 requires 2 yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1¾ yards.

NO. 3615, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT. Size 36 requires 1¾ yards of 54-inch material. A new touch is the ribbon scarf with your monogram for which Embroidery No. 1257 may be used.

NO. 3574, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT. Size 28 requires 1¼ yards of 54-inch material. Width, 1¾ yards.



3619 3648
3220 3562



3649 3615
3538 3574
3440

3615 Coat
8 sizes, 14-16, 36-46
Emb. No. 1257
3574 Skirt
10 sizes, 24-42

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It is often costly to buy "just any silk stocking." To get the best quality in all the new Spring colors, always ask for Gordon by name.

BROWN DURRELL COMPANY
Gordon Hosiery - Foret Mills Underwear
New York Boston



Established 1871

WEST ELECTRIC HAIR CURLERS

"New Improved"



NOTHING was ever devised that waved hair so quickly, safely and economically as West Electric Hair Curlers. And now with the "New Improved" feature these famous curlers are in greater demand than ever.

In case you do not realize that your hair can be exquisitely waved without costly heat or chemical treatment, you will marvel at the simple way these curlers do their work.

It's merely a matter of winding your hair around the curler and closing the new rounded end that cannot fly open. In 20 minutes, when you remove the curler, the wave is in and your hair is ready for any coiffure that fashion demands.

Made of electrified steel, these curlers wave your hair by pressure only and keep it healthy. The rounded edges neither cut nor pull the hair, nor injure it in any way.

The New Improved West Electric Hair Curlers are guaranteed to last a lifetime. Nothing to get out of order, no porous surface to become oily or unsanitary.

You can buy them wherever notions are sold. A card of five costs 25 cents—two on a card 10c.

SEND TODAY FOR A FREE COPY OF "Guide to Hair Dressing at Home." It describes the latest coiffures and tells how you can get the effects yourself.

**WEST ELECTRIC
HAIR CURLER CO.**
Philadelphia, Pa.

The Leading American Coiffure Specialists

Makers of the famous

West Beach and Motor Hair Nets

(double or single mesh—10c)

gray and white—15c

West Softex Shampoo—10c

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

West Electric Hair Curler Company
165 W. Columbia Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me my copy of the booklet "Guide to Hair Dressing at Home."

Name.....

Address.....

Mc. 4-24

Overblouses For Smartness

No. 3654, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 1½ yards of 36-inch material. 1¾ yards of 7-inch for scarf collar. The bright scarf is charming on a blouse of plain satin.



3644
Shirtwaist
9 sizes, 34-50

No. 3644, LADIES' SHIRTWAIST. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material. Very dainty in crepe de Chine is this waist with pleated frill.

No. 3408, LADIES' JACKET BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards of 40-inch material. Rows of braid in different colors make a new and smart trimming.



3654 Blouse
7 sizes, 34-46

Patterns may be bought from all McCall's Pattern dealers in the United States and Canada, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, 232-250 West 37th Street, New York City.



3408 Blouse
7 sizes, 34-46



3649 Coat
8 sizes,
14-16; 36-46
Emb. No. 1260

No. 3649, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLEEVELESS COAT. Size 36 requires 1¾ yards of 40-inch material. If monogram is desired, Embroidery No. 1260 may be used.

No. 3325, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards of 40-inch material. A dainty cross-stitch trimming is suggested in Embroidery No. 1214.

No. 3576, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 1¾ yards of 36-inch material.



3576
Blouse
6 sizes
34-44



This Habit

Insures sweet breath

Countless dainty people carry May Breath tablets with them. Before any close contact they eat one, and it gives to the breath a spring odor.

Bad breath has many causes. Cigars or cigarettes, decaying food, unhealthy gums, certain foods, a stomach disorder. With some it is common, with others occasional.

Whatever the cause, a May Breath tablet instantly combats it—whether in the mouth or stomach. It substitutes the odor of purity.

Carry May Breath with you to be safe. Whenever you dance or talk with people, eat one. Then your other charms will be enhanced by a breath like spring.

This dainty practice will become a habit when you try it once.

May Breath

A modern mouth wash in candy tablet form. Designed to deodorize the breath. Carry with you. In 10-cent and 25-cent boxes at all drug stores and drug departments.

10-CENT BOX FREE

Insert your name and address, mail to
MAY BREATH COMPANY
Dept. M-39, 1104 South Wabash Avenue
CHICAGO
And a box will be sent you free.

"folded double—half the trouble"

5 CENTS
a yard
In convenient
3-yard packages
for BARTONS

—the only fancy double-fold bias binding—binds and trims at the same time—no basting—no folding—just stitch it on by hand or by machine.

No binder attachment required to apply it by machine. Solid colors or combinations. Fancy colored stitching. Checks or plaids. Plain or scalloped edges, tating and hem stitching. Lawns, percales or gingham. Made in only one width, the correct and most convenient width for every purpose.

All Colors Guaranteed Fast

On sale at notion counters in the best stores, or sent direct on receipt of order. Use convenient coupon below.

This booklet illustrates the 20 prize winning articles in the national sewing contest, and describes many pretty and useful things that can be made with Red-E-Trim.

Send for it now. Price 10c.

BARTONS
"It Washes" "Fast Colors"

Use This Coupon to Order Direct

Bartons, Dept. 45, 65 Worth St., New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Send me.....packages of Red-E-Trim

(15c per 3 yd. package). Colors wanted.....

.....Send me your booklet

"Binding Beauty and Thrift with Bartons." I am enclosing.....in full payment.

Name.....

Address.....



Knees on the hard pavement! What then?

"Bobby's knee bruised again. But he hardly stops to cry—he is so used to these little bumps. He knows very well that the 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly in the medicine closet will soothe the broken skin and start the healing at once."

"'Vaseline' Jelly not only cares for burns and cuts. I find it better than elaborate cosmetics for my own skin this wintry weather."

Look for the trade-mark "Vaseline" on every package. It is your protection.
CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO. (CONS'D)
State St. New York

Vaseline

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
PETROLEUM JELLY

A little "Vaseline" Mentholated Jelly on the temples drives the nervous headache away.

Write for a copy of our new booklet "Inquire Within" (Free).



As a mouthwash, gargle and to prevent infection

That never-empty place in medicine cabinets belongs to Absorbine, Jr.
As a mouthwash it is germ destroying, cleansing and refreshing.
As a gargle it soothes and relieves an irritated or swollen sore throat.
With a dentifrice it gets at crevice-hidden germs; keeps brush clean.
With a shampoo it destroys dandruff germs and stimulates the scalp.
It is delightful after shaving and a first aid for cuts and scratches.

At all druggists', \$1.25, or postpaid.
Liberal trial bottle, 10c., postpaid.

W. F. YOUNG, Inc.
595 Lyman St.
Springfield, Mass.

Absorbine, Jr.

THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

For above uses dilute Absorbine, Jr. with water. Use full strength as a liniment.



3629 Blouse
7 sizes, 34-46
Emb. No. 1313



3649 Coat
8 sizes,
14-16; 36-46

3644
Shirtwaist
9 sizes, 34-50



3628 Blouse
6 sizes, 34-44
Emb. No. 1069

The Mode In Blouses

No. 3629, LADIES' BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 1 3/4 yards of 36-inch material. Embroidery No. 1313 may be used for the Chinese design in simple stitches.

No. 3557, LADIES' KIMONO BLOUSE; surplice closing. Size 36 requires 1 7/8 yards of 40-inch material. An attractive model for satin or flannel.



3557 Blouse
7 sizes, 34-46



3627 Blouse
9 sizes, 34-50
Emb. No. 1267

No. 3627, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 2 yards of 36-inch material. For the Chinese monogram, Embroidery No. 1267 is suggested.

No. 3649, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLEEVELESS COAT. Size 36 requires 1 3/4 yards of 36-inch material. The smartest thing for sports.

No. 3644, LADIES' SHIRT-WAIST. Size 36 requires 2 1/2 yards of 32-inch material.

No. 3628, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. The embroidered monogram is distinctly popular and may be developed from Embroidery No. 1069.



A Camera Study of Irene Castle by Ira Hill

IRENE CASTLE says the success of this season's clothes depends largely on one thing—

"Frocks are so simple this spring that their interest depends far more on fabric and line than on trimming. This means the whole burden of effect must be carried by the material—it must both be lovely silk in itself and suit the lines of the dress."

"One of my favorite dance-models is an entrancing 'robe-de-style'. I had it made of Corticelli Service Taffeta because its airy crispness gives to the slim bodice and bouffant skirt such a spirit of youth and motion that the frock almost dances by itself. Two other dresses, of which the interest lay in the softly draped skirts, I had made of Corticelli Cashmere Tremaine and Corticelli Satin Sa-on.

"For the indispensable summer traveling dress nothing is better than Corticelli Crepe Koran. It suits the tubular silhouette particularly well, is deliciously cool, and above all, looks fresh and unwrinkled at the end of the trip. And the spring prints in Corticelli Crepe Eldora are adorable."

Irene Castle is famous for her unerring discrimination in matters of dress. We will gladly send you our latest booklet, which is now ready: "Spring Season Silk Secrets," showing the silks Irene Castle uses. She is extremely enthusiastic, too, about Corticelli Silk Hosiery. "They are so rich and lustrous and so wonderfully fine in texture," she says. The Corticelli Silk Company, Florence, Mass.

THE CORTICELLI SILK COMPANY
184 Nonotuck Street, Florence, Mass.

Please send free booklets I have checked:



- ☐ Spring Season Secrets in Silks
- ☐ The Correct Color in Hosiery for Every Shoe and Occasion
- ☐ Irene Castle Corticelli Fashions

Name
Street
City State



The Smart Figure is Flexible—Youthful

This Girdle—part fabric and part elastic—is self adjusting and gives natural, easy lines.

Of firmly woven material, soft in finish and inserted with resilient elastic webbing and flexible Featherbone, it molds the figure into those lines that are the true significance of comfort and youth.

No heavy corset to weigh one down, no high cut model to push the diaphragm up and result in a full bust, no lacing to become frayed, no stiff boning to break.

It is the ideal garment for the woman who seeks to express youth in her figure.

Ask for it by name in your leading local stores

"Warren's"

Featherbone Girdle No. 4070

Cut in even sizes—22 to 32 waist

We will be glad to send you this new model, prepaid, in case you are unable to find it locally, on receipt of \$2.00 and your waist measure.

Lingerie Ribbon another "Warren's" product is a dainty accessory for your lingerie



Lingerie Ribbon needs are anticipated by a variety of colors, weaves and patterns

All ready for hanging the plaited, wrapped or straight cut skirt

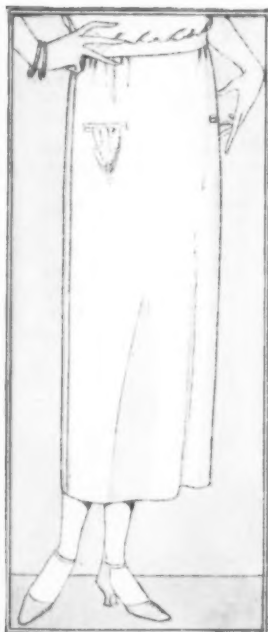
"Warren's" Camisole Foundation is a dainty undergarment of "Nika" Pongee (a silky woven fabric) finished with a Girdelin belt and fancy Lingerie Ribbon.

The Warren Featherbone Co.

General Offices and Factories
Three Oaks, Michigan

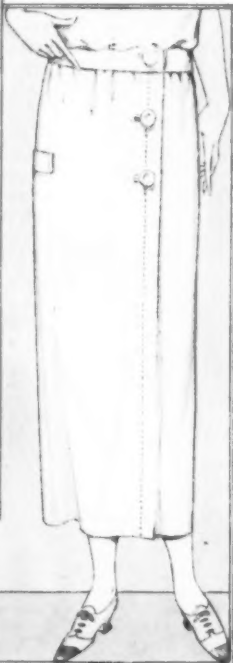
New York
San Francisco

Chicago
Toronto



3574 Skirt
10 sizes, 24-42

An Important Half



2934 Skirt
7 sizes, 24-36

No. 2934, LADIES' ONE-PIECE SKIRT. Size 28 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material. Width, at lower edge, 1¾ yards.

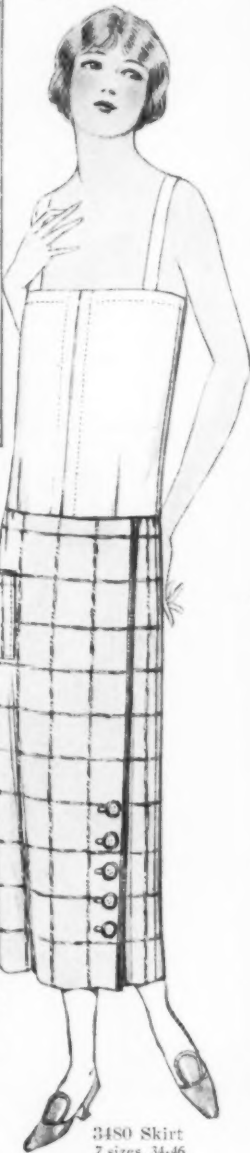
No. 3574, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT: straight lower edge. Size 28 requires 1¼ yards of 54-inch material. Width, 1¾ yards.



3540 Skirt
7 sizes, 34-46



3440 Skirt
7 sizes, 34-46



3480 Skirt
7 sizes, 34-46

No. 3480, LADIES' CAMISOLE SKIRT; in three pieces. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards of 40-inch material; camisole, ¾ yard of 32-inch. Width, 1¾ yards.



No. 3540, LADIES' CAMISOLE SKIRT; two-piece tunic. Size 36 requires 1¾ yards of 36-inch material; foundation, 2 yards of 32-inch. Width, 1¼ yards.

No. 3440, LADIES' CAMISOLE SKIRT; three-piece skirt with pleated section. Size 36, 2 yards of 40-inch; camisole, ¾ yard of 36-inch. Width, 1¾ yards.

Eleanor Boardman, beautiful star of the screen, says:

"It is a pleasure to congratulate you on the charming Day Dream odor—a fragrance welcomed by all who appreciate choicest toilet requisites."

Stearns' Day Dream

Send 35c and your dealer's name for this Acquaintance Box, containing Perfume, Powder, Cold Cream, Poudre Creme and Soap, five of the Day Dream Boudoir Creations. Address Dept. E

STEARNS—PERFUMER
Creator of Sadira and l'Amourette
Detroit, Mich. Windsor, Ont.
Sydney, Australia
Established 1855

ROUGH ON RATS
TRADE MARK

Unbeatable Exterminator
GETS every rat where ordinary rat poisons fail. The secret is—you vary the bait by mixing it with a different food each night. Write for free booklet—"Ending Rats and Mice."
E. S. WELLS, Chemist, Jersey City, N. J.

FREE to DEAF

Remarkable Device
Makes Deaf Hear

The Dictograph Products Corporation announce that they will give absolutely free to all who request it a ten-day trial of their famous Acousticon for the relief of deafness. They state that this trial is positively without cost to the user, there being no deposit required, no C. O. D. charges made, nor any payments required whatever. The makers further declare that the ten-day free trial request entails absolutely no obligation to buy. This amazingly liberal offer to give ten days' use of the famous Acousticon at the expense of the Company is only made possible by the enormous number sold every year, and by the fact that the Acousticon can be truly appreciated only with use. With it, comes the joy of hearing again just like a normal person. With it, comes the world of pleasure: concerts, parties, and church services. As there is no cost, no obligation, all persons who are troubled with deafness in any form and who wish once more to secure the blessings of hearing, should take immediate advantage of this liberal ten-day free trial offer. Write at once. Ask for descriptive literature and trial request blank to Dictograph Products Corporation, 1361 Candler Bldg., 220 West 42nd Street, New York City.



Whether you shampoo your own hair or have it done, there is nothing more satisfactory than

Canthrox SHAMPOO

Nothing so completely brings out the natural beauty and fluffiness of the hair as this daintily perfumed hair cleanser—Canthrox. It loosens all dirt and excess oil and through its stimulating properties is known to have a wonderful effect upon both scalp and hair. For years it has been considered the most effective dandruff remover known.

Any Druggist Can Supply You

And the cost—it is almost unbelievable—scarcely three cents per shampoo. No hair wash is more easily applied. Merely dissolve a teaspoonful of Canthrox in a cup of hot water; thus making enough shampoo liquid to saturate your hair. Then rinse and you have an absolutely clean head of hair.

Free Trial Offer

To prove that Canthrox is the most pleasant, simple and in all ways the most effective hair wash, we send one perfect shampoo free to any address upon receipt of two cents to cover postage.

H. S. PETERSON & CO.
214 W. Kinzie St. Dept. 455
CHICAGO, ILL.

Send for **Trial Tube**

Make those pimples or blemishes go away. How many times have you looked into the mirror and wished that your skin were without blemishes? What would you give for a cool, clear, velvety skin?

D. D. D. Emollient Cream

Based on the same formula as the famous D. D. D. Prescription. The action of D. D. D. Emollient Cream is calm and gentle; still it soothes the irritated skin instantly. Rub D. D. D. Cream over your pimples or blemishes. It will remove your skin affliction and allay the irritated tissues.

Write Today for generous trial tube of D. D. D. Emollient Cream and get quick relief from your skin troubles. Send only 10c to cover package and postage.

D. D. D. Co.
Dpt. 2734. 3845 Ravenswood Ave., Chicago, Ill.



Stop that nagging backache

At the end of a long, hard day when your back aches, treat yourself to the comfort and relief that you get from Sloan's. Just spread it on gently; you don't have to rub it in.

Tense muscles relax at once, you feel a tingling warmth all through, the pain eases off—then stops.

Get a bottle today and have it on hand—35 cents at all druggists. It will not stain.

Sloan's Liniment kills pain!

Of The Spring Costume

No. 3282, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT. Size 28 requires 2 1/4 yards of 54-inch material. Width at lower edge, 1 3/4 yards.

No. 3562, LADIES' THREE-PIECE SKIRT. Size 28 requires 2 5/8 yards of 36-inch material. Width at lower edge, 1 3/4 yards.

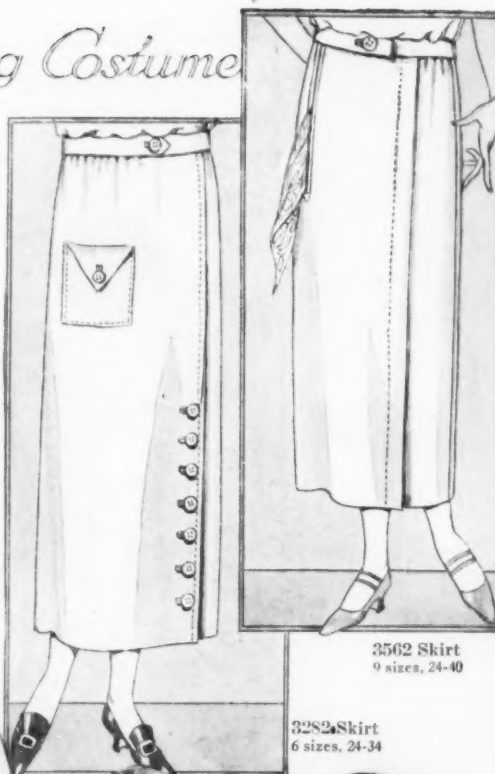


3220 Skirt
6 sizes, 34-44

No. 3220, LADIES' PLEATED SKIRT; attached to camisole. Size 36 requires 3 1/8 yards of 36- or 40-inch material; camisole, 3/4 yard of 32-inch. Width, 2 7/8 yards.

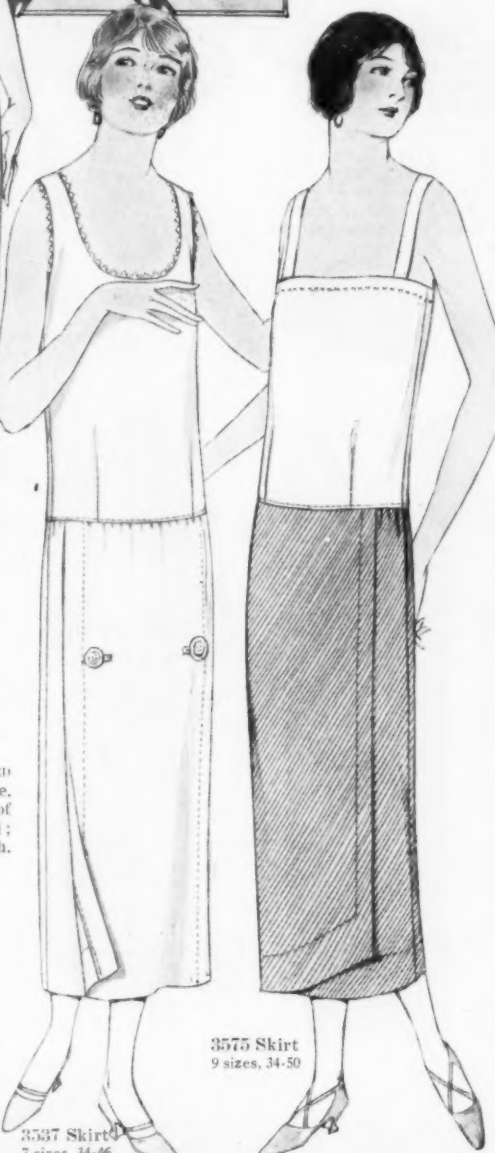


3220 3575



3562 Skirt
9 sizes, 24-40

3282 Skirt
6 sizes, 24-34



3575 Skirt
9 sizes, 34-50

3537 Skirt
7 sizes, 34-46

No. 3537, LADIES' CAMISOLE SKIRT: two-piece straight skirt. Size 36 requires 2 yards of 54-inch material; camisole, 1 1/4 yards of 36-inch. Width, 1 1/4 yards.

No. 3575, LADIES' CAMISOLE SKIRT: three-piece wrap-around skirt. Size 36 requires 2 1/4 yards of 54-inch; camisole, 3/4 yard of 32-inch. Width, 1 3/4 yards.

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\$3 Will Bring This ACME Dress Form Into Your Home



YOU have the satisfaction of making perfect fitting dresses with individuality over an Acme Dress Form. With it you can easily and accurately reproduce the most stylish fitting dresses. It makes fitting and draping the easiest part of dressmaking. It's as necessary as a sewing machine.

DUPLICATES "YOUR EXACT FIGURE" ADJUSTABLE AND COLLAPSIBLE

The Neck, Shoulders, Bust, Waist, Hips, and Skirt are each independently adjustable to any required measurements. More than a hundred independent "combination adjustments" so that it will exactly reproduce any desired size, style or figure. When not in use it COLLAPSES to half its size like illustration below.

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SPECIAL SALE OFFER

In order to encourage Home Dressmaking and help you to economically reproduce the most stylish fashions shown in this magazine we are manufacturing 25,000 improved Acme Forms to be sold on

Easy Payment Terms

Remit \$3 and we will send you our guaranteed \$15 Acme Collapsible Dress Form. Pay the balance of \$12 at only \$3 per month.

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Makes Home Dressmaking a Pleasure and Satisfaction. 300,000 Satisfied Users

An Acme Form is guaranteed to last a life-time. It is adjustable to any size and style change. It will enable you to reproduce quickly and easily all the latest fashions. You can have good-looking dresses and be the envy of your friends. Take advantage of this Special Sale offer and send your order today.

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Gentlemen—Send me at once full illustrated catalog with detailed information, or better still, I enclose \$3 for immediate shipment of an Acme on "10 DAYS' TRIAL" AND "EASY PAYMENT TERMS."

Name
Address

WRITE TODAY FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOG



Mother Says:

"E-Z" Waist Union Suits are so cool and comfortable for children

LAST year my children wore 'E-Z' underclothing for the first time, and it made such a difference in their comfort and health that I wouldn't think of letting them wear any other kind.

"I feel sure that every mother will be interested in knowing that 'E-Z' Waist Union Suits are not only cooling for the lively little ones, because of the pleasant Nainsook fabric of which they are made, but that they will also stand the strain of the wildest play and the rub of the tub."

All the buttons are of real bone and the important ones are securely taped on. Buttonholes won't tear, break or unravel. Garter pins kept straight in a "tube of tape" so that it can't tear the garment. Well made throughout, roomy in size, and strengthened wherever necessary. Made in athletic knee for boys and bloomer knee for girls. Each suit sealed in an individual, sanitary, glassine envelope.

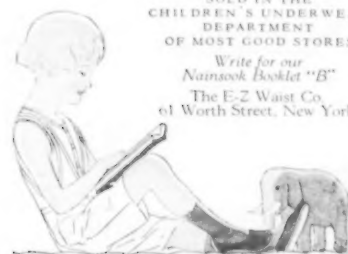
THE E-Z WAIST UNION SUIT

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

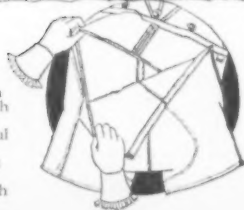
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All Children's Underwear

SOLD IN THE
CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR
DEPARTMENT
OF MOST GOOD STORES

Write for our
Nainsook Booklet "B"
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61 Worth Street, New York



Seat
Construction
—Compare with
other union
suits the liberal
roomy seat
which children
require.
Reinforced with
bias binding



3651 Romper
3 sizes, 2-6

No. 3651, CHILD'S BUNNY ROMPER; with special embroidery design. Size 4 requires 1½ yards of 32-inch material, ½ yard of 32-inch contrasting.

No. 3639, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 10 requires 2 yards of 36-inch material. Embroidery No. 1350 may be used for decoration developing the flowers in bright peasant colorings.

3625 Romper
4 sizes,
6 months
to 3 years

3640 Dress
5 sizes,
2-10

3621
Overalls
5 sizes, 2-10

No. 3621, CHILD'S PLAY OVERALLS. Size 4 requires 1½ yards of 32-inch material.

No. 3625, CHILD'S ROMPER; buttoning under the leg. Size 3 requires 1½ yards of 32-inch material, ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 3640, CHILD'S DRESS WITH BLOOMERS. Size 4 requires 2½ yards of 32-inch material, ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting.



3639 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Emb. No. 1350

3639

No. 3564, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' DRESS. Size 12 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material, ½ yard of 36-inch contrasting. An oval monogram as furnished in Embroidery No. 1257 may be added.

No. 3634, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 10 requires 1½ yards of 36-inch material, 1 yard of 27-inch contrasting.

3564 Dress
5 sizes, 12-20
Emb. No. 1257



3634 Dress
5 sizes,
6-14

3634

Stout Women

Dress
Fashionably
Look
Slender



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"It reaches the Spot"
ASK YOUR DRUGGIST
The Sterizol Company
Ossining, N. Y.



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YOU CAN make \$1 to \$2 an hour writing show cards at home in your spare time. Quickly and easily learned by our new simple method. No canvassing or soliciting. We show you how, guarantee you work at home no matter where you live and pay you cash each week. Full particulars and booklet free. Write to-day.

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Beauty Cream**
"Keeps the Skin Young"
The last word in complexion beautifiers. Price \$1 at druggists' and toilet counters. A trial jar will prove convincing.

Parker Belmont & Co., 2338 Clybourn Ave., Chicago



Learn this Southern Beauty Secret

Why have Southern women always fascinated men? How can all women be as lovely as Southern beauties? Nadine Face Powder is one of their secrets.

Chiffon-fine and alluringly perfumed, Nadine Powder softens and smooths the skin, brings a flattering youthful freshness, a pansy-petal texture. And it clings—unusually long. Try Nadine—and behold the famous Southern peachbloom complexion! Tints—pink, flesh, white, brunette—50c at toilet counters. Miniature box by mail, 4c. National Toilet Co., Paris, Tennessee.

Nadine natural rouge is another beauty secret revealed. Try it!

Nadine Face Powder
The Love of Southern Loveliness

Latest Styles in Two-Hour Frocks

ANYONE capable of the simplest plain sewing can finish these frocks. No patterns—no dressmaking lessons—no experience required. Direct from Fashion Center, Fifth Avenue's latest modas come to you in semi-made form. You save all the whole-saling and retailing costs. This chic frock of the finest non-crushable, fully shrunk, pure Linen is but \$6.95, all complete for sewing together. Many other models illustrated in my personal bulletin "Modes of the Month". Ask for it and for a copy of booklet "The Secret of Keeping up with Fifth Avenue Styles".—Free.

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Smart And Novel



3636 Dress
6 sizes,
2-12
Emb.
No. 1336

No. 3636, CHILD'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 4, 1½ yards of 36-inch material. Cuts of gingham may be applied on the pockets from Embroidery No. 1336.

No. 3559, CHILD'S SLIP-ON DRESS WITH BLOOMERS. Size 4, 2½ yards of 32-inch. Embroidery No. 1290 may be used.

No. 3650, CHILD'S DRESS WITH BLOOMERS. Size 2 requires 2½ yards of 32-inch material.



3559 Dress
5 sizes,
2-10
Emb.
No. 1290

3645 Dress
5 sizes, 2-10
Emb. No. 1072

3650 Dress
5 sizes, 2-10



No. 3645, CHILD'S DRESS WITH BLOOMERS. Size 6 requires 1¾ yards of 32-inch check, 1¼ yards of 36-inch plain. Embroidery No. 1072 is suggested for small monogram.

No. 3567, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 6 requires 1¾ yards of 36-inch material, ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting.



3652 Romper
3 sizes, 2-6

No. 3652, CHILD'S TEDDY BEAR ROMPER; with special embroidery design. Size 4 requires 1¼ yards of 32-inch material, ½ yard of 32-inch contrasting.

No. 3653, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 8 requires 2¾ yards of 36-inch material.



3567 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14



3636 3559 3650 3652

Women who eat soft food



must beware of tender gums

DAINTY FOODS are the natural choice of dainty women. And yet, these soft, delicious creations you are so fond of—has it ever occurred to you that, to your teeth and gums, they are a real and constant menace?

Don't let your toothbrush "show pink"

How this is so, modern dental science has shown. It has demonstrated how the soft, creamy foods of civilization cheat our teeth and gums of that exercise and stimulation which, through the use of simple, coarse food, nature once provided.

And today, as never before, the profession is aroused to the need for fighting that class of tooth troubles due to softened, bleeding and receding gums.

Ipana Tooth Paste is one weapon that is used and prescribed by thousands of the foremost consultants. Many have written us that, in stubborn cases, they direct a gum massage with Ipana after the regular brushing with Ipana. For Ipana, because of the presence of ziranol, a recognized hemostatic, has a specific virtue in healing bleeding gums and in keeping them sound and healthy.

Send for a trial tube

Not only does Ipana heal, but it cleanses safely and thoroughly. You'll like its fine, clean flavor, too, for Ipana is a perfect proof that a tooth paste can both do good and taste good.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica



Bristol-Myers Co.
40 Rector St.
New York, N.Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without charge or obligation on my part.

Name
Address
City State
E4



This is **THE** gingham
that dares look a wash-
board in the face
says **PETER PAN**

There may be gingham that look like me, but their colors are only skin deep. They come out in the wash, while I stand the Monday washboard test and hold my color charm for life.

I am so proud of the way I keep my beauty and freshness that I mark my name on the selvage of every yard, like this—

"Genuine Peter Pan Fast Color"

Wouldn't it be foolish of me to put my name on the selvage of every yard if I did not know **PETER PAN FAST COLOR GINGHAM** would give you full satisfaction? I must make good to you or the old-established house of **Henry Glass & Co.** will, for they give you this insurance:

GUARANTEE

We are ready to replace any garment made of genuine **PETER PAN GINGHAM** if it fades.

HENRY GLASS & CO.

If your dealer cannot supply you with **PETER PAN FAST COLOR GINGHAM**, in plain shades, yard wide; in woven checks, 32 inches wide, with my name on the selvage, write to **Henry Glass & Co.** for the book of

34 LARGE AND BEAUTIFUL SAMPLES FREE

They will have your order filled promptly by a reliable retail house. When you write for these **FREE SAMPLES** be sure to give the name of your dealer and say if he sells

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HENRY GLASS & CO.
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HAPPINESS

SO RUNS the legend of the princess who journeyed far and wide seeking Beauty. Wherever she found it, in the castle of the king or in the peasant's cottage—there, too, dwelt Happiness.



softest powder, is a magic touch of cold cream. This keeps the powder always in place—you have the satisfaction of knowing you need not worry about your complexion.

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ARMAND—Des Moines

ARMAND, Ltd.—St. Thomas, Ontario, Canada

ARMAND
COLD CREAM POWDER.
In The **PINK & WHITE BOXES**



Graduation Frocks

No. 3175, MISSES' DRESS. Size 14 requires 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. Gathered ribbon may be used for the effective trimming developed from Embroidery No. 1100.

No. 3234, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16 requires 4 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. To emphasize yoke and tunic, a head border from Embroidery No. 1351 is suggested.

No. 3513, MISSES' DRESS. Size 14 requires 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. On a dress of taffeta, ribbon sprays from Embroidery No. 1296 would be unusually pleasing.

No. 3653, GIRL'S DRESS; two-piece straight tucked skirt. Size 14 requires 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 3639, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 14 requires 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material. 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 8-inch flouncing for front ruffles.



3653 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14

3639 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14



**Sure Way to Get
Rid of Dandruff**

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just get about four ounces of plain, ordinary liquid arvon; apply it at night when retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly, and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get liquid arvon at any drug store and four ounces is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, O.

You Can't
Comb Out
Dandruff



**FOR THAT THROBBING
NERVOUS HEADACHE**
massage the temples
with cooling, soothing
Mentholatum

Write for free sample
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Skirts Waists Gingham
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Your eyes will literally shine with excitement when first you run thru this amazing book. Photograph after photograph of the most beautiful hats now showing in this country and abroad. Every hat is different, yet absolutely in correct style. Every one created by leading fashion artists recently back from Paris. A variety so astounding it is sure to include the very hat of your dreams. Every one carries the genuine Gage label supreme in the millinery world for the past 66 years. And best of all, every one within the reach of a normal income. You can see them in any millinery shop where Gage Assortment Hats or Gage Weekly Service Hats are shown. Send your name and address now, and we will mail you, without charge, the **STYLE BOOK** showing these alluring hats.

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"Here's sensible economy," she said. "Only twenty-two cents a quart for a rich and delicious syrup! And so easy to make! Merely dissolving granulated sugar and adding Mapleine—ready for the table in a jiffy. A rich golden spread just as good as those costing twice as much—a truly sensible and economical answer to the syrup problem."

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As a flavoring Mapleine is distinctive and delightful. For frostings, puddings, sauces, cakes, dainty desserts, candies—use Mapleine. It is a pleasingly different flavor every one enjoys. Write for free recipes.

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There is only one "Mapleine"
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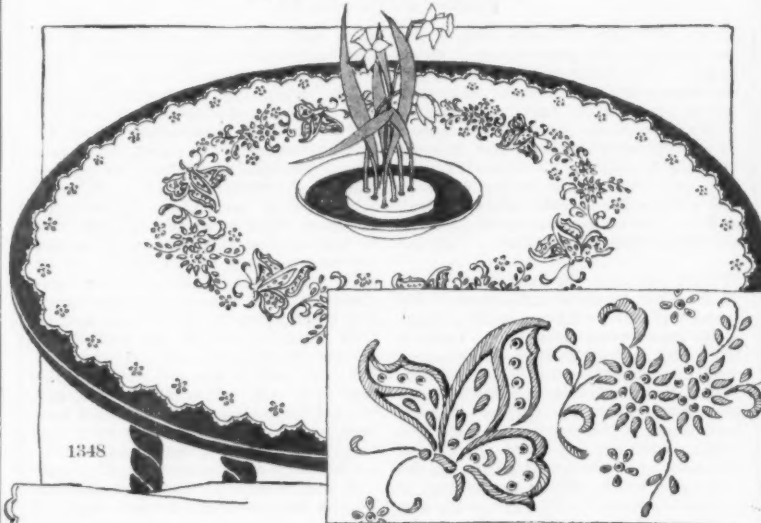


MAPLEINE

For Syrup - For Flavoring

New Cloths for the Tea Hour

By Elisabeth May Blondel



Detail of Butterfly Design on Lunch Cloth No. 1348

NO. 1348, TRANSFER PATTERN FOR BUTTERFLY LUNCH CLOTH. Design measures 53 inches in diameter. Develop entirely in white on white linen, working solid outlines in satin-stitch, thin lines in outline-stitch, dots in eyelets, scalloped edges in buttonhole-stitch. The best effect for satin-stitch is gained by first padding with a soft strand cotton in running-stitch. Full directions given. Price, 45 cents. Blue.

No. 1349 Butterfly Scarf for Sideboard or Dresser

NO. 1353, TRANSFER PATTERN FOR REFRESHMENT SET. Design measures 35 inches square; 8 napkin corners, $4\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ inches, are included. On white, natural or blue linen, a pleasing and artistic effect may be developed by working with three shades of yellow, orange, black and white. The stitches used are lazy-daisy, French knots, outline, darning- and buttonhole-stitch. Finish the edges of cloth with black buttonholing worked over a tiny hem, and orange twisted over the black edge. Full directions given. Price, 45 cents. Yellow or blue.

NO. 1349, TRANSFER PATTERN FOR BUTTERFLY SCARF. The scarf measures $17\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide and 45 inches long. 40 inches of extra scalloping are included for making scarf longer if desired. Matching Lunch Cloth No. 1348, this scarf for the sideboard completes a handsome dining-room set. If desired, delft-blue may be used instead of white for the embroidery. Full directions given. Price, 35 cents. Blue.



An especially attractive design for gay colors

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The First thought for Cold Sores (fever blisters)

"Impossible!" describes them. And a party tomorrow evening, too. What to do?

"Unguentine—quick", of course. Apply a little at night. You'll see marked improvement in the morning. Whatever its cause, the effect of a cold sore is like so many other irritations of the skin. If you don't take care of it "quick" it is likely to spread, and get worse instead of better.

Think back a few months
How many things have happened to your skin?

Conditions—like cold sores (fever blisters), chapping, (or last summer) sunburn, perhaps poison ivy rashes. Probably **accidents**—a scratch, bruise, burn, or cut. There are hundreds of these skin accidents and irritations. With each one there is damage to the skin and danger from infection. Pain or discomfort is always present, the protection of the normal healthy skin is broken down and dangerous germs may cause a serious time of it. Healing may be slow. Unnecessary scars may result.

In literally millions of homes, every one in the family knows this about Unguentine—**Stops pain. Prevents infection. Heals quickly. Prevents needless scars** because Unguentine's healing is done from the bottom of the injury upwards.

Ask your druggist for a tube of Unguentine today. You'll be glad you bought it. Price 50c.

Pronounced UN-GWEN-TEEN

THE NORWICH PHARMACAL COMPANY

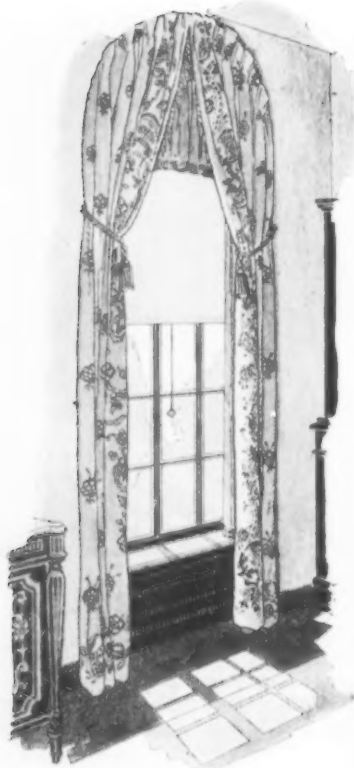
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Enclosed find 8c for trial tube of Unguentine and booklet "What to Do" (for little ailments and real emergencies) by M. Webster Storer, M. D. M3
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5 ROOMS

Let us ship you direct from our mill all the materials complete for a **Starter's cut-to-fit home**, (not portable) and **save you four big profits on lumber, hardware, mill-work and labor**, besides a **proven 20% saving in waste**. Substantially built and lasting. **Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back!**

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ABOVE prices include everything complete—all lumber cut to fit (highest grade only), windows, doors, floors, shingles, bath, glass, paint, nails, molding, cupboards—everything plainly marked and easily assembled according to drawings and directions we furnish.

\$2,284 Home includes double walls and floors. **\$489 five-room house** includes single walls and floors for double odd \$22.

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FREE CATALOG with many other beautiful homes at \$4.99 to \$4,797—all at big savings. Garages \$73 and up.

FREE CATALOG

Society Creates Its Own Black Sheep

(Continued from page 17)

of age. Of these 697 were between sixteen and nineteen years of age. Other prisons in the United States tell largely the same story. Consider the number of youths committed for high crimes, those committed for minor offenses, those with suspended sentences, who are paroled, together with the girls who drift into crime and depravity (all boys and girls under twenty years of age) and we have no occasion to be proud of our 20th century civilization.

THE one year old baby smiling and friendly puts up his arms to you. He is not a criminal, neither are his parents or his grandparents criminals. Yet in a few years society finds it necessary to send him to prison for its protection. Why? Because in sixteen years he grew that way. Your boy will never be a holdup man or become a prison charge! Why? Because you have surrounded him with an environment during his development which renders the making of a bandit impossible. You are giving him what every boy or girl has a right to demand. You are giving your boy or girl good food, suitable clothing, corrective measures, proper amusements, secular and religious instruction. Give those who will occupy our states prisons and reformatories twenty-five years hence, and who are now criminals in the making, the benefits you are bestowing on your boy or girl in a few decades crime waves will be but history.

Experience proves beyond all doubt that the vast majority of humanity will grow right if they have right care when young and WHY? Because the human being is most susceptible to its daily contacts. As a people, we have few among us who originate, but millions who imitate. The state showed no hesitancy in calling upon its young man power a very few years ago, in demanding that they give up their occupations and their homes and risk all in its protection, with what results? 40, 50 and 60 percent (and in some sections a larger percentage) were disqualified for military or naval service because of defective bodies, the result of childhood neglect. The men who failed in the necessary qualifications are likewise inefficient in civil life, are just so much less value as economic contributors and their physical defects will be carried on to their children and to their children's children. Reformatories, states prisons and houses of correction are a tremendous tax upon the resources of the country. Through neglect of children the state develops its dependents and criminals and then pays out millions yearly for their incarceration and maintenance. Every child must be looked upon as a state asset and regardless of social status, he must be under state supervision.

Every farmer knows how the young animals of the farm must be treated in order to develop properly. We know

quite well how the child should be treated in order to make him into a desirable citizen when he is ours. We know further, that there are thousands and thousands of children who are not getting in any comparison what we think necessary for our own. We know that a multitude of children are improperly fed, improperly clad, with little of brightness in their lives. Children of the poor, children of the ignorant and of the careless. Children who are on the streets at ten and eleven o'clock at night and later. Children whose associates are bound to make them criminals. The great majority of us care mighty little what becomes of the rest of us, as long as our own are provided for, our skins kept intact and pocket books unspoiled. Of what moment is our boasted civilization when with each new year we register a new crop of a few thousand candidates, male and female, for banditry and the street? It means that our twentieth century civilization is but a veneer—a good veneer—but still a veneer. The average well-to-do, well fed individual is so satisfied with himself that did he possess the necessary manual dexterity he would stroke his own back and purr. Most charitable organizations are salves for a bruised state conscience.

Additional expense and taxation are advanced as an argument against effective state control. We are not a poor people. We spend thousands in attempts at the reformation of adults—we spend thousands in foreign lands in attempts to force our own views and defective civilization upon old established competitive states. It is not money that fails us, what fails us is the presence of a broad human sympathy. We find it written, "Thou Shalt Love the Lord Thy God with All Thy Heart, with All Thy Soul, with All Thy Mind and with All Thy Strength and Thy Neighbor as Thyself," and again we have it, "Suffer Little Children to Come Unto Me and Forbid Them Not," and yet each year shows its quota in thousands of little children who are being recruited by society for its reformatories and prisons. And what should the state do for its dependent youth? Just what it will do at some future time when civilization drops the veneer and follows out in its daily existence, that which at present it talks of much and practises not.

A State Child Development Committee will be organized with a central authority, sub-authorities and assistants. The state will be divided into zones, the area depending upon the child population under sixteen years. Each zone shall have its visitor, always a woman, preferably a trained nurse, who shall visit each child in the zone at certain intervals and the condition reported to those with authority, with the purpose of supplying the child those few simple requirements that we all know are essential for [Turn to page 119]

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"Mum"

takes all odor out of perspiration

A little "Mum" applied to the under-arm and elsewhere frees you from body odors all day.

This snow-white deodorant cream is so safe that dainty women use it with the sanitary pad.

25c. and 50c. at all stores.

Special Offer: Both 25c "Mum" and 25c Amoray—the Powder Perfume Tale—with the fragrance that lasts all day, 50c worth for 40c postpaid.

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Herewith _____ for offer checked. ☐ Both "Mum" and Amoray—Powder Perfume Tale—50c for 40c. ☐ Large "Mum" 50c. ☐ "Mum" 25c. ☐ Amoray Tale 25c.

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\$5 For You

Think of all the pleasant things you could do with a crinkly new \$5.00 bill. You might use it for a new hat or shoes, a trip to the theater, a visit to some friend, any one of a thousand ways.

McCall's will give you \$5.00 or more, in return for a little of your spare time now.

The coupon below will bring you complete information about an easy, dignified way to secure an extra \$5.00 or more. Send for this information today.

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Please tell me how I can get an extra \$5.00.

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Price List of New McCall Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 232-230 West 37th Street, New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, stating number and size desired and enclosing the price stated below in stamps or money order. Branch Offices, 208-12 So. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill., 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal., 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga., 70 Bond St., Toronto, Canada.

No.Cts.	No.Cts.	No.Cts.	No.Cts.	No.Cts.	No.Cts.	No.Cts.	No.Cts.
2934 .25	3358 .40	3513 .45	3549 .45	3570 .45	3623 .30	3634 .30	3645 .25
3122 .45	3402 .45	3515 .35	3557 .30	3572 .40	3625 .25	3635 .45	3648 .40
3171 .45	3406 .30	3519 .35	3558 .45	3574 .25	3627 .35	3636 .30	3649 .30
3175 .45	3409 .45	3528 .45	3559 .25	3575 .30	3628 .35	3637 .45	3650 .25
3209 .40	3424 .45	3533 .35	3562 .25	3576 .30	3629 .35	3638 .45	3651 .35
3220 .30	3440 .30	3537 .30	3564 .35	3615 .40	3630 .45	3639 .30	3652 .35
3234 .45	3469 .45	3538 .30	3565 .45	3619 .40	3631 .45	3640 .25	3653 .30
3282 .25	3480 .30	3540 .30	3566 .45	3621 .20	3632 .45	3643 .45	3654 .35
3325 .30	3485 .45	3547 .45	3567 .30	3622 .45	3633 .45	3644 .30	3655 .45

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1049 .30	1109 .30	1253 .40	1288 .30	1317 .30	1350 .30
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1072 .25	1214 .40	1260 .30	1296 .35	1336 .25	1352 .40
1106 .35	1252 .30	1267 .30	1313 .40		

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All Sure to Bloom and Bloom All Summer

Robinson—Richest of all Red Roses.
Sunburst—Deep golden orange.
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1 Petunias 25c 4 Aster 25c
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Any 5 Collections \$1.00
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Any of above Roses in 2-yr. size, 3 for \$1.00; in 3-yr. size, 3 for \$1.43. We guarantee satisfaction and safe arrival.

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are so much better than most other roses that we guarantee them to bloom or refund your money. We also put a durable white star label with our name and the name of the rose on the plant as the sign of that quality which enables us to make this remarkable guarantee. The Conard star tag in any garden is a mark of distinction.

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This collection includes the wonderful Climbing American Beauty, fragrant, continuous bloomer; Golden Ophelia, golden yellow; Etolle de France, ivory, crimson-velvet; Columbis, rose pink; Mme. Butterfly, blended pink, carmine and gold; Peace, continuous blooming, creamy white. The six plants, all on own roots, selected for vigor and blooming qualities, postage paid for 50c. Send orders to

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10 kinds Gladioli mailed for 10c and names of 4 friends who grow flowers. Will include FREE, bulb of the beautiful Mirabilis.

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For sample Cuticura Talcum, a fascinating fragrance. Address Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. D, Malden, Mass.

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No Paring—End Them

Don't let the agony of corns destroy your comfort. Apply Blue-jay—and instantly the pain vanishes. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Does away with dangerous paring. Get Blue-jay at any drug store.

Blue-jay

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Love and Sex Co-operation

[Continued from page 13]

social upheaval is settled down. But let a woman have her career, by all means, if it makes her more companionable and more desirable to man.

Love is the world's greatest ruling force. Everything must be sacrificed to it and nothing allowed to interfere with its progress. To preserve the charm of life, the beauty of life—a *allegria de la vida*—that is the art of living. The woman who beautifies her mind at the expense of her appearance defeats her own object; if what she seeks is power, let her realize that while men have to work for it she can, if she likes, win it with a smile!

There is nothing on God's green earth so good for a woman to hear as that primitive cry from the heart: "I love you!" Love is the greatest of all human emotions, for it is the only one which contains the virtue of self-sacrifice. Intellectual and spiritual love is, of course, very beautiful, but the love which artists have immortalized is that which gives life to the new sweet things of the world, and which gives life to life itself. Why deny it? Why seek to conceal this fact? Deep down in the heart of every human being is the desire to give love—human longings—the most wistful of all our dreams. Love is the most potent of all to receive love. It is the keenest of all human emotions. It makes gods of men; sometimes it makes thieves and mur-

derers of men; for nothing is too great to achieve nor any crime too base to commit for love. It is life's supreme adventure—we dare not miss it!

I am often asked in which country the ideal woman is to be found. How can I answer that question? Each man has his own ideal, and strangely enough he never really knows his ideal until he meets her. For my part I should say that the most delightful women are to be found in the northern countries; English, Scandinavian and American women are very charming. I should like to add, however, that Spanish women have progressed wonderfully within the last few years, and they have not forfeited any of their fascination through gaining some self-reliance and freedom. But American women—ah, they are wonderful! They rule their country, yet they are never unwomanly. They have thought and studied while their menfolk have been busy making money, but they have not neglected their personal charm. They stand as a living contradiction to the theory that where intellect begins beauty ends. There are always exceptions, however—we find beautiful fools and unbeautiful intellectuals and vice versa.

Love must never be confused with ambition. Let the women who seek power realize that it is far more glorious to live a novel than to write one.

Society Creates Its Own Black Sheep

[Continued from page 118]

right mind and body building. Right food, right clothing, right housing, right secular instructions, together with religious instruction, the nature of which is to be chosen by the parents. The advice or assistance rendered will depend entirely upon the requirements. Among the so-called better class of children, it will be simply a matter of advice. Among others, assistance of a more material nature. I know a farm laborer, who has a wife and nine children. The wage of this man makes it absolutely impossible for him to feed, clothe and generally rear his family to the best interests of the state. This man and wife are among the state's most useful citizens. They are a decided state asset and the state should supply a pecuniary allowance for every child above a certain number in a given poor family. In our next war the state will show no hesitancy in drafting the boys in this family into service for its protection, and the girls will be expected to be workers in special fields. The efficiency of the family and of thousands of present day families in the next war is being determined today.

It is my observation that people, regardless of the social plane, welcome advice if they are properly approached by a suitable person; and that suitable person is not the faddish and fashionable worker who is active a few months in the winter, but one trained for the work, who possesses authority, requisite knowledge and diplomacy, and who is on duty twelve months in the year. Not long since a mother told me that there were three different organizations attempting to tell her how to bring up her baby!

If the state inspector finds that clothing is essential it should be supplied, food given where food is necessary. Advice as to child rearing and hygiene and the reasons for it when ignorance exists. Evident neglect of parents would be punished by severe measures. Corporal punishment would apply here. Every school building would be a school in the broadest sense. In addition to the usual usage, it would be an amusement center, a playhouse and a workshop. It is just as essential to have classes in play as it is to have classes in arithmetic. Children must be kept busy, they must have amusement and much that the child needs to learn may be supplied in a very attractive fashion. If not kept occu-

pied along right lines it means the lines of least resistance, the pathway that leads to crime. The unorganized idle hours give opportunity for attractive education measures. Moving pictures may be educational from a score of standpoints. Let there be classes for instruction in music, in art and in decoration. Let the child see, hear and feel the beautiful and the good. Let young boys and girls be taught the clear, cool enjoyment of nature. The girl raised properly is a creature of pure beauty; the girl of the underworld is denied real beauty and can have, at best, only a sinister fascination. Someone at some time wrote that culture is a plant of slow growth. Culture is a plant of slow growth and thrives only in a certain soil. It takes years of teaching and wisely selected associations to make a cultured man. Crime is a plant of more rapid growth, but like culture it thrives only in a very definite soil. The vast majority of criminals are made before they are sixteen years of age. The children of crime are apprenticed at a tender age to skilled thieves. They rarely reform, the vicious remain as they were built, the indolent adult never becomes industrious, the man with the hump on his back retains the deformity until he dies. As the adult has grown so he remains, mentally and structurally with astonishingly few authentic exceptions. A vast amount of money and brains are being wasted on hopeless material, when there are many neglected young who would profit immeasurably on the money and energy wasted. Prophylactic measures as above briefly outlined against ill health, crime, degeneracy and general worthlessness, may be utilized by the state for the signal betterment of the race. All that is required is the proper community spirit and right organization. A close association with many thousands of children from various social planes, tells me that in each little human there is a spark of the divine which may be sustained, nurtured by kindnesses, fashioned by love and right associations into responsible man and womanhood.

"He who helps a child helps humanity with a distinctness, with an immediateness, which no other help given to human creatures in any other stage of their human life can possibly be given again."—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

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If Meat You Would Eat

Learn What Cuts You Can Buy to Give You the Best Food Values in Return for Your Money

By Dr. E. V. McCollum and Nina Simmonds

Department of Hygiene and Public Health, Johns Hopkins University



WHY does the woman who purchases the food for her home so regularly ask at the meat market for steak, a ham or a leg of lamb, or for the choicest of the roasts?

There appears to be one outstanding answer to this question, which has been asked many times by the scientists who study the problems of human nutrition as well as by those who manage the meat industry.

Apparently her reason is the same as that of the poor Chinaman who chooses to eat polished rice instead of the unpolished grain which is not only cheaper but a great deal more nutritious. The Chinaman reasons somewhat as follows: "My employer, who could eat any kind he cares to buy, eats white rice. All people financially more fortunate than I eat it. So it must be the most desirable kind. I, too, will have the best polished rice for myself even though it does cost more. I am poor, but I can be an aristocrat in one respect. I can have rice just as white as anyone if I pay a little more for it."

So he eats polished rice and finally becomes the victim of the dread disease beri-beri, a kind of paralysis caused by lack of the vitamin B. If he had used the more nutritious unpolished variety, he would have saved some money and have had better health. His pride, however, would not have been satisfied, for he would not have been in fashion. He does not realize that his more fortunate neighbor has a very liberal diet of fruits and vegetables and thereby makes up for the deficiency in the polished rice.

Many of us are just as unwise in our choice of meats as the Chinaman is in the selection of his rice. We ask for certain cuts because we have conceived the idea that since they cost the most they must be the best. Our pride, too, has something to do with it. We see everybody else asking for them and we don't want to feel humiliated by buying something cheaper and not generally called for.

If less money were spent for the expensive cuts, there would be more money to spend for milk, fruits and fresh vegetables such as lettuce, tomatoes, celery, and so on, and the family would be better fed than by spending all the money for a choice steak.

There is no more logic in buying steaks, chops and ham than there is in investing in summer furs. In both cases we do it because it is the custom.

Another important consideration in the mind of the average woman in selecting steaks or chops is the simplicity and ease with which they can be prepared for the table. It requires the minimum of skill to set them before the family in an attractive form, whereas the preparation of the cheaper cuts requires skill and knowledge to make them attractive.

THERE are usually but two purposes in the selection of food for the family table: first, to promote the health of the family, and secondly, to satisfy their hunger with appetizing foods. American women are more alert in trying to achieve both of these objectives than are the women of other lands.

Obviously, two other objectives should be kept in mind by the mother of a family in choosing foods for her table. She should have regard for national welfare in trying to avoid waste of valuable food resources; and she should try to get the greatest values for the money she spends. In both these respects the American woman needs more information and assistance, for she is still making mistakes along these lines, especially in regard to the selection of meats.

While it cannot be proved that meats are essential to health; and while we know, on the other hand, that a

WHY has the average American housewife fallen into the habit of demanding the most expensive cuts of meat? Are they really more nutritious than the cheaper cuts? Would it be wise economy to use cheaper cuts?

Dr. E. V. McCollum, eminent nutrition expert of Johns Hopkins University, makes an enlightening reply to this question and tells why it is the duty of every homemaker to have an intelligent understanding of the food values of meat.

CHEAP AND NUTRITIOUS MEAT DISHES

Beef

Hash	Meat Loaf	Pot Roast
Meat Balls	Beef Sweetbreads	Oxtail and Spaghetti
Croquettes	Brisket with Onion	Chili Con Carne
Meat Pie	Sauce	Jellied Beef
Corned Beef	Hamburg Steak	Beef Fricassee
Irish Stew	Ragout	

Lamb and Mutton

Lamb's Kidneys with Bacon	Croquettes with Tomato Sauce	Mutton Broth
Mutton in Casserole	Lamb Stew with Rice	Minced Lamb on Toast
Mutton Stew with Barley	Mutton Loaf	Scalloped Lamb
Casserole of Rice and Mutton	Hungarian Goulash	Turkish Lamb (with Tomatoes and Rice)
Spanish Stew with Tomatoes	Mutton Curry	Lamb and Rice Patties
	Individual Lamb Pies	

Pork

Sausages	Ham en Casserole	Ham Omelet
Chop Suey	Green Pepper Stuffed with Ham	Hominy and Sausage
Baked Spareribs with Dressing	Ham à la King	Sausage Loaf
Pork Chops	Ham with Macaroni	Scalloped Pork and Cabbage
	Mock Chicken Salad	

diet of vegetable foods, supplemented with suitable amounts of milk, is necessary to physical well-being, there is no sound reason for advising the elimination of meats from the diet.

The proteins of meats have been shown to supply certain essential digestive products which are not very abundant in the proteins of the cereal grains. In this respect meats may be properly regarded as supplemental foods which, because of their flavors, add to the attractiveness of vegetable foods of the bland types.

America is one of the great meat-eating nations; and the meat-producing, slaughtering and distributing industries constitute one of the country's major industrial investments. We are told that two-thirds of the country's meat production is west of the Mississippi; while two-thirds of the meat consumption is east of that river. Transportation and distribution problems necessarily make meats fairly expensive foods.

The quality of meat is determined by the age, sex, size and condition of the animal, so that there are different grades of meat. But even with the choicest animals there is a serious problem of marketing, for the so-called "choice" cuts average only about one-fourth of the total dressed weight. This fact, coupled with the great popularity of these cuts, causes them to bring higher prices. In fact the demand for choice cuts exceeds the supply. The inevitable result is that the packing industry is burdened with the problem of disposing of the cheaper cuts of meat at any reasonable price. The packer has said the problem would be solved if an animal could be produced which was composed solely of steak or chops.

There is, however, another and simpler solution of the problem. We must adjust ourselves to the agricultural and economic requirements of meat production. It is illogical to demand certain cuts of meats and refuse others which are equally wholesome because the latter require the exercise of a little thought and care to prepare.

MEAT is not necessarily of poor nutritive quality because it is tough. The toughness is due to the presence of connective tissue between the muscle fibers, but connective tissue when properly cooked is converted into gelatin, a highly prized food substance used extensively in the culinary arts. This conversion into gelatin is accomplished by long, slow cooking, which is the best way. The process may be hastened, however, by chopping or grinding to separate the fibers or by pounding to break them, to permit closer contact of the water with the fibers during cooking.

It is possible to hasten greatly the softening of meat containing much connective tissue by adding a tablespoon of vinegar or lemon juice to every two quarts of water in which it is cooked. A better method is for the butcher to freeze the cuts which are more difficult to cook, or at least to hang them for some time in cold storage. In this way organic acids are produced within the meat which softens it without in any way detracting from its flavor.

It has been pointed out that when we buy choice steaks we buy between five and nine percent of bone, for which we pay the same price as for the edible portion. This is not the case with many of the cheaper cuts, which contain little or no bone.

There are many ways in which the cheaper cuts of meats can be used in appetizing dishes, such as meat pie, meat loaf, pot roast, hamburger steak or stews. Meats served in these styles are not only economical but add greatly to the attractiveness of potatoes, rice or other bland vegetables because of their gravies.



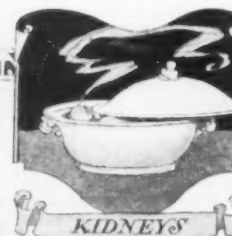
MEAT PIE



STEW



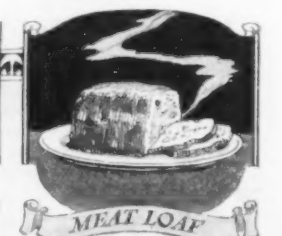
POT ROAST



KIDNEYS



LIVER



MEAT LOAF

Your family will never complain when you serve these appetizing meat dishes concocted from the "cheaper cuts"

The Simple Art of Getting Well and Keeping Well



"I KNEW my headaches and unwholesome complexion were caused by constipation. To take frequent cathartics was my regular program and even by doing this I was tired and dopy. 'I like what yeast does for me' said one of my customers and asked if I had ever tried it. I acted on this suggestion and began to drink yeast in milk regularly. Soon people began to comment on how well I was looking—my husband said I grew younger—the mirror told me my complexion and eyes were clear and bright. Cathartics are now a thing of the past."
(A letter from Mrs. Mabelle Conomikes of Marathon, N. Y.)

THESE remarkable reports are typical of thousands of similar tributes to Fleischmann's Yeast.

There is nothing mysterious about its action. It is not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense. But when the body is choked with the poisons of constipation—or when its vitality is low so that skin, stomach, and the general health are affected—this simple, natural food achieves literally amazing results.

Concentrated in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast are millions of tiny yeast-plants, alive and active. At once they go to work—invigorating the whole system, clearing the skin, aiding digestion, strengthening the intestinal muscles and making them healthy and active. *Health is yours once more.*



"FIVE years ago I had a serious breakdown due to strenuous war work, irregular food, loss of sleep, etc. I was a physical and nervous wreck. Then I saw Fleischmann's Yeast cakes advertised for loss of strength and energy and decided to try them. I started with four a day taken regularly with my meals. I liked the taste. In a short time my headaches disappeared, I slept better, my bowels functioned regularly, my flesh took on a healthy appearance. In a few months I felt like a new woman."
(A letter from Mrs. Edith Beamer of Detroit)



"I WATCHED her crumble the crisp cake into the milk. We drifted into conversation. She sang of the magic of Fleischmann's Yeast. Many months before, her doctor had recommended it and she confessed she owed the clearness of her complexion to its use.

"I was persuaded to try the yeast in milk, and prepared to swallow an obnoxious dose. I was pleasantly surprised. It proved a delightfully palatable drink.

"Fleischmann's Yeast waged a successful battle against the canker sores, dried up the existing ones and cured the stomach condition which was causing them. I faced my winter's work with enthusiasm, and came through triumphant."

(Extract from a letter of Miss Grace S. Baumann of Philadelphia)



"I AM office manager for a large mercantile corporation. Two years ago I began to develop "nerves," stomach trouble, insomnia, and worst of all to me, an irritable disposition towards those under me. Chatting with a friend I spoke of always feeling so rotten that life was hardly worth living. My friend urged me to try Fleischmann's Yeast, attributing his own excellent health to its daily use. At the end of a week I was eating it with a relish, and feeling a great deal improved. Now a day never passes that I don't eat at least three cakes—using them as a between-meal snack—with the result that I am in the best of health with an eager zest for my work."
(Extract from letter of Mr. G. A. Dempsey of Winnipeg, Canada)

Dissolve one cake in a glass of water (just hot enough to drink)

—before breakfast and at bedtime. For Constipation yeast is most effective when taken this way.

Or eat 2 or 3 cakes a day—spread on bread or crackers—dissolved in fruit juices or milk—or eat it plain.

Fleischmann's Yeast comes only in the tinfoil package—it cannot be

purchased in tablet form. *All grocers have it.* Start eating it today! And write us for further information or let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Address:

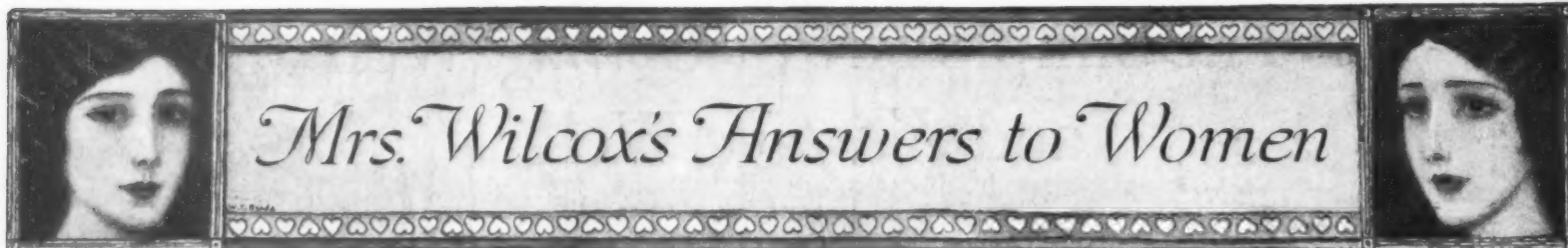
Health Research Dept. F3, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York City.



"TWO years ago I was a sufferer from an affliction of every kind of boil imaginable. At one time I had nine. Imagine playing football with a great boil on the back of your hand, or attending a dance with one right beside your nose.

"I gave up candy and pastry—but the boils continued. Then a friend—you bet he was a friend—suggested Fleischmann's Yeast. I tried it dubiously, but it did the trick! The boils ceased. Since that time I have never gone without my occasional cake of Fleischmann's Yeast."

(A letter from Charles F. Weiler of Flemington, N. J.)



Mrs. Wilcox's Answers to Women

THE circumstances of married life are always different but the trouble in married life is about the same."

This wisdom, worthy of being added to our classic aphorisms, comes from an isolated ranch in Idaho. It is quoted from a letter written by the mother of ten.

Now true it is that tall oaks from little acorns grow nowhere so fast as when planted along the matrimonial highway.

Most of us rise to great emergencies with admirable calmness and dignity, perhaps because there is a dramatic strain in us. It is the trifles which break us. It takes more than the average human courage to meet the thousand exasperations of daily life without exaggerating their importance to our welfare.

This is a page of commonplace complainings, just a few "last straws."

In a jazz-stricken world, it is inevitable that the plague should make somebody suffer. Writes a wife:

"Dear Winona Wilcox:
I married a jazz-crazed man two years ago. Since my baby came, I have not had the heart to leave her with a nurse girl. My husband refuses to settle down to quiet evenings with me. He prefers to go to dances. Is there a way to keep him at home?—Ida."

A young bride naturally would hope for a charm to turn a young husband's thoughts from jazz to domesticity. An old wife knows there is no such contraption. The above letter is valuable only as a warning to brides-to-be: Better discuss and settle such matters before marriage.

"Once I thought I couldn't live without the man I married, now I find I am perfectly wretched with him. He moved to town from a farm to please me. He is a fine worker and an upright man, but evenings he sits around and falls asleep, and there am I, crocheting at home like an old lady when I ought to be out dancing and enjoying myself."

"I'm not having a fair chance to be happy like other girls. Please give me advice to make me happy.—Broken-Hearted."

Why not be interesting enough to keep the husband awake? In so doing, you will have to think less of yourself and more of him. That is still considered an honorable method of achieving much genuine happiness!

"In public my husband is boisterous. He talks too

loud, and at the least comical incident or the smallest joke, he bursts into noisy laughter. And so a comic film means humiliation and embarrassment for me.

"Time and again I have begged him to be more reserved, but it makes no difference. We get on beautifully together, but I believe I could be entirely happy with him only on a desert island. Please help me.—Carolyn R. S."

There should be comfort in the fact that most persons in any assemblage are so interested in themselves that they are not permanently impressed by the behavior of others. So, why not avoid supersensitiveness to criticism?

"Although we should be congenial, my husband and I have some disturbing differences of opinion. He does not care for literature, while I read too much."

"Now if I venture to call his attention to some defect in his speech or pronunciation, he says I am a permanent grouch!—Babs."

Of course he does! Of all the truths brides should know and do not know, there is none more vital to domestic peace than this homely fact: Men hate to have their petty defects called to their attention by their wives and it is a foolish woman who risks any attempt to remake a man's speech and manners according to her own pattern.

"We never have trouble over finances nor other important matters, but if I want my husband to be extra particular about his appearance, he accuses me of wishing him to be a sport."

"When I insist that he put on his spats, or wear gloves, or carry a stick, he becomes sarcastic, and that I can't endure; before we know it, we are too annoyed to go anywhere together."

"I'm more stubborn than he, but he makes pie-crust promises and his temper flares up every time I tell him how he ought to wear his clothes. Must I therefore let him go shabby?—Harriet."

Which do you prefer, a good-looking or a good-tempered husband? You cannot have both, that is plain—but you can make a choice.

"People laugh because my husband is very much shorter than I am. I love my husband but have told him this is spoiling my life, and he seems hurt. I have considered a separation but can not decide if it would be best for me.—Miranda L."

Would it be best for any wife to break up a home because of a joke? Love mates opposites—thus nature maintains her averages—and one seldom gains much by resenting nature's methods. By keeping this fundamental idea in mind, it may be possible to take the wit of friends less tragically.

"My husband has lied to me several times about where he goes in the evening. In everything else I could trust him around the world, but when it comes to his evenings away from home I can't trust him around the corner."

"I don't want to spend the rest of my life worrying and wondering about him, but how can I help it?—Delia G. D."

Now who can tell her that? Hers is a straw from the original stack of woman's woes. Doubtless Eve worried just this way and probably no wife who has had the same problem ever has solved it.

"I wish I had let every man I ever went with kiss me. I was a dignified girl, but popular enough."

"Now I see fate has tricked me. After three years of marriage, the man with whom I must pass the rest of my days never gives me a particle of affection. Surely a married woman is entitled to her man's tenderness, but my husband is so undemonstrative that I regret the chance for a little petting I lost in my girlhood."

"If my man does not display his own affection, how dare he expect that I will not turn elsewhere for what every woman craves?—Adelaide W."

Doubtless this is supposed to be progressive philosophy based on Freudian theories, but to some minds it looks a good deal like the morality required to manufacture movie plots. There is no reasoning with persons who are ruled by their senses.

"I am just not the kind of woman to make my husband a good wife (in his estimation); and he is just not the kind of a man to make me happy."

"Sometimes I find myself comparing him with other men who have loved me and I perceive that it would be unfortunate for me to be severely tempted."

"If every dog has his day, mine is yet to come. I think it will—I am looking forward to it. I shall never do anything to disgrace my little daughters, but my, my! Write a word or two to—Maude."

Compromise is a first law in the art of living. We compromise with the cook and the climate, with politicians and the makers of clothes. Only in matrimony do we expect to

escape the necessity of adapting ourselves to conditions we do not like. Marriage is a good deal like an auto highway; we find the ruts in the well-worn road most discouraging, but if we take a roundabout road to avoid them, we are jolted badly in the detour.

"No sign of companionship between me and my husband has developed in five years of wedded life. He is a professional man, not hard to live with, being cultivated and refined. I am a trained nurse. We agreed that both should work after our wedding. We never have any trouble, but we never have time to be together and nothing to say when we are. I can see no hope for any home life. Am I justified in going on with a marriage which is mockery?—Jeanne D. E."

An ultra-modern wisp of straw, one that the new age has added to the ancient heap. This problem is yet to be worked out by many experiments and many inventions. Who has ideas about it?

Trivial complaints these, most of them due to a fixed belief that human beings have a right to happiness.

"Why is it that some persons gather their roses without feeling the thorns while others gather their roses only to see the petals wither and fall?" asks a disappointed young matron. "Happiness is the one thing every individual is entitled to have. Why does it so often end in heart-break?"

For lack of psychic hardening in the individual—so say some of the psychologists. Psychic hardening comes by a little self-sacrifice; and it does not take much psychic hardening to help us to endure the small annoyances as quietly and patiently and bravely as we endure the horrors and sorrows incident to battle, murder and sudden death.

There are too many "last straws" in some minds. Psychic hardening, or strength of soul, would make an excellent broom with which to sweep them out.

The "last straw" is usually a symptom of a bad case of self-pity. And self-pity, when you come down to bed-rock, is being sorry for yourself because you haven't something you think you ought to have. That thing, nine times out of ten, is incompatible with some other thing you already have. Isn't it then a case of deciding what you really want most? Try this process and probably you will find that you are better off than you thought you were. It is just as easy to cultivate the habit of content as of discontent.



ALL THE RICHES
OF WHICH WE BOAST,
TIS CREAM OF WHEAT
WE TREASURE MOST;
THE DIAMONDS AND JEWELS
WE HAND TO OUR WIVES,
BUT CREAM OF WHEAT
WE GUARD WITH OUR LIVES.



Pillsbury's Pancake Flour



The Six Minute Breakfast

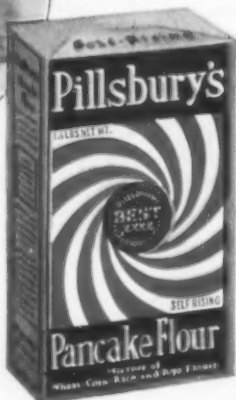
A delicious, digestible, six-minute breakfast . . . with Pillsbury's Pancake Flour. First put on your pan or griddle. While it heats add water or milk to Pillsbury's and your batter is done. Grease the hot pan a bit and pour it in. Six minutes in all and your first plate of fluffy, golden brown cakes is ready. Q Pillsbury's Pancake Flour makes such tempting pancakes, so delicate and digestible, because we select the finest grade flours, the highest-standard ingredients, then blend and sift them until powder-fine. Q With Pillsbury's you need add only water or milk. This creamy batter makes delicious, delicately-browned pancakes with a real wheat flavor. Why not have them for breakfast tomorrow?

Just a postcard request will bring "Better Pancakes and How to Make Them"

PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY, MINNEAPOLIS, U. S. A.

Make this test yourself

Pour a little Pillsbury's Pancake Flour into your hand. Note the creamy-white color, due to Pillsbury's high-grade flours. Rub it with your finger—see how *smooth* it is—its fine velvety texture. Now you know why Pillsbury's makes such perfect pancakes.



One of the family-

Pillsbury's Family of Foods:

Pillsbury's Best Flour	Pancake Flour	Buckwheat Pancake Flour
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